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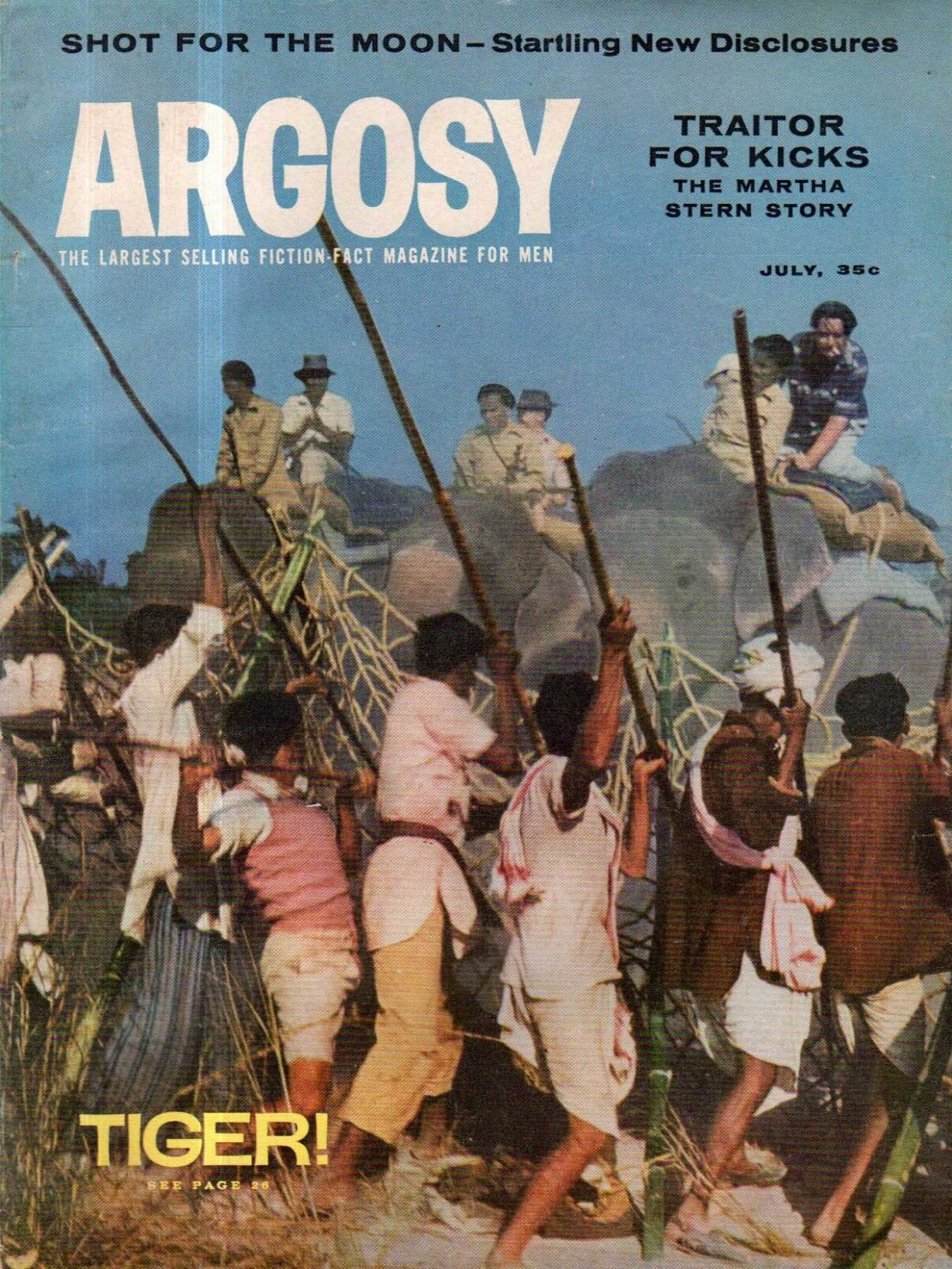
THE MARTHA STERN STORY

JULY, 35c



TIGER!

SEE PAGE 26

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VOLUME 347 NUMBER 1

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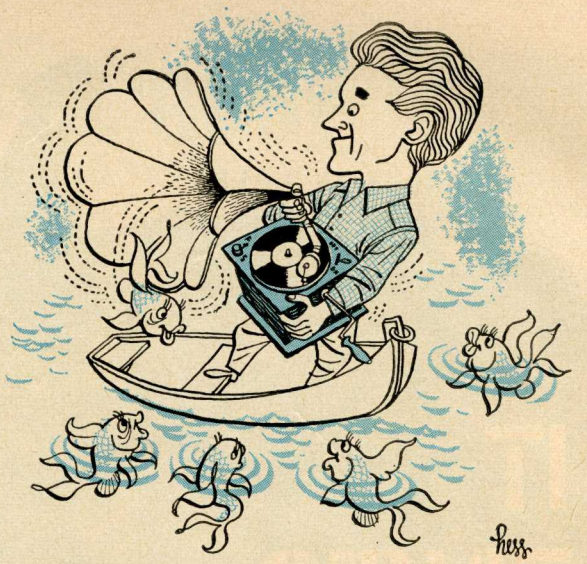
by Harry Steeger



Big news this month!

But first I want to tell you of a rather shameful little experience I had the other day. You fellows have bared your souls to tell the truth when a lie would have been easier, so here's my confession.

It's always been a debatable question as to whether fish and animals have emotions like human beings. Do they suffer when stung to the quick or do they rejoice when their spirits are properly titillated?

You've heard of "animal" passion, indicating a distinctively volcanic emotion. But is there such a thing, for instance, as fish schizophrenia?

Should that be so, it might mean the dawn of a real gone new technique in entrapment of our scaly cousins. So it was with the welfare of the fishing fraternity in mind that I began my scientific investigation.

I was inspired by the old saying: "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." Judging by some of the fish I have tried to catch, I would say that even fish have savage breasts. If this was the case, I reasoned, why not charm them with some of the music that soothes (or is that the word?) the teen-age "beat" fraternity of today. There is some reason, it would seem, to apply the word savage there, now and then.

I recalled the convenient fact that we had an old phonograph in the attic. It was hand-wound and had a long, flaring horn out of which poured the you-know-what. Just the thing for my purpose.

I know you'll never believe this. That is, you wouldn't have believed it if this hadn't been the Honest Abe Club, where we all tell the truth even if we have to lie do do it.

So, with truth radiating from every pore like honest sweat, here is my newest discovery for catching fish easily:

I carried the phonograph down to the lake, together with a batch of records, and placed them in the rowboat. The records were mostly of the "big beat" variety because I recalled the emotional high jinks displayed by gatherings of teen-agers when listening to these voices. Very scientific, you see, since everyone knows there's no such thing as a "square" fish.

I arranged the phonograph in the back seat of the boat so the horn would protrude out over the water. Then I rowed me and my equipment out to the middle of the lake.

First I put on an Elvis Presley record, turned up the volume and waited. I did not have long to wait.

Presley had not belted a dozen bars when a cute little perch jumped out of the water, arced through the air and landed plop right down the horn of the machine. I took a quick squint and observed my prize gyrating in a manner that even The Pelvis might envy.

I don't know what there is about my experiments that always makes them turn out so messy. Whatever it is, they usually cause me more trouble than they're worth. I had quite a time extricating the real gone fish from the rock-'n'-rolling trap.

And it was the same story over and over again for the next half hour. No sooner did I get a record started—Elvis Presley, Pat Boone, Ricky Nelson—than out of the lake jumped one or more fish, spang into the horn. It was as if they wanted to leap right into the lap of the singer. Man, were they cool!

Now you may think I'm crazy, but I'll swear those fish seemed to be really sent, believe me. And what's more, I found out upon examining them that they were all females.

Fish don't have emotions, eh! Well, I'm here to testify that they do. I caught more fish than I could possibly handle, all because they had gone off the deep end—or come up out of it, as the case may be—in response to the hottest new lure I've ever tackled, The Big Beat.

And maybe you don't think their emotions are refined. Wrong again. They are practically hyper-sensitive. I had an old Rudy Vallee record along, which I thought I'd play for a little variety. And what do you think happened? Not a single fish. No squares, they. The thrills of yesterday had all gone.

Which goes to prove that you don't have to be human to enjoy the beat; even a poor fish can flip.

Now for the big news:

The most famous trophy of them all—the Stuffed Bull's Head with the Winking Eye—has been mailed to everyone who has ever had his truthful experience printed in this department. Several trophies have been returned to HQ because of changes in addresses. If you are a past lucky winner and have not received your trophy, please write to give me your latest address.

To show you the esteem in which this magnificent trophy is held, here is word from H. W. Patterson of Teague, Texas, who has just received one:

"Dear Harry: It is with a feeling of deep pride that I have placed my trophy from ARGOSY's Honest Abe Club over the fireplace mantel.

"I refer, of course, to the Stuffed Bull's Head with the Winking Eye, the awarding of which trophy makes one a member of your distinguished Order. I use the word 'Order' advisedly, as denoting more than ordinary membership in just any club.

"A knight of the Garter, or of the Bath, or of the Sink, or of any other British sartorial or sanitation Order does not regard himself simply as a member of a club. He places a large part of the alphabet after his name, and peers as well as peasants regard him as being superior to a club member who uses only his legal signature.

"Therefore, I would respectfully suggest that the title of 'Club' be changed to that of 'Order', and members be regarded as Knights of the Bull with the privilege of writing after their names the initials of 'Stuffed Bull Winking Eye'. If members deem this number of letters a bit prolix, it could be shortened to the initials of 'Stuffed Bull'. For example: 'John Doe, S.B.', for inter-Order correspondence.

"Again, I thank the distinguished President of the Club for the trophy that he has seen fit to bestow upon me.

"In the past, when relating some extraordinary experience, I have had the word 'bull' directed at me with unpleasant connotations, but no more. The unwavering stare of the bull would, I am sure, change expression if I (*Continued on page* 14)

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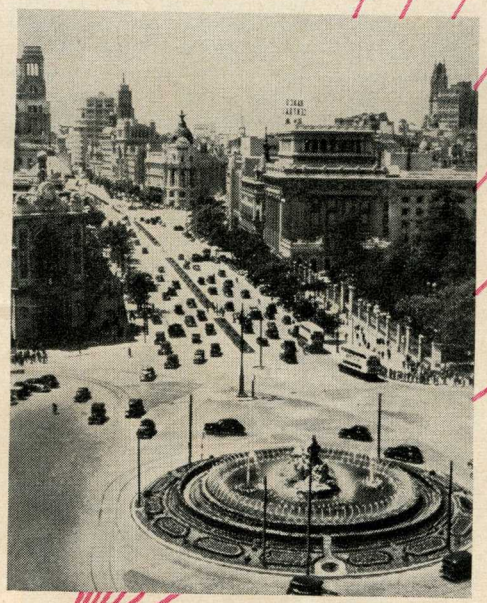

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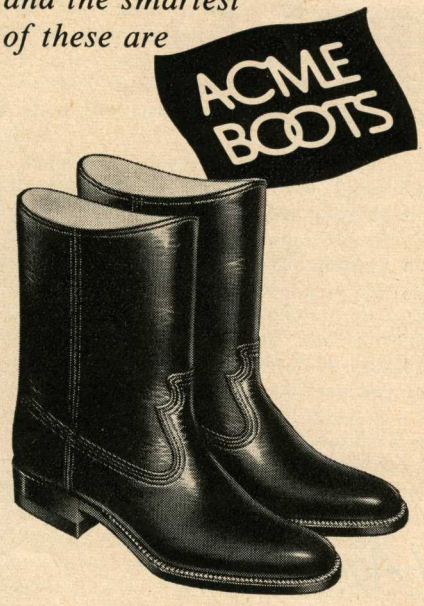

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Back Talk

ARGOSY, 205 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

REAL GONE WITH LONG JOHN

I found your article, "Madness at Midnight," covering the Party Liners and their host, Long John Nebel, very interesting.

I am an ardent "saucer" fan and have a book in production which tells of my research and experiences into this very controversial subject. It is titled, "The Night Has a Thousand Saucers."

Like two giant searchlights piercing into the mysterious unknown sciences of the universe, you in the East have Long John, we on the West Coast have The Night Owls with Host Ben Hunter who is keeping hundreds of thousands of people from sleeping, with one of the most interesting programs on radio. Flying saucers is also the item most talked about here.

CALVIN C. GIRVIN
North Hollywood, Calif.

• *It's a fair piece down the road from the WOR transmitter in Jersey, way out there to North Hollywood, but it's a mere nothing (as LJ's contributors figure things) in terms of Venus—and who needs better terms.*

"Madness at Midnight" was great, to say the least. I admire Long John Nebel. That man has courage! The world would not go ahead with new wonders if it were not for men who dared to be different. If people took the time to scan the sky once in a while, they too would see flying saucers.

KEN KASSEN
Vancouver, Canada

• *And who hasn't, already!*

In the April issue of ARGOSY you printed an article on Long John Nebel's show on radio station WOR of New York City.

I would like to know on what frequency or frequencies WOR broadcasts, and does it have short-wave frequency?

MIKE SANFORD
Versailles, Mo.

• *We spoke with LJ this very afternoon, Mike, regarding your question. Long John broadcasts from midnight to 5:30 a.m. every night Eastern Standard Time on 710 kilocycles. You'll have to get along out there in Versailles on AM because WOR does not have short-wave frequency.*

I enjoyed the article "Madness at Midnight" describing Long John Nebel's radio program Party Line. Since it is not a network show in the Chicago area, I have spent many late night hours trying to pick up WOR on my radio without success. Could you please tell me the frequency so that we can tune in on the show in this area?

I believe many people in the Eastern and Midwestern states will benefit by this information.

RICHARD VOLKMANN
Lombard, Ill.

• *You think you have troubles, Dick? Suppose, for instance, you lived right here in New York and were "night people" (as most obviously you are) and found yourself powerless to keep from twiddling the dial of your bedside radio over to the Party Line notch? You'd do exactly what this pillar does—twiddle around in the dark until you found 710 KC.*

JOLLY ROGER

As a licensed officer in what is left of the U. S. Merchant Marine, our second line of defense, to quote the President and many other high military officials, I want to congratulate and thank ARGOSY for the courageous and timely portrayal of the Panamanian flag subterfuge under which a large group of unscrupulous American ship owners operate. Your cartoon of the pirate flag to illustrate your point is most appropriate. The whole system smacks of racketeering in that it gives the green light to unprincipled shipping interests to operate under a cloak of respectability, while in reality they are shirking all their obligations as genuine American patriots.

IRA P. CROWDER
Los Angeles, Calif.

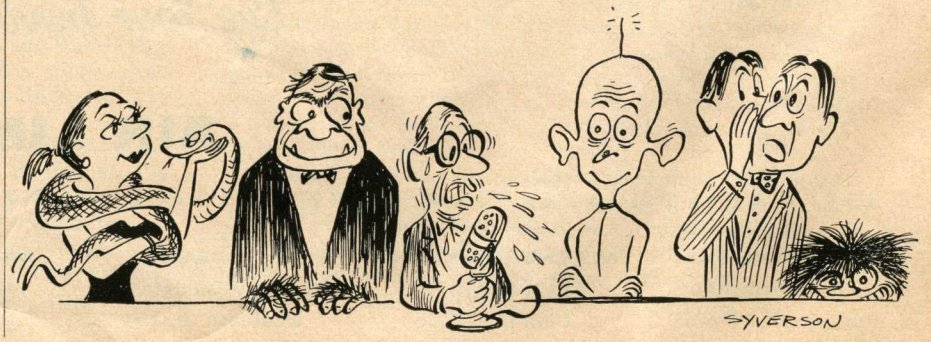
• *We're glad you agree, dear sir.*

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

I'm flat on my back in a cast but, sick or no, I can't take "The Big Kill" lying down and not raise a holler.

Seriously, fellows, I don't see the point. Some half-scared buffalo are driven past the archer who gallantly arrows one of them to death. I'll be surprised if the SPCA doesn't jail the lot of you.

If you are hard up for bow-and-arrow stories, here's (*Continued on page* 8)



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what I'll do: When I get out of this cast, I'll send you pictures and a story of a friend of mine who brings down flying pheasants with bow and arrow!

GEORGE S. LOOKABAUGH
Springfield, Ohio

Now that we have this article, "The Big Kill," on hunting domestic buffalo with a bow, just like the Indians, why not a sequel on stalking and killing steers with a sledge hammer, just like the cave men? It should have at least equal appeal.

This article states that the target ran for about a mile before it died. This seems to be typical behavior for an arrow-killed animal, even with the rare, well-placed shot. Because of this, it is my sincere belief that bow hunting for deer in the forest country should be confined to the time of year when there is snow on the ground, instead of the early seasons now permitted. I have never met a man who could trail a wounded deer even 100 yards when there was no snow. The deer is too fine a game animal to be wasted this way.

KENNETH L. WIESE
Winona, Minn.

As a bow hunter, I feel that I must write my reactions to ARGOSY's article, "The Big Kill."

Because bow hunting is a comparatively new sport it is resented by many organizations and groups, especially hunters with firearms, which is natural. As a result, true bowhunters are interested in avoiding adverse publicity. The story under consideration provides such adverse publicity. Please note:

Organized bow hunting frowns upon bow-hunting stunts. This event could in no measure of the word be considered a hunt. Therefore, it can be classed only as a publicity-seeking stunt.

To a large majority of the people, a buffalo is a mild, bossy-like animal seen only in zoos. It is hard for them to imagine that in a semi-wild state buffaloes may be dangerous. Any farm boy who goes after the cows when the herd bull is with them is in as much danger as the so-called bow hunter in this story, probably more so as he does not have the protection which men on horseback and in accompanying trucks could provide.

L. M. COWLEY
Port Wing, Wisconsin

When, in the name of sportsmanship and common humanity, will bow-and-arrow hunting for game be outlawed by outraged public opinion?

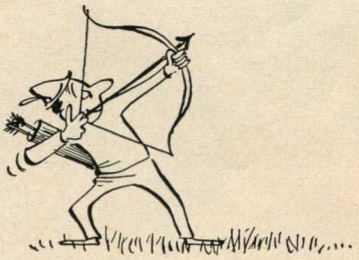
Several years ago it became necessary for a buffalo herd in Montana to be thinned out. One animal was set aside for the "sport" of bow-and-arrow devotees. Only when the poor creature resembled a pincushion more than a buffalo was it put out of its misery with a rifle shot.

Decent Americans who have witnessed bull fights in Mexico recoil with horror at the spectacle of a helpless animal being tortured to death.

C. H. RUSSELL
Spokane, Wash.

• *We received a slough of mail on this rhubarb out of Sherwood Forest and we asked Larry Koller to answer one of the typical letters. Following are some excerpts from Larry's reply:*

"At the beginning I can say that Mr. Mastrangel is no average archer in any



sense. He has killed hundreds of head of big game, including, as we mentioned, a record, or near-record, grizzly bear. If he doesn't know what it takes to kill big game then I, for one, would hesitate to criticize him. He knows a helluva lot more about this than an archer who has limited his experience to perhaps a few deer, a black bear and some few dozen head of small game—in a word an archer like myself and I've been at this game off and on for about twenty-five years.

"As to the weight of the bow, it has long been shown that the drawing weight of a bow is a poor criterion of its penetrating qualities. The speed with which the bow resumes its original shape when the arrow is released is the real factor, since this determines the velocity imparted to the arrow, thus its penetration, and penetration is the only consideration in killing the game. For example, a hickory bow pulling seventy-five pounds has less velocity than a modern reflex laminated bow when shot with the same arrow from such a bow pulling at about fifty pounds draw. Thus a 'fast' bow of medium draw weight will equal, or surpass in killing power, a bow of much heavier weight if it's of a slower type cast. We demonstrated this graphically in ARGOSY several years ago with photos in which the arrow was illuminated in flight so that the trajectory was clearly defined.

"As for the humanity in killing the buffalo, this animal is notably difficult to kill because of its phlegmatic nature, its great size and all-around toughness. Buffalo hunting in the early days of the frontier wasn't practical until the advent of the big bore Sharps rifles, since the smaller calibers didn't have the wallop.

"This animal took punishment for at least ten minutes or more and it's quite likely that if one foreleg hadn't been

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broken at the first shot, either he would have charged the hunter or run off for a half mile or so. Therefore, I feel that my statement about the neat execution by the arrow was a fair one, particularly since the first two arrows were not planted in really vital spots. Actually, the analogy between the killing of the buff and that of killing a bull in the fighting ring could be similar in that the first two arrows had little more effect than the banderillas that are planted before the execution by the sword.

"Under the circumstances, I feel that my description was justified. The final arrow did a quick job of final execution and I'll stick with that. It's an extremely difficult job to kill one of those huge animals quickly with any weapon that can be fired from the shoulder and there's a great deal of factual evidence in history to back this up. The old-time hide hunters took their time to plant a heavy slug through the buff's lungs, then turned their attention to the next animal, performing a similar operation on down the line until enough were down to keep the skinner occupied until darkness and put an end to the task. The records of accounts show that the hunter was not vitally concerned with dropping the animal at once. He knew that in time the pierced lungs would fill with blood and suffocate the beast. The time could have been five minutes or thirty minutes—it wasn't important.

"Regarding the sportsmanship involved, I can only say that buffalo hunting under the present controlled conditions can hardly be classed as sport. It's more in the nature of necessary execution of harvestable animals in the herd. I doubt very much if buffalo hunting was ever looked upon as a sport in this country. The animal was considered purely in its proper light as a source of food, clothing and shelter, and was taken by whatever means were available."

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Ellis Fewell: Turned Down!

The long, hard freedom battle in behalf of Ellis Fewell, waged over many months by a combination of forces dedicated to furthering the best interests of full justice for all, is temporarily at stalemate in Alabama.

The State Board of Pardons and Paroles there has turned down an application for pardon presented by the twenty-five-year-old Korean War veteran.

Grounds for the rejection were principally that "clear proof of innocence" was not established for Fewell. The twice-decorated former soldier is serving a long prison term for the atrocious murder of a little girl in 1949. Rejection of his petition means that Fewell faces twenty-five more years within the walls of Kilby Penitentiary.

Basis of Fewell's application for pardon was a compilation of findings and determinations by investigators for the Court of Last Resort and others. All of these tended to show it would have been impossible for Fewell to have committed the crime.

He could not, those findings disclosed, have been in two places at the same time.

One of those places was the murder scene. The other was at a mountain farm more than thirty miles away. Four witnesses, unrelated to Ellis Fewell and with no interest in the case beyond ordinary curiosity, who were in a position to present sensational testimony, were found and interviewed not too long ago. All four testified to seeing the youth at the farm *on the date and time in question.*

These four witnesses had *not* been questioned by authorities at the time of the initial murder inquiry. They had moved shortly thereafter to another locality and had lost touch with the then unsolved mystery murder. There had been no reason in the world for them to come forward with their knowledge. They hadn't the least idea of its significance at the time—two years before Ellis Fewell even became a suspect.

This subsequent testimony, therefore, came as something of a bombshell when the Court of Last Resort began its inquiries into the case.

That testimony, recorded and verified several months ago by two of the nationally recognized Court volunteers and made part of the subsequent presentation to the pardon board, was only a part of what your Court and its colleagues developed. There was a lot more—as you already have read in their reports published in ARGOSY. All of it was presented at the pardon hearing. Those representations, your Court investigators had strong reason to suppose, appeared to be more than sufficient to suggest that full justice may have fallen

Clancy Lake, left, gives Ellis Fewell the depressing news of his rejection by the State Board of Pardons and Paroles.

short, for any of a number of perfectly logical reasons, in the case of Ellis Fewell.

But it was not enough.

The Court of Last Resort in no way criticizes the decision of the pardon board or the position taken by any official in the state of Alabama. However, the decision that suddenly blocked the young convict's emergence into freedom is a long way from the end-of-the-road for the hopes of Ellis Fewell.

As this is written, potent forces in Alabama that have been championing for some years the insistence by Fewell that he is innocent are back in motion, despite the stalemate. Shoulder-to-shoulder with those forces—newspapermen, private investigators and others—will remain your Court of Last Resort. No facility at the Court's command will remain unutilized so long as the slightest shadow of question lingers. It would seem that Ellis Fewell might not have had all, and absolutely all, of the evidence pertinent to his guilt or innocence in the murder of Phyllis Dean Carver at his disposal when he went to trial. That's what your Court will find out, and report to you in the pages of ARGOSY.

Four of your experts in criminology and investigation, who donate their skill and services to the work of the Court, are agreed that there is an area of grave doubt that Fewell had motive, means or opportunity to have murdered Phyllis on April 10, 1949. The killing occurred in a woodland on the outskirts of Birmingham. You who have read the reports (*Continued on page* 12)

BY GENE LOWALL

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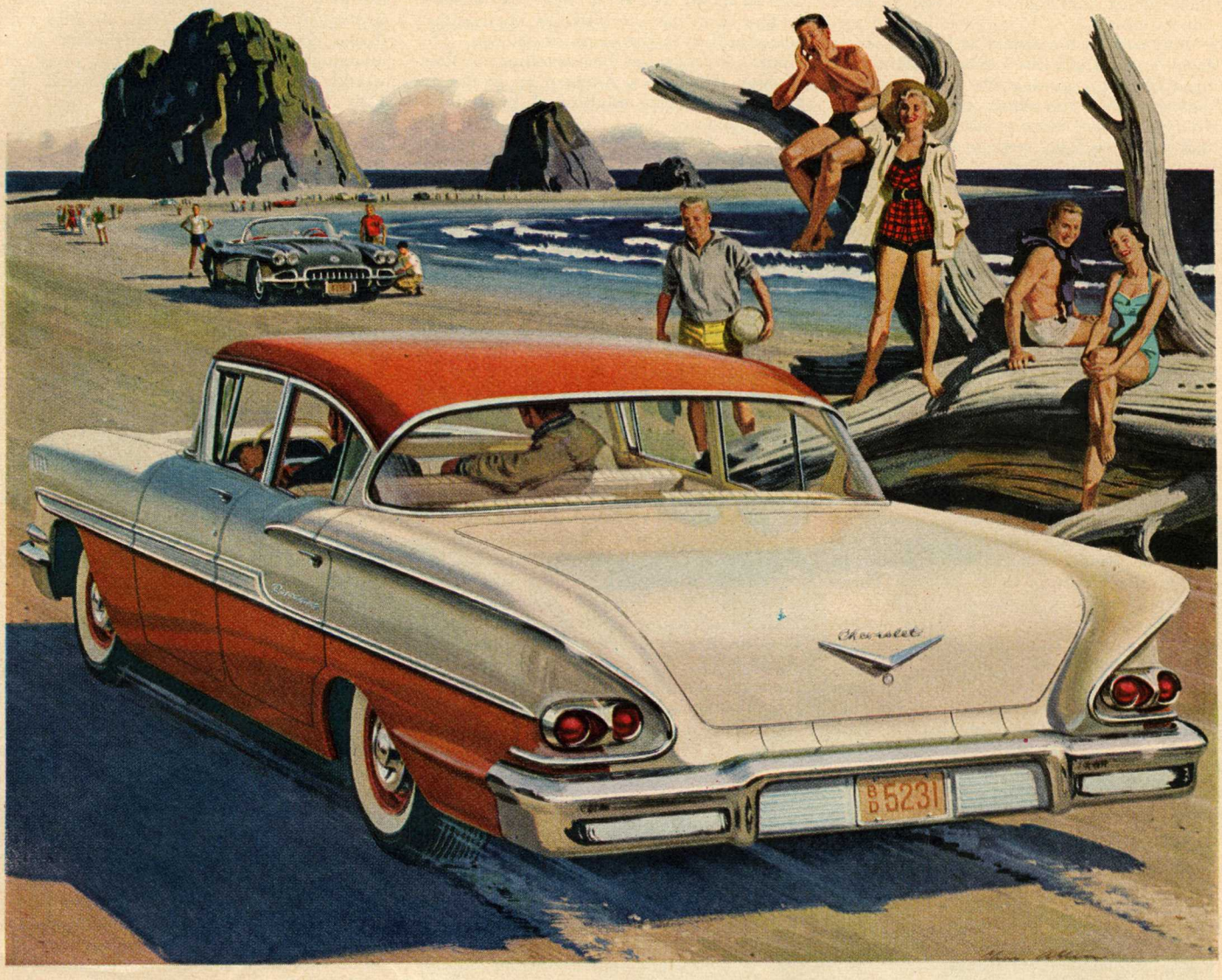

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of Raymond C. Schindler, Park Street, Dr. LeMoyne Snyder and Alex L. Gregory in previous issues of ARGOSY this year will recall how and through what evidence these Court investigators arrived at their conclusions.

But, despite the failure of the presented facts to convince the officials, there is a mass of still unevaluated evidence which was turned up, and which remains to be developed. The Court's experts are pursuing that evidence right now, to its very roots. And should their findings from here on bolster beyond challenge the facts previously presented to the board, the Court and its colleagues will not hesitate to resubmit the entire matter for fresh consideration.

Ellis Fewell alone knows whether he is innocent or guilty. The evidence against him convinced a jury of his guilt. The evidence in his favor has convinced your Court representatives who have spent much time, money and effort at the scene in seeking to determine whether his protests of innocence could be supported by demonstrable facts. The case against him was presented by authorities of unquestionable integrity, who had every reason to believe the initial evidence. There is no place left for Ellis Fewell to present the facts that appear to be in his favor, except before the Court of Last Resort. That's you—the people of the United States.

You will remember that some months ago the case of Ellis Fewell was brought to the attention of the Court of Last Resort by Raymond C. Schindler, noted private detective. For ten years Schindler has contributed his skill and much of his time to the work of the Court in furthering the interests of justice. Evidence that had been placed in Schindler's hands was such as to create a strong presumption that Ellis Fewell might well be a victim of injustice.

The case was set forth—as documented to Schindler—in the pages of ARGOSY. The Court's investigators began rolling up their sleeves. What they dredged up in the intervening months established these intriguing facts:

ITEM: An alleged confession by Fewell—which he refused to sign and almost immediately repudiated—was found virtually to parallel in all its major details a confession made a full year earlier by another man, to whom Ellis Fewell was a complete stranger. Authorities were unaware that this earlier statement, made in another state by an individual now in a mental institution, existed when they took Ellis Fewell to trial. Neither did he. It came to light as an outgrowth of the inquiry in which the Court of Last Resort was—and will remain—a key component.

ITEM: A young woman from the Birmingham area, who testified at the trial that Fewell had told her of the murder an hour before the body of Phyllis Carver was found, admitted to Court investigators last winter that she was confused and frightened at the time she testified. She said she could not be positive then or now of the date, and that Fewell's mention of the tragedy to her might have been one or even two days later than she had originally recalled. By that time the case was common knowledge, in all its sensational details, throughout Alabama.

ITEM: An examination of the autopsy report by Dr. LeMoyne Snyder, medico-legal expert for the Court, led him to an opinion that the time of death was quite likely two hours *earlier* than the hour assumed by the authorities in their initial investigation in 1949. Thus all alibi evidence could have been predicated in a meaningless timetable. In that event, it would have been utterly impossible for Ellis to have been anywhere near the murder scene at the time the child was killed, provided the recollections of the four witnesses who saw him far away at the time in question are accurate. These persons were interviewed in great detail last winter by your Court investigators and were able to pinpoint exactly how and why they were able to remember so clearly, even though years had passed. Oddly, a clincher to the accuracy of their recollections was provided by a temperamental milk cow, which will be explained in a subsequent article.

The autopsy was performed under supervision of a physician who died before Ellis Fewell became a suspect. The youth was then on his way to Korea, where he became a tank sergeant, was twice wounded and twice decorated.

ITEM: Ellis Fewell went through an intensive lie-detector examination last January, conducted by Alex Gregory, the Court's expert with the polygraph. He emerged with a "clear" record. Gregory reported that his findings with the machine convinced him Fewell was telling the truth in his protests of innocence.

ITEM: Last February 6, the Alabama State Sanity Commission gave Fewell a thorough examination at Kilby Prison. In its subsequent report the Commission stated that it found Fewell "not psychotic" and with "good adjustment in an adequate personality." It found also that his sex interests were normal and that he is "capable of making an adequate civilian adjustment." It was strongly suggested, but never completely established, that the child had been sexually assaulted.

ITEM: In his analysis of the medical evidence, Dr. Snyder had said in part: "Had Stanford Ellis Fewell committed the murder, during the several years that followed before he was apprehended I am sure he would have shown unmistakable evidence of other similar assaults, or at least serious mental aberration.

"The evidence left on the body of Phyllis Carver after her death is highly significant. To me it indicates that the murderer was in a state of emotional frenzy and probably seriously mentally ill."

Also in his analysis, Dr. Snyder wrote: "At the time of the murder, Ellis Fewell was not yet seventeen. In the course of nearly three decades that I have been actively investigating homicides I have observed a good many murders of this type. I've also investigated more than a few murders committed by teen-age boys. I've never seen a murder of this kind committed by a teen-ager."

All of the foregoing, along with much else in the way of recorded interviews, documented time-place evidence, analyses of testimony and other material, were made part of the voluminous report which in March was submitted to the pardon board.

Raymond Schindler and Park Street

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made repeated visits to Birmingham. There they conferred with Clancy Lake, city editor of The Birmingham *News,* who had initially brought the matter to Schindler's attention; with Edwin Strickland, a colleague of Lake on the newspaper; with Fred J. Bodeker, a widely known and highly respected private detective at Birmingham who has worked closely with Schindler on numerous occasions for many years. These individuals volunteered to assist the two Court investigators to the limit. They dug up witnesses in remote areas and arranged interviews. They helped trace down yellowing public records in dusty files and storage cabinets which might have important bearing on the inquiry. Many of them did, the Court representatives found.

Schindler and Street conferred at length, too, with Circuit Solicitor Emmett Perry (his office is usually termed District Attorney in most jurisdictions). It was Perry and his staff who had presented the case which resulted in Fewell's conviction.

Emmett Perry is an able lawyer and one of the outstanding prosecutors of the South. He is an official of widely recognized repute and holds high office in the National Association of County and Prosecuting Attorneys. He does not view his duties and responsibilities lightly. His predecessors in top office in the NACPA have included some of the best known prosecutors across the nation—Miles F. McDonald of Brooklyn, now a Supreme Court Justice in that borough of New York; Bert M. Keating of Denver; Edward S. Silver, currently the militant D.A. of Brooklyn; Frank Coakley of Oakland, and many others.

Perry is not the type of prosecutor who closes his mind when he closes the file on a case after it has been disposed of in the courtroom. His record shows that he is not the sort—now fortunately becoming rare—who tries to hang up a "box score" of convictions for self-serving purposes. Perry is a dedicated man. But naturally he had small relish for an investigation that might run counter to the evidence at hand when the matter went to trial. He was hard to convince, but was willing to examine anything that might tend to show that justice might not have been in full balance when the Ellis Fewell affair came up for weighing.

He stated publicly that if the Alabama Board of Pardons and Paroles agreed to review the findings of the Court of Last Resort investigators, and from that study determined Fewell guiltless, he would offer no objection to any decision the Board might render. Under Alabama law, no pardon can be issued unless the Board is in unanimous agreement and unless, too, the prosecutor and the trial judge have no objection to the ruling.

Time after time Schindler and Street made hurried dashes back to Birmingham and other points as unexpected developments occurred which strengthened their growing conviction that Fewell might well be innocent. Their rendezvous invariably had to be set up on briefest notice and the two Court volunteers had to fly many thousands of miles.

That is where American Airlines came in. Schindler is well known to most of American's top officials. He consulted with them and explained the nature of the Alabama assignment. He pointed out that to meet the various emergencies that were arising, he would need assurance that space and flight schedules could be arranged at practically a moment's notice for himself and Street. (*Continued on page* 108)

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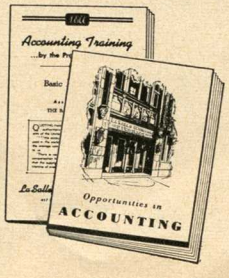

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should express an untruth, and I have gained confidence in my own veracity. This is the way that I have long sought and found it not. Selah!

(*Signed*) Truthfully yours,
H. W. PATTERSON"

A great idea, Sir H. W. Patterson, S.B. From now on we're an Order and you are a Knight of the Garter. (Whose do you suggest?).

Now let's get together for the monthly meeting of the Honest Abe Club where we take a verbal bubble bath in veracity.

To the spinners of the best yarns goes our world-renowned trophy—the Stuffed Bull's Head With the Winking Eye.

First we'll hear from James R. Stanton, of Dyer, Indiana, who comes up with a revolutionary new method of catching fish:

"Dear Harry: Since I read your first bull (stuffed, that is) session of the Honest Abe Club, it is the first thing I look for after snatching ARGOSY from the mail man's hot little hand.

"During this time I do not recall reading one account by a skin diver. I thought maybe if I wrote of what happened to me it may shake some of them loose from their snorkel tubes long enough to write.

"As I do most of my diving in Lake Michigan, which is darned cold most of the time, I wear rubber suit over long Johns. This outfit, owing to the insulating effect, extends my diving time considerably.

"The day I wish to tell you about, I was working along a breakwater looking for carp, when I felt a sudden influx of forty-seven-degree water. I had ripped my suit on a re-enforcing rod sticking out of the wall. I knew my body heat would soon warm up the water that leaked into the suit but that my diving time would be cut short. I decided to work slowly back toward shore.

"When I got to shallow water, my suit was so full of water that it was all I could do to get up on the beach. Imagine my surprise when I drained my suit and found it about half full of lake perch. That water was so cold the poor little beggars had come in to get warm.

"As proof of this story I am enclosing the toothpick I used after the fish supper that night.

(*Signed*) JIM STANTON"

Thanks, Jim, for enclosing the toothpick. This proved to me beyond a doubt that your story was one-hundred-per-cent-true.

Next is John J. Maher of Lucerne-in-Maine, who has an idea that's for the birds:

"Let's face it. We're not normal. We're supernormal. We frequently deny ourselves the pleasure and luxury of the raconteur due to our intellectual stature and consequent sensitiveness. We realize that the normal person will reject an account of an incident that seems out of line with his own narrow realm of experience and stigmatize us as prevaricators, equivocators, devotees of hyperbole—even liars. Due to this situation, many gems of experience never come to light. Despite this sad condition, I have decided to come out with this amazing double-barreled adventure that I have never before divulged. I didn't even tell my guide about it.

"On a hunting trip in Lucerne-in-Maine, before I retired and came here to live, I had worked hard hunting deer until noon. I can't explain my attitude, nor do I excuse it. I was discouraged, angry, disgusted. Saw a raven on a log, knew it was wrong to do, but raised my rifle and drew a bead on his head.

"Suddenly from the raven, 'Don't shoot me, you crazy so-and-so!'

"Then, as I stood petrified in a state of shock, the raven flew away. I learned later it was a pet who had been taught to perform that way. Brothers, I was shaken! So I sat on a log and opened the paper bag that held my lunch.

"About a dozen crows were resting on the branch of a nearby tree. As their weight brought the branch down away from the trunk, the last one must have perched snugly against the trunk.

"I hadn't seen them before, but the sudden rustling of the paper bag as I took out my lunch spooked them and they took off with considerable fanfare. The last one to have perched would be quite in character to be the last to take off. As the weight of the others was lifted the small roost instantly rose, pinioning the lone crow against the trunk.

"At first I thought of shooting him, as I wasn't agile enough to climb so high as to release him, but my recent experience had impressed me.

"Some of the crows returned to help, but could do nothing. Then they flew away, seemingly abandoning their friends. It was painful to listen to his cries of anguish, but after the raven's admonishment I was reluctant to act.

"Soon one of the crows returned with a cock of the woods. Then another appeared with a flicker. Still another came with two downeys. After a short conference they vigorously attacked the base of the branch.

"The ordinary residue of woodpeckers' work is like sawdust, but this was an emergency. Chips flew as big as ordinary saucers. I picked one up and now cherish it among my souvenirs.

"The branch fell down, releasing the crow, but it would have been too inconvenient to drag it home. I must depend on that one chip of wood for my evidence.

"I would like to have you note at this point that it cost me $5 to have this typed. This should clearly indicate that I have no desire for monetary aggrandizement.

(*Signed*) JOHN J. MAHER"

Your altruism, John, shines out like a butter knife and I can see you're a real chip off the old block.

Here's Ray E. Gallagher of Lakewood, California, with an insidious scheme for depleting the fish population of California:

"One of the stories in the April issue brought to mind an incident of this modern day of science we live in. I refer to the story of the mosquito-powered Sputnik.

"My family and I were vacationing in

MY CLOSEST SHAVE

by Comdr. A. Gatti
Author, explorer, leader of 14 scientific expeditions

"My closest shave happened in Africa, one day when I was unarmed, taking pictures of shy game," says author-explorer Attilio Gatti. "Suddenly two rhinos emerged from the brush. One went off, one came straight at me. I yelled, slapped his right eye with my helmet. The rhino swerved, giving me just time to climb into the jeep I had left behind me. The rhino came back fast, and almost caught up with the jeep. But I pushed the accelerator to the floor, and finally got away."

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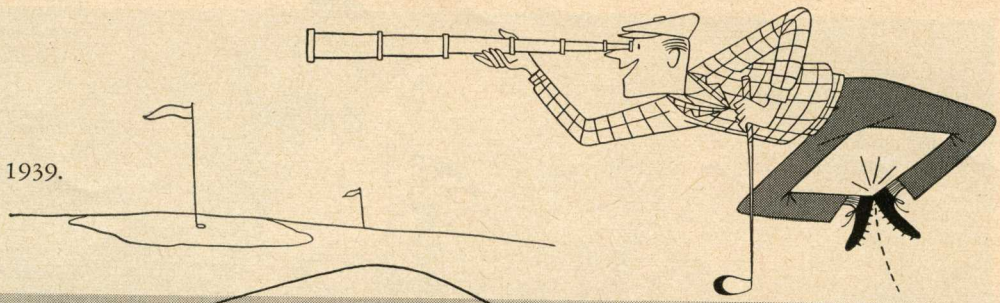

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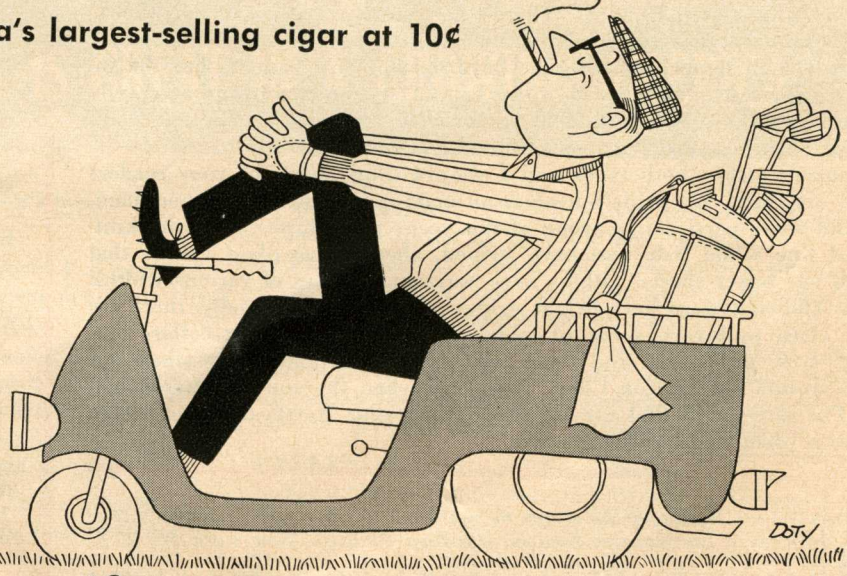

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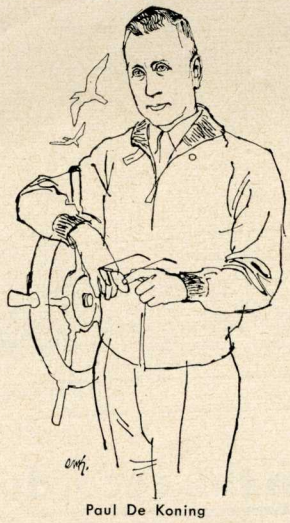
Clothes Talk

BY GERALD McCANN



Paul De Koning

Every man has his own idea about what constitutes a good day at the beach. Some like action—skin diving, high diving, surf boarding, water skiing—and seem to think that any time they're standing still is time wasted. Other men, after a dip or two, like to stretch out and soak up as much sun as possible. Still others prefer to sit in the shade of an umbrella or a cabana with cocktails and canasta.

This summer, Jantzen has provided well-designed outfits for all these activities. And husky Paul De Koning, hunter, golfer, fisherman, skipper of his own boat, and president of this pioneering firm, says, "Our laboratories here in Portland are constantly testing all the new fabrics and processes with the idea of improving our products wherever possible.

"For instance, we have our own knitting mills, and all the knitted fabrics used in our swim trunks this summer are elasticized to ensure snug fit and to prevent bagging and sagging. On the other hand, most of our fabrics are either sanforized or redmanized to prevent shrinkage."

Realizing that beach clothes take more of a beating than most clothes—from sun, perspiration, salt water and chlorinated water in pools—I asked Mr. De Koning about color fastness.

He said that recent developments in dyeing processes, such as Tennessee Eastman's "Chromspun" and the Celanese Corporation of America's "Celaperm," both of which lock colors into modern man-made fibres, have made the colors much less fugitive than they used to be.

Then he showed me some of Galey & Lord's new madras plaids and stripes which Jantzen is using for boxer swim shorts and short-sleeved coat shirts.

"These colors won't bleed," he said, "like the colors in Indian madras, and you'll notice that the weave is much finer and firmer. This is also true of the tartans and tattersall checks that are woven to our specifications in Holland."

Concerning styles, he said, "There's no question that easy-fitting shorts are the most comfortable for lounging around a pool or a beach, and they certainly look better on men who have developed a paunch, but the increasing interest in skin diving, spear fishing, and underwater photography has produced a growing demand for brief, tight-fitting trunks that won't impede vigorous, rapid movement in the water.

"Jantzen makes both types and I should think many of your readers could use them. We pride ourselves on making sportswear for sportsmen.

"And we're particularly proud of this year's polo shirts. Some are knitted of fine white lisle and have striped, checked, or plaid collars that match our boxer shorts. Others have horizontal stripes of various widths. Bulky ribbed cottons have bright stripes on the collars. Finally, there are terry cloth pullovers, some of which have modified sailor collars and others crew necks; we find these last very comfortable on beaches and boats around the Oregon Coast, especially when the sun is going down, and I'm sure you'll find use for them along your Northeast Coast where the air is often colder than the water."

If you want the names of the stores in your vicinity that carry Jantzen sportswear, drop me a line here at ARGOSY, *205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.*

YOUR CLOTHES ARE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT YOU!

the High Sierras. I usually get in a little fishing (never before sun-up or after sundown) wherever there is a spot of water large enough to keep a worm from drying out.

"Well, to make a long story short, we came up on this beautiful lake in a rather remote area and decided to pitch camp, after which I rigged up and started looking for a hot spot to fish.

"On my way I talked with several campers whose poles lay idle and was informed that the fishing was nil. I decided to give it a go anyway, but after several hours I was inclined to believe they were right. Then it happened.

"Now folks have a tendency of thinking that we of Irish descent have too vivid imaginations, but I know the readers of the Honest Abe stories will recognize the truth when they see it in print.

"To get back to the story, a jet plane flying over went into a dive which created a sonic boom on the lake with such concussion that it rendered the fish unconscious, as a blast of dynamite would do, so I scooped up the nicest mess of trout I have had in many a day with my dip net.

"I destroyed the picture I took of the jet as I feared it might be a military secret, but I still have the one I took of the vapor trail as I figured the Air Force wouldn't have any objection to that.

(*Signed*) RAY E. GALLAGHER"

Thanks, Ray. Do you suppose that was a vapor trail or a hot-air trail? Your desire to protect our country's military secrets is commendable.

And here's Bob Raleigh of Saint Louis, Missouri, who unselfishly offers a new idea for fishing in spite of the opposition of his friends:

"A couple of friends and I have come up with the finest fishing idea in a long time, but I had a hard time convincing them that we should share it with the Honest Abe Club readers. After hours of arguing they agreed, only because we all know how truthful the club members are.

"We were fishing on a small lake we know of (I'm not telling where) and not having too much luck—which is very unusual for this lake—when I got the bright idea of using eels for bait. My theory was that when the fish struck the eel (eels being very slippery) they would just go sliding right up the line and down the pole. This would eliminate the hard work of playing and landing the fish. Some of you purists may not approve of this, but I'm lazy.

"My buddy came up with the best idea, though. He used electric eels. When the fish came up the line they would be fried just right and all you had to do was drop them on your plate and start eating.

"I'm glad you people are honest because otherwise I would have patented this idea before telling anyone.

(*Signed*) BOB RALEIGH"

Good idea, Bob. Maybe you could rig up a little bulb that would light up when the electric eel started a fish up the line. Think of what fun it would be to be lit up when fishing with eels!

Next, is Don Fewell of Dallas, Texas, who, by the strangest coincidence, has had an experience that is similar to one of our other members: (*Continued on page* 104)

If ever there was a time for optimism—it's now! Here's what is coming . . .

1. **More people** . . . Four million babies yearly. U.S. population has *doubled* in the last 50 years! And our prosperity curve has always followed our population curve.
2. **More jobs** . . . Though employment in some areas has fallen off, there are *15 million* more jobs than in 1939—and there will be *22 million more* in 1975 than today.
3. **More income** . . . Family income after taxes is at an all-time high of $5300—is expected to pass $7000 by 1975.
4. **More production** . . . U.S. production *doubles* every 20 years. We will require millions more people to make, sell and distribute our products.
5. **More savings** . . . Individual savings are at highest level ever —*$300 billion*—a record amount available for spending.
6. **More research** . . . *$10 billion* spent each year will pay off in more jobs, better living, whole new industries.
7. **More needs** . . . We need *$500 billion* worth of schools, highways, homes, durable equipment. Meeting these needs will create new opportunities for everyone.

Despite the present business dip, the basic reasons for America's growth are stronger and more sure than ever before. Add them up and you have the makings of another big upswing. Wise planners, builders and buyers will act *now* to get ready for it.

FREE! Send for this new 24-page illustrated booklet, "Your Great Future in a Growing America." Every American should know these facts. Drop a post card today to: ADVERTISING COUNCIL, Box 10, Midtown Station, New York 18, New York.

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Confidence is forged from the lessons of the past. Millions have learned that the perfection of Seagram's 7 Crown is the *same* every time, everywhere, every drop. Therein lies the reason why more people place more *confidence* in Seagram's 7 Crown than any other whiskey in the world!

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U.S. rocket, as moon pioneer, could radio lunar facts to earth, 238,000 miles away.

SHOT FOR THE MOON

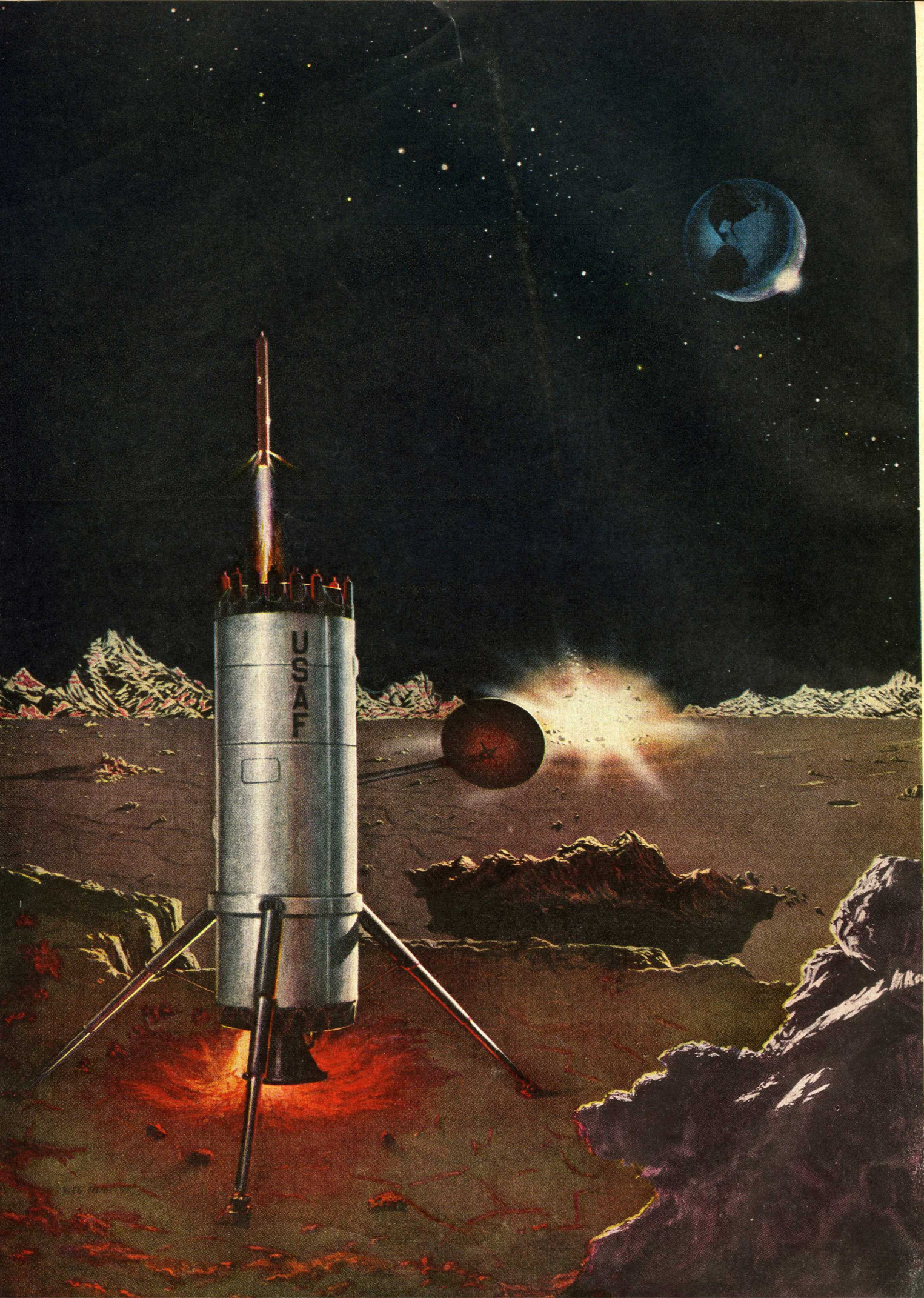
Very soon, quite possibly this year, a rocket will streak from the earth to the moon. The future of the world may well depend on which nation launches it first. Here, a foremost expert reveals startling facts never before told

by MARTIN CAIDIN

Illustrations by Mel Hunter

A jagged row of distant lunar peaks swims in naked sunlight. Beyond the sawtoothed crags lies utter blackness, a sorcerer's touch of gleaming mountains suspended against velvet space. The solar radiance bathes only the upper reaches of the skeletal lunarscape. Below the light peaks a fierce vault of dark rushes down the mountains, a deep pool of inky night over the surface of a vast plain enveloped by a sea of pumice. Dust hundreds of millions of years old, fashioned over the untold eons by unebelievable cold and heat, by the ceaseless and withering cascade of invisable cosmic radiation.

This plain, these mountains, this very world, airless, without soil or water or haze or sound, not so much as an insect to scurry across its mutilated surface, to disturb its craters and gorges, has never known life. Through all time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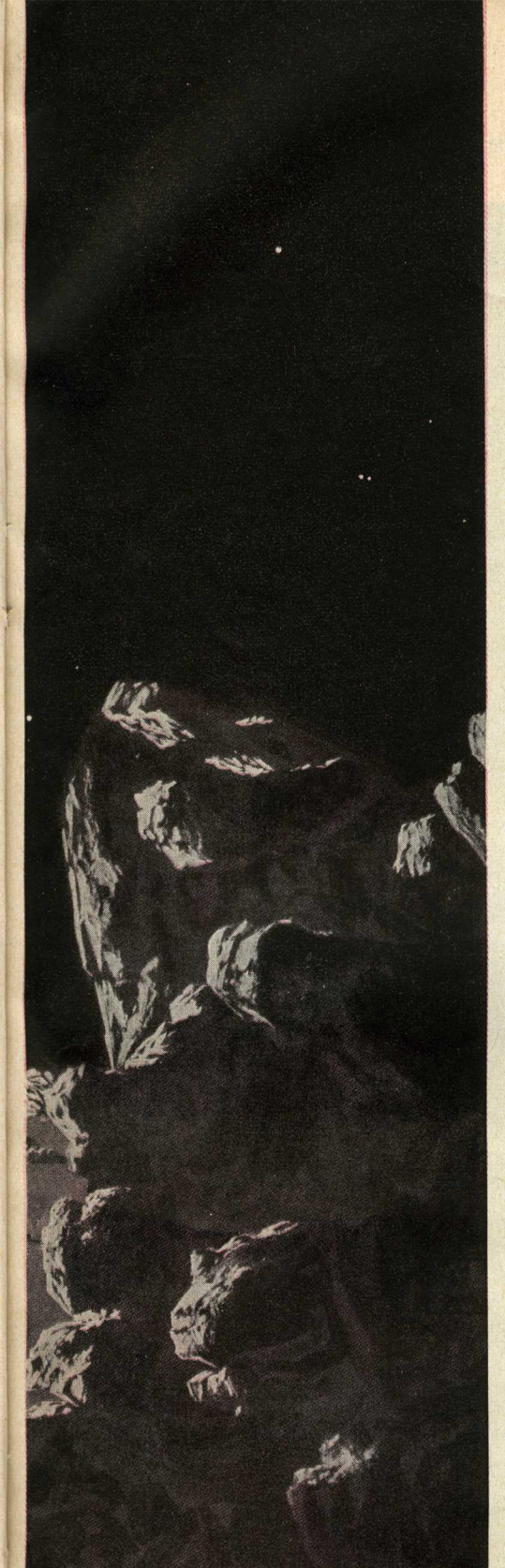


First landing on moon might be made by robot ship, which then could fire instrumented test rockets against lunar crust. Some scientists object to these plans, claim that such preliminary probes would damage the moon's surface, hampering future study.

SHOT FOR THE MOON continued

it has been a planetary graveyard. Until this moment.

It is late in 1959. A silvered metal shape falls in its between-worlds orbit through vacuum, dropping with increasing speed toward the alien surface below. From within the cylindrical mass a radar beam flicks out, its electron pulse rebounding invisibly from lifeless rock. Relays click, computers whir, gas-pressure-fed lines throb, and from the sides and blunt nose of the object, frozen air spumes outward. The shape twists in its orbital fall, balances neatly on its tiny air jets, following the impulses of madly spinning gyros and sensors. It falls tail-first toward the moon, its three long, curving legs grasping for substance.

Barely a thousand feet above the moon, plunging at 6,000 mph into the maw of darkness, the hulk stabs the night of space with a single shattering cry. Not of sound, but a jagged scream of man-made fire that leaps with shocking suddenness into existence. A crash of flame, the eruption in Stygian vacuum of intense light. The metal hulk slows in its drop, it staggers, responds obediently to the incessant pushing of the air jets. Then the flame stabs deeply into the pumice dust which has lain undisturbed for a billion years and more. The pumice explodes violently outward, then falls gently in low-gravity drops back to the surface. Strong vibrations sweep the rock beneath the dust. Flame vanishes. Darkness again. A split-second later, the soundless impact of steel against the surface of the moon.

Curving metal sections spring open. The cylinder comes alive. Wire antennae leap outward, quiver in their sudden extension. A radar dish unpeels itself by electronic sorcery from its flush slot. On a long, flexible joint it turns almost magically to point to the earth, answering to a signal that has sped, in barely more than a single second, across a quarter-million miles of space. Somewhere in the cylinder another relay clicks, a battery pours its energy through printed circuits, and a radio transmitter announces its life by pulsing a message across that quarter-million miles to the planet of its origin. It is an epochal moment. The first robot space ship has successfully descended to the surface of another world in space.

Science fiction? No, science fact. It is planned in detail by the two primary contestants in the struggle to achieve technological and, therefore, military domination of space. In military and engineering circles, the project to lower a rocket on its own fiery thrust, to the moon's surface, is known as Round Three, in the war for space.

Round One went to the scientists of the Soviet Union on October 4, 1957 when their first satellite was hurled into orbit about the earth at 18,000 mph. A technological superiority of enormous advantage was emphasized a month later when the Russians fired a 14,000-pound rocket into orbit, with a satellite containing a live dog, weighing 1,120.29 pounds.

Round Two in the war for the moon is now under way. In the United States, the rockets are virtually ready to lift from their steel platforms. At the Army Ballistic Missile Agency in Redstone Arsenal, Alabama, engineers under the guiding hand of Dr. Wernher von Braun have already worked for months, often right around the clock, to modify a special Jupiter-C rocket for a firing to the moon. Tested and proven for years in the form of the Redstone and Jupiter-C test (*Continued on page* 96)

They left Tarshish with sixty oarsmen and a stout ship. They came back in a log canoe

THE MAN FROM TARSHISH

by G. C. EDMONDSON

with two captive maidens—and a secret that was to change the history of the world!

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY MELTZOFF

A pair of scrawny old native women still pounded corn, oblivious to the battle's outcome. A middle-aged woman looked Greek, but couldn't—or wouldn't—answer the way I spoke it. The last two were sisters, maybe twins, with pale skin and hair like a new flax anchor rope. But these girls didn't have the turnip nose and monkey lip like the gooks up in the tin islands. They were shorter and wore shapeless gray woollen dresses which covered their breasts, and probably their legs before the skirts had worn to tatters.

Their noses were long and straight. Their eyes were brown. I opened the (*Continued on page* 86)

TRAITOR FOR KICKS

THE MARTHA STERN STORY

Solve, if you can, the grim riddle of Martha Dodd Stern, who was brought up as an ambassador's daughter—but who found it more fun to betray her country

by HENRY JORDAN

For the first time in their pampered careers, Alfred and Martha Stern were living in the grip of fear. Every knock at their Mexico City penthouse, every car braking outside their country place, every rustle of leaves or shuffle of feet could be the signal that the Mexican federal police had come for them.

After fifteen years of service as Soviet spies, their time was up. Authorities in their native U.S., the target of their treachery, had demanded their extradition. Now only the windup of red tape stood between the midde-aged, sophisticated couple and their trip home in iron bracelets, with a prison term, or perhaps the electric chair, staring them in the face.

Some months back, when the first storm clouds gathered, the Sterns had taken hurried precautions. They had transferred over a million dollars in personal assets from America to Switzerland. They had liquidated their Mexican business, which had doubled as a spy front. To be ready for flight, they had packed a half-dozen bags, which they kept in their car.

But the bags had become a mocking symbol of their owners' plight. There was no place the Sterns could flee to, since their American passports had expired. Without them they couldn't even leave Mexico, the slowly closing trap.

How had people like Martha and Alfred Stern ever gotten themselves into this sordid mess? What caused them to turn traitors to their country in the first place?

Both had solid American roots. He was the scion of a prominent North Dakota banking family. She, of ancient Virginia stock, was the daughter of a former U.S. ambassador. Politics aside, the Sterns were at-

tractive, likeable people. Above average in intelligence, they were well educated, polished, equally at ease at fast-chat Manhattan cocktail parties and the more gracious gatherings in Virginia country mansions.

Such backgrounds, it would seem, don't prepare one for dying for the world proletariat and the crooks in the Kremlin. Yet Martha and Al had put all the ingredients into a big cocktail mixer, shaken it hard and come up with a Moscow Mule that would give anybody the horrors.

Martha started craving the spiked cocktails of international intrigue back in 1933, when her father, William E. Dodd, an honorable man of the old school, was named U.S. ambassador to Germany. At the time, a ravishing blonde of twenty-four, Martha suffered from a huge thirst for life and black circles under her shiny blue eyes. Father considered her quite a problem, and rather than leave her to herself took her to Berlin.

A few days after her arrival, Martha stood on a busy street corner, strangely stirred. For the first time she was watching a parade of goose-stepping Nazi storm troopers. All this massed, tensed-up virility, cheered by an hysterical crowd, gave her a thrill.

"The rapturous excitement of the scene overwhelmed me," she wrote in her diary. "I *'heiled'* and hailed them as vigorously as any Nazi."

Being an ambassador's daughter, she quickly got to know the top-drawer Nazis and enthusiastically embraced them all. Propaganda Minister Joseph Göbels showed her his precious etchings. Air Minister Göring, introduced her to his collection of hunting trophies. Handsome stunt flyer Ernst Udet entertained Martha

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL HOFMANN

KEYSTONE

Martha and Alfred Dodd-Stern denied allegations made by FBI.

with tales of aerial circuses. And just about every Hans, Heinz and Herman at Hitler's court got a chance to have Martha's full attention once or twice.

The ambassador's daughter thought it was just too thrilling to be Berlin's most popular party girl. And the Nazis loved the wildflower blossoming among all the stuffed shirts of the diplomatic service. Her madcap pranks were the talk of the town and some were preserved between book covers.

For instance, Ernst von Saloman tells in his recently published "Questionnaire" how Martha liked to poke fun at protocol. Once, at a German foreign reception, Saloman introduced her to a British duchess. Like the well-brought up belle she was, Martha curtsied.

"At the same time," writes Saloman, "she gathered up her skirt and daintily scratched her little pink buttocks."

It wasn't long, however, before Martha started cooling toward the Nazis. Life under Hitler wasn't all partying, chit-chat, heel-clicking and romancing under the moon. There were also the feverish war preparations, concentration camps and torture cellars.

Encounters with victims of Nazi brutality did a great deal to change Martha's mind. One young man she met had been arrested by the German secret police and brutally beaten with a stick bristling with rusty spikes.

Another prey of Nazi savagery she met had been beaten with lead pipes. Other former prisoners told her of having been burned with blowtorches.

At this point Martha began to feel repelled by her Nazi playmates.

"I've had enough of blood and horror to last me a lifetime," she wrote in her diary, and went on a trip to the Soviet Union where there was just as much brutal inhumanity—only Martha was blind to it.

In Russia she had a grand old time. Dreamily she gazed upon the Kremlin's onion-shaped towers in the evening twilight, she boated on the River Volga and sunned herself on the pebbly beach of a Black Sea cove.

Her guide and companion was a faithful friend, who had come with her all the way from Berlin. A suave, handsome Russian, he was officially a secretary of the Soviet embassy. Unofficially—there is always that side, too, to the boys—he was a (*Continued on page* 80)

The supreme moment in a hunter's life—flushing a wounded tiger in deep grass. At left, a pro hunter nears a dying tiger, to kill or be killed.

TIGER!

Here, in living color, are the greatest tiger pictures of our time—the hunting of the Man-eater of Assam

by PETER THROCKMORTEN
AS TOLD TO HAL HENNESEY

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR ARGOSY, BY THE AUTHOR

Before the Great Hunt: Additional elephants are captured, trained, can be used in fifteen days.

Five hundred men and a tiger prepare for fight to finish.

Jack Girsham, once Ranger, was chief hunter

During the eternity of stalking, a man must think with the cunning of the tiger—or be prepared never to think of anything again

TIGER!

continued

GAURIPUR, ASSAM, INDIA

I have just taken part in the most exciting and spectacular tiger hunt ever staged in India's Assam Province—a hunt whose like will, in all probability, never be seen again. I have tried to preserve something of what I saw there on the Rowta River, but I know that neither my pictures nor these words can do justice to the death of the Belsiri Slayer, for this tiger died as few tigers have died in recent times.

He was killed by twenty elephants and by half a thousand men with spears. It happened like this:

The voice on the phone said, "Odyssey Films is sending a crew to India to do one of Lowell Thomas' High Adventure TV series. This one's to be a tiger hunt. They could use a still cameraman. We could use a tiger story and—"

"—and I could use a check. When do I leave?"

In less than a week I was headed for a godforsaken chunk of the Himalaya Mountains known as Nepal. Object: To photograph a rare kind of big-game hunt known as the "Nepalese Tiger Ring," in which a tiger is driven to bay by mounted elephants and done in by waiting hunters.

Clearly, I was the right man for the job. I had never photographed anything wilder than an Algerian tribesman firing an old Lebel at a French recon patrol, and my aggregated experience with animals involved three years of being hurled from the humps of countless Wild West rodeo bulls. When I faced my first tiger, neither of us would have anything to unlearn.

I never reached Nepal. Because of scheduling snafus I failed to land in New Delhi until early in January—far behind Lowell Thomas and his Odyssey crew, which had long since scaled the Nepalese heights. Whether they had also ringed a tiger, I did not know.

They had not—and would not! In New Delhi word came from Katmandu, Nepal's tabletop capital, that the Graustarkian kingdom had suffered a political mishmash recently; thus the hard-

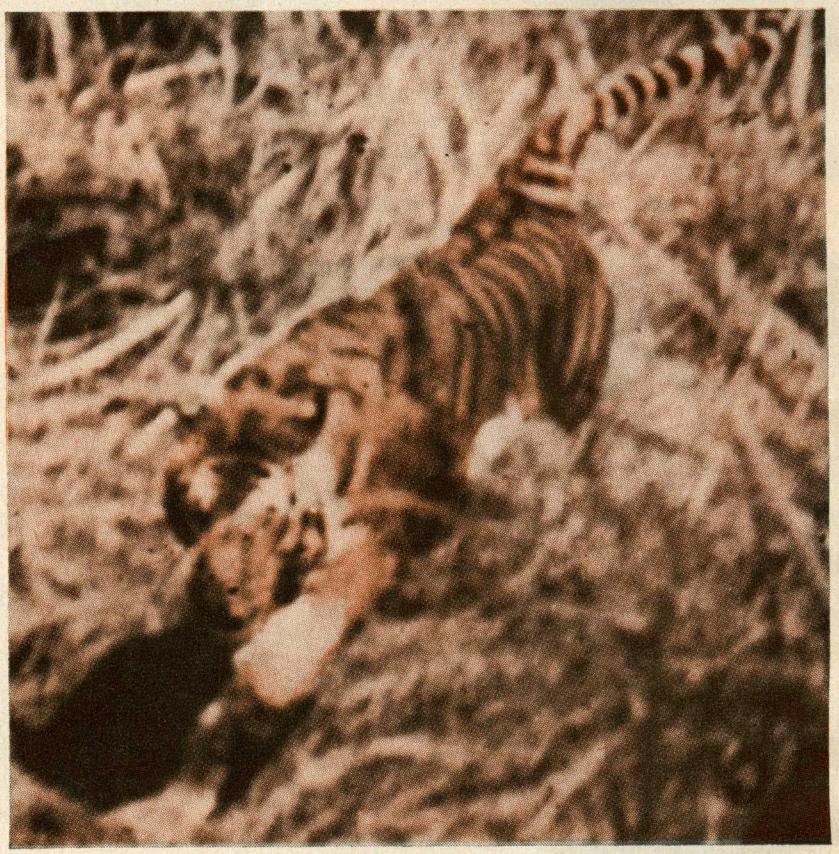
The ingredients: Stakes, nets, men, plenty of courage—and a tiger.

The locale: The backside of nowhere—Assam.

And the deed: "There he goes!" as the trap closes and the spearmen rush in for the kill, either theirs or the tiger's.

The start of a man-eater's charge, as Throckmorton saw it.

There is a second to shoot or face tiger's claws.



Facing a tiger's death charge is the most explosively sublime event in the life of a hunter. It is a moment of truth, after which all experience pales

TIGER! continued

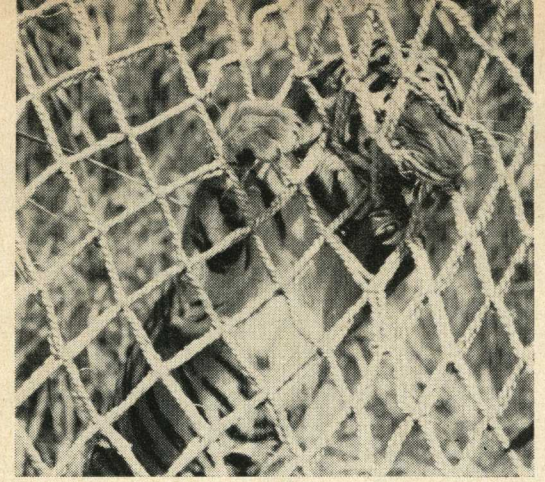
pressed king wanted no part of any Americans cluttering up his Himalayas with movie cameras and dead tigers. This meant that the hunt was washed out, and my assignment had gone down the same drain. I cabled ARGOSY the sad news and began looking around for new material.

At the very first bar I walked into, the problem was solved. There, big as life and newsy as "Time" were two of Odyssey's cameramen on a three-day pass, as it were. They told me that Lowell Thomas, refusing to give up on the tiger hunt, had switched his locale. At the moment the main outfit was situated near Gauripur, in Assam.

I arrived at Rowta Camp, base of Operation Tiger and bossed by the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, following a trek that would have sent Marco Polo scurrying back to Venice. After a thousand miles by airplane, bus, gherry, oxcart, sampan and Florsheim, I found myself wishing that Clive of India had fallen off London Bridge at the age of six.

My photographic colleagues welcomed me with open shutters, but I sensed an air of tension in the camp; it was similar to the charged atmosphere that prevailed in Korea before a shooting action. There was good reason for it, as I found later. Meanwhile, I introduced myself. Besides Thomas,

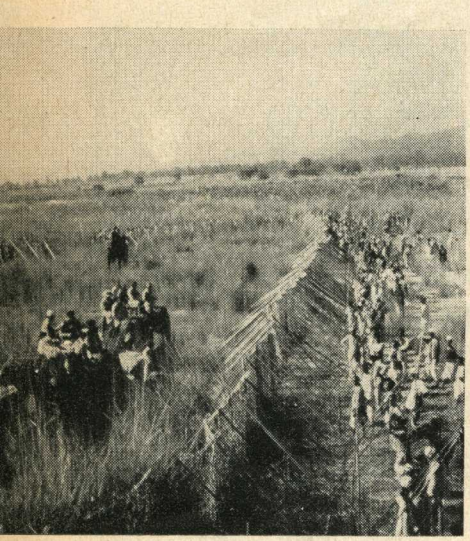
By now you must *have fired death shot—for there's no longer time to pull trigger!*



This was the final charge against the net . . .

TIGER!

continued

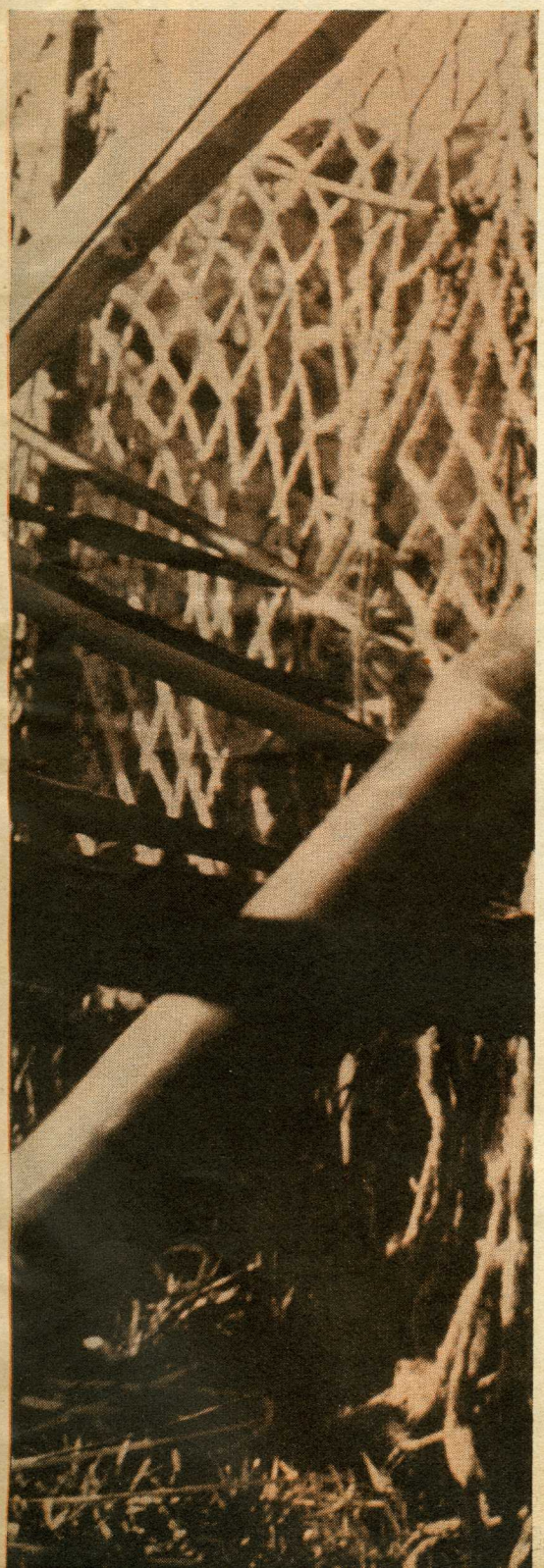


These odds it did not overcome.

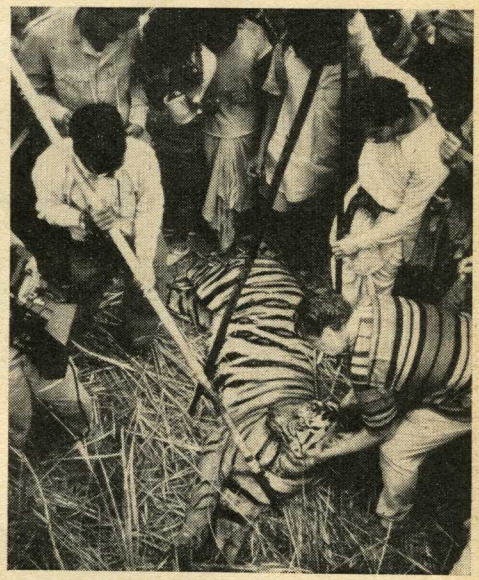
We cornered him with cunning—but his fight was a brave one. And now the hunt is done and the tiger is dead, and all are richer for having hunted him —and, perhaps, a little poorer, too . . .

himself, there was the expedition's leader, film director Willard Van Dyke. Mild-mannered and fiftyish, Van Dyke resembled the educator he had been, yet his eyes gleamed with the controlled fire of the true adventurer he now was. My first impression, later borne out, was that he was enormously capable.

The most colorful character in camp was a Russian ex-ballet dancer named Boris Lessanevitch. Thirty-five years ago he went flitting across the footlights with the likes of Pavlova. Now? At the age of sixty-something he is looked upon as one of Asia's leading jungle experts with fifty-eight tigers to his credit. It was Boris who suggested this particular little corner of nowhere just south of Bhutan and only 200 miles from fabled Lhasa. When the King of Nepal had turned us down, the proprietor of the Royal Hotel—Lessanevitch—had said to Van Dyke, (*Continued on page* 74)



The crucial—and most dangerous—point of entire operation comes as spearmen and elephants surround, overwhelm tiger. Tiger can leap net, attack spearmen.



Greatest sight to an Indian—a dead tiger.

Death robs a tiger of neither beauty nor dignity.

Balance sheet: 38 lives vs. a 9½-foot rug.

DANGER

THE KILLER AT THE WINDOW

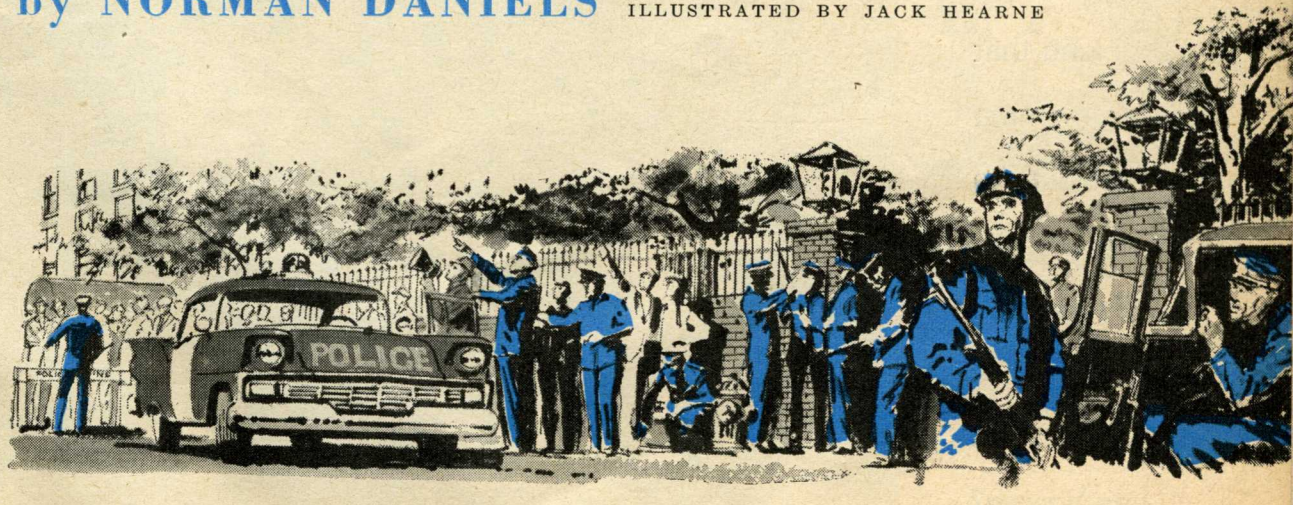
She was a small, neat woman, gentle of manner. But out of her mouth came a tortured, inhuman voice saying: "If anyone comes into this building, I'll blow it to bits!"

The two hundred block of Deversy Street faced small, exclusive and fenced-in Warren Park. Only the dwellers in certain of the more expensive apartment houses were permitted keys which opened the gate to the park. Of course, kids swarmed over the fence and monopolized the park as a playground, but the rumpots and the floozies who were denizens of an area only three blocks away, never had the use of it.

For a great city, the neighborhood was quiet and orderly. The cars which slid up to the apartment-building entrances were low and sleek. Not much ever happened in the block until the morning of May twenty-fifth. It was a warm, pleasant and sunny day. The building super of Number 254, one of the smaller, but very fashionable buildings, got a call on the house phone from an apartment on the seventh floor overlooking the park.

It was not a voice he recognized, but he didn't begin to worry until (*Continued on page* 76)

by NORMAN DANIELS ILLUSTRATED BY JACK HEARNE



There are only two kinds of women; the kind you can take home to mother and the kind that makes momma hold on to poppa when she's around. Which is Monique Van Vooren?

UNIQUE MONIQUE

What ever happened to the girl you couldn't take home to mother? She has become as seldom-sighted as the Spad. Jayne Mansfield, who once stirred our emotions, now stirs goulash for Mickey Hargitay. Nancy Berg, who used to go to bed each night on TV, now dutifully stuffs dirt under her fingernails, covers her façade with a black sweater such as sailors wear, encases her pretty legs in faded denims, and goes to mumbling classes at The Actors' Studio. The last time I saw Marilyn Monroe, she was hurrying along with most of her more noticeable beauty almost completely concealed by a book the size of the "Oxford English Dictionary." What once appeared to be a vast, sweeping compulsion on the part of American

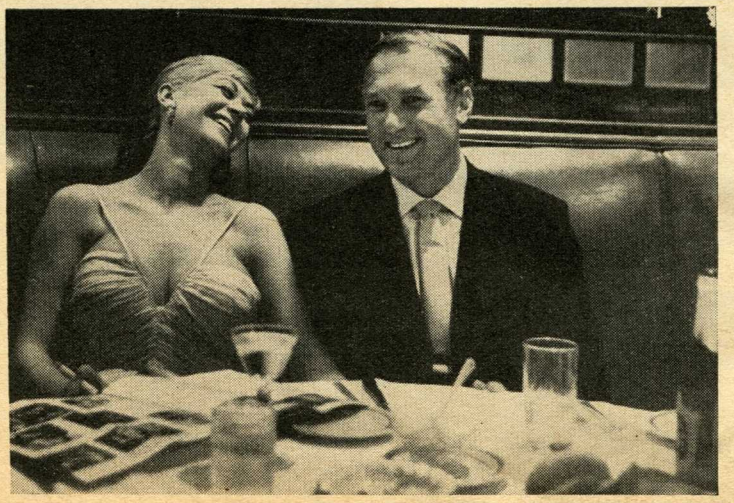
BY RICHARD GEHMAN

Aside from her eye-catching beauty, Monique's charms include a voice attuned to soothe the savage beast in any man.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES LOWE

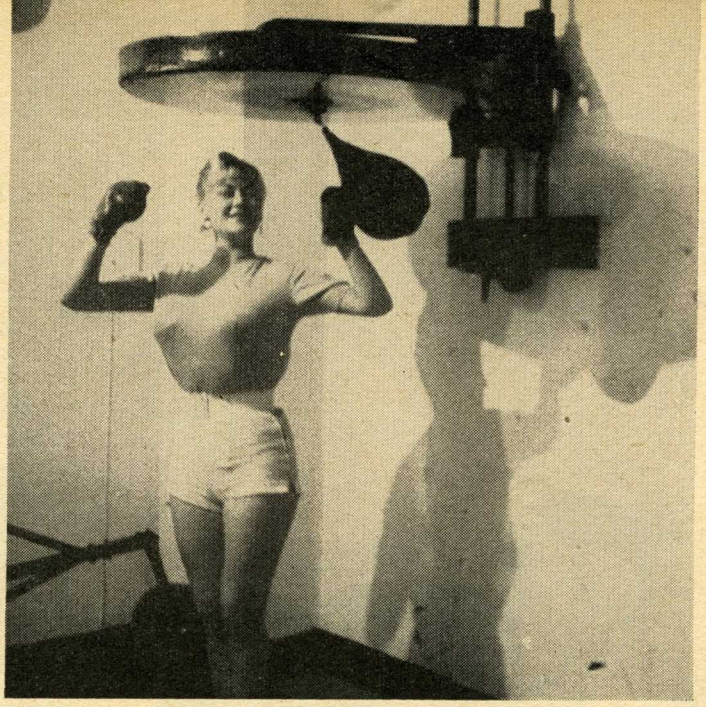
Bicycle riding, gymnasium fashion, aids physique as well as photographer. Exhaling smoke is TV's ex-middleweight champ, Rocky Graziano.

A witty "Van Voorenism" bewilders jazz promoter Norman Grantz.



UNIQUE MONIQUE

CONTINUED



John L. was never like this. But who's to say
Gentleman Jim wouldn't have a time with this style?

girldom to remove as many clothes as possible has degenerated into a quest for Culture and Art on the scale of the Flowering of New England.

It is with distinct pleasure, gentlemen, that I can report that there is no such foolishness in the mind of Monique Van Vooren. Monique should be called Unique. She is not called that—or wasn't until now, anyhow—but she is called, among other things, The Belgian Bulge, The Brussels Bust, etc., etc. But she is unique, for although she is interested in high-minded matters, and is better-equipped to discuss them than most girls (as the accompanying photographs testify so fervently), she has not yet taken leave of her reason.

This alone would make her outstanding, this delightful willingness to exhibit her endowments, but she is unusual for other reasons. She has wildly-scrambled blonde hair, large brownish-blue eyes, and a wonderfully fair complexion. Unlike many members of the bosom brigade, she also has a quick tongue and a ready wit. Funny Van Vooren sayings turn up in the Broadway columns nearly as often as the wry remarks of Harry Kurnitz and other wags. Some samples: (*Continued on page* 60)

"Red-hot Mama" Sophie Tucker supervises a hurried make-up job on unique Monique.

WAR SONG

In bitter cold, on bloody snows, the dregs of a mad, lost army held the pass against the mightiest war machine of its day. Now, forty years later, the ghosts of the dead men were whispering: "Stand fast—have the courage to keep the peace we have won!"

George Severn forced himself to smile again. Simpering, he thought, like some kind of demented monkey. He shook the endless number of diplomats' hands, bowed and scraped the way you had to in this game, and ground out the tired old platitudes: *Your obedient servant, Sir. With sentiments, Sir, of deepest personal regard.* In a pig's eye.

Then at last he escaped from the striped-pants set and fled down the ornate, mirrored hall of the garish Neapolitan palace and into the jerry-built cubbyhole that was his office during his assignment to the disarmament conference.

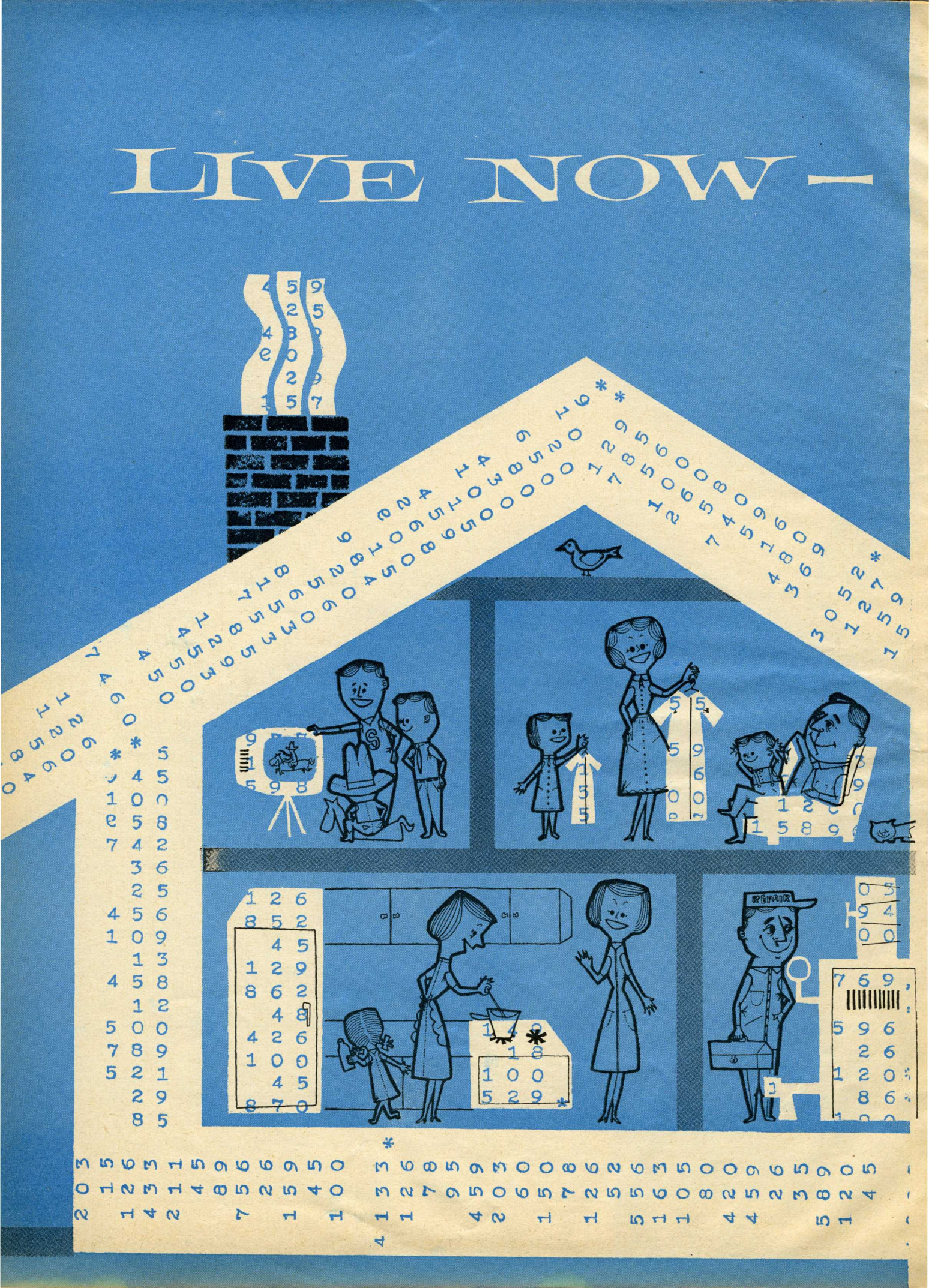
Okay, he thought, I have had it. He dropped down into the pretty steel-blue American swivel chair and leaned exhausted on the pretty steel-blue desk, office furniture donated by a naïve United States, foolishly tireless in its generosity toward the lost cause of peace. And when you have had it, he thought, there remains one simple remedy: You get drunk. He leaned down and yanked open the bottom drawer of his desk, his left hand unbuttoning his collar and tunic and jerking loose his tie. First time, maybe, he thought, since he'd left the Point, he was going to hit the bottle while on duty. For a moment he paused. What the hell? The conference was (*Continued on page* 67)

by NOEL CLAD

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED OTNES

"This was degradation, the return of men to beasts, the final horror. We defended that cursed rock through a thousand dead!"

LIVE NOW—



PAY LATER

The hazardous sport of living on the cuff is becoming America's favorite indoor pastime and is—surprisingly—cheered on by economists! Here are some startling reasons why

A couple or so years ago, Tennessee Ernie Ford whacked his git-tar and gave forth with his updating of an early coal miners' lament that wound up:

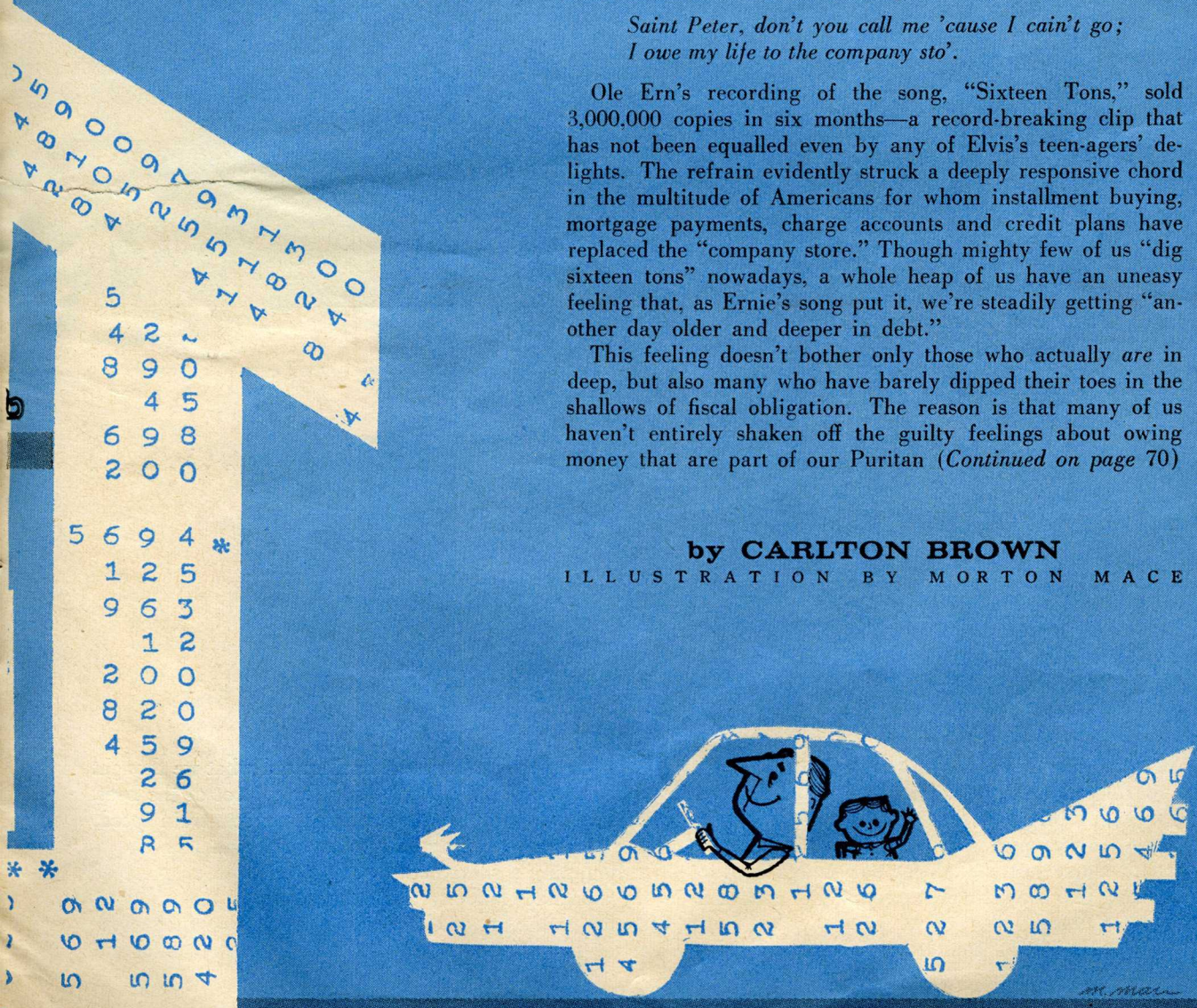
Saint Peter, don't you call me 'cause I cain't go;
I owe my life to the company sto'.

Ole Ern's recording of the song, "Sixteen Tons," sold 3,000,000 copies in six months—a record-breaking clip that has not been equalled even by any of Elvis's teen-agers' delights. The refrain evidently struck a deeply responsive chord in the multitude of Americans for whom installment buying, mortgage payments, charge accounts and credit plans have replaced the "company store." Though mighty few of us "dig sixteen tons" nowadays, a whole heap of us have an uneasy feeling that, as Ernie's song put it, we're steadily getting "another day older and deeper in debt."

This feeling doesn't bother only those who actually *are* in deep, but also many who have barely dipped their toes in the shallows of fiscal obligation. The reason is that many of us haven't entirely shaken off the guilty feelings about owing money that are part of our Puritan (*Continued on page* 70)

by CARLTON BROWN

ILLUSTRATION BY MORTON MACE



ILLUSTRATED BY BOB KUHN

AN ARGOSY TRUE ADVENTURE

THE LOG OF THE GANGA HO

by KEN CHANEY

We saw the thirty-foot waterfall barely in time. Over the roaring thunder of the rapids I heard Frank's frenzied scream, "*Right, bear right!*" We dug our paddles deep on the port side and pulled frantically, diverting our course just enough for our rubber boat to crash head-long into the vertical outcropping of rock that split the two channels.

We bounced once, spun completely around and started down the right-hand channel toward what we thought was temporary safety. Fighting for control of the boat, we raced another hundred yards at express-train speed, lurching and scraping over submerged boulders.

Rounding a short bend, I felt the bottom drop out of my stomach. Directly ahead was another falls, fully as deadly as the one we had avoided. In a last-ditch effort at salvation, I grabbed the bowline and piled out of the

Around a bend, a herd of water buffalo formed a solid wall. One puny .45 was no weapon for breaking them up, but I had to try.

They weren't the first men ever to shoot the rapids of Mahaweli Ganga, but they were the first who had ever* talked *about it. The others were all dead

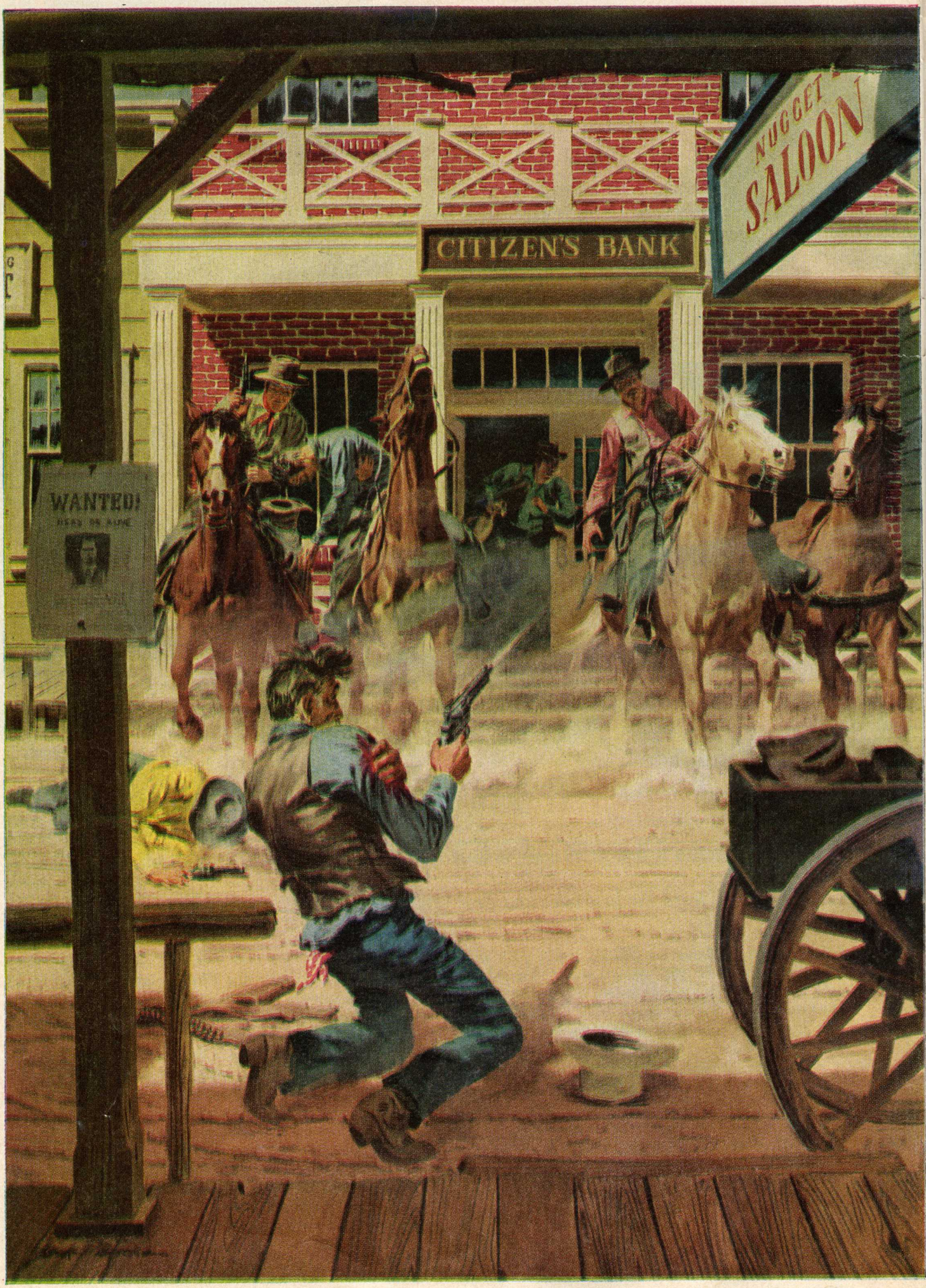
boat, throwing a flying leg scissors over a rock which jutted sharply from the roily froth. I was able to hold on only a few seconds before the tearing current plucked me off. Pulling myself back up the line hand over hand, I scrambled back into the boat just as we shot over the falls. . . .

In the waning days of World War II, the Pentagon high brass adopted a policy of systematic harassment to hasten the surrender of the Japanese troops in the southeast Asia area. Paratrooper demolition teams, specialists in all forms of destruction, were to be dropped in at strategic points to wreck communications, cut rail lines, blow bridges, and otherwise impede enemy troop movement.

Accordingly, in the spring of 1945, four dozen battle-seasoned veterans of Europe and Africa were flown to a jungle training area near Trincomalee in Ceylon—that small jewel-like island just off the southern tip of India.

Most of us were new to the tropics and jungle survival training was ladled out in wholesale doses. Demolition, close combat, radio communication, and map reading, all old stuff since the rookie days of jump school, were brought out and warmed over. For weeks we had double-timed over the soft sand beaches in the mornings, then sat through orientation lectures in sweltering, palm hut classrooms all afternoon. At night we were assigned pinpoint objectives deep in the pitch-black jungle, through which we thrashed and stumbled for hours on end, guided only by the radium dial of a compass.

We had finished our training and had been told to "stand by to move out at any time." So far, "any time" had permitted a week of (*Continued on page* 105)


NUGGET
SALOON
CITIZEN'S BANK
WANTED!

OLD FOR THE STAR

He was too old to wear a star, they told him, and maybe they were right. But when he faced the four gun-slinging Dingman brothers in that dusty street, he knew one thing—no man is ever too old to die behind a gun

The sheriff had ridden twenty-eight miles since sun-up. Now, as he made the turning into the trees which lined the road into Cottonwood, he slowed the sweated roan to a walk, checking the distance against his pocket watch. It was well before nine o'clock, and the pace pleased him.

"All right, boy," he said gently to the horse, "I reckon you'll do." The sheriff grinned to himself. Testing his new mount had been a pretty lame excuse for returning so quickly. He knew it was only habit which had made him extend the animal as he had.

But he was entitled to a few habits, the sheriff decided. After thirty years on the job a man couldn't slow down, whether there was any need for the rush or not. And anyhow, he had indulged himself the night before, letting old Joe Hanson talk him into staying over at Rimrock once he had delivered the warrant.

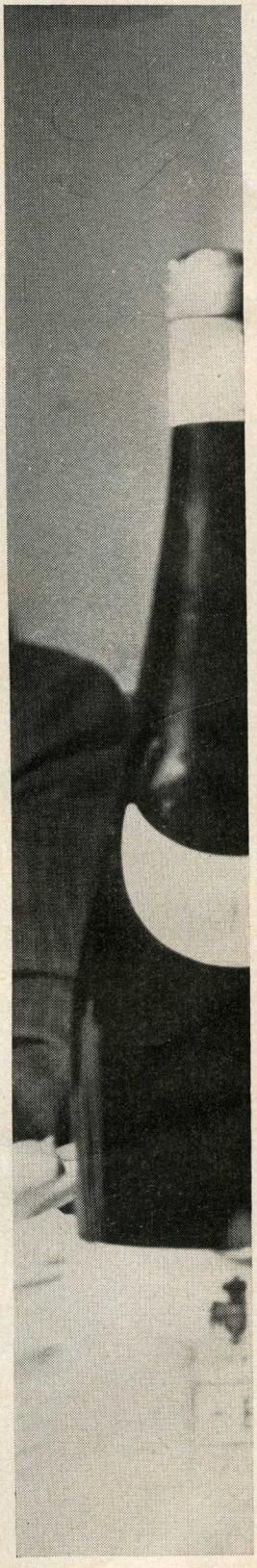
It took the sheriff a moment to remember when he had last been forced really to press a horse in the line of duty. It was all of three years—the afternoon that maverick Texan had shot up the poker game in the Gold Rail, and the sheriff had had to chase him all the way up into the old Apache stomping grounds before he'd brought him down.

Three years. The sheriff shook his head. Except for word that those four Dingman brothers who'd hit the Coleville bank last month might be drifting (*Continued on page* 93)

by David Markson

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK DUMAS

He got off four fast shots before he felt the impact of the slug that took him in the arm.



New Look at an Old Gangster

They exiled Lucky Luciano to Naples—but some United States authorities think he still has an iron grip on this country's organized crime. Here is his side of that story

by B. W. VON BLOCK

Two gunsels pumped long-time racketeer Albert Anastasia full of bullets in the barbershop of New York's swank Park Sheraton Hotel not long ago. As soon as the story hit the headlines, worried police, reporters and public all began asking the same questions:

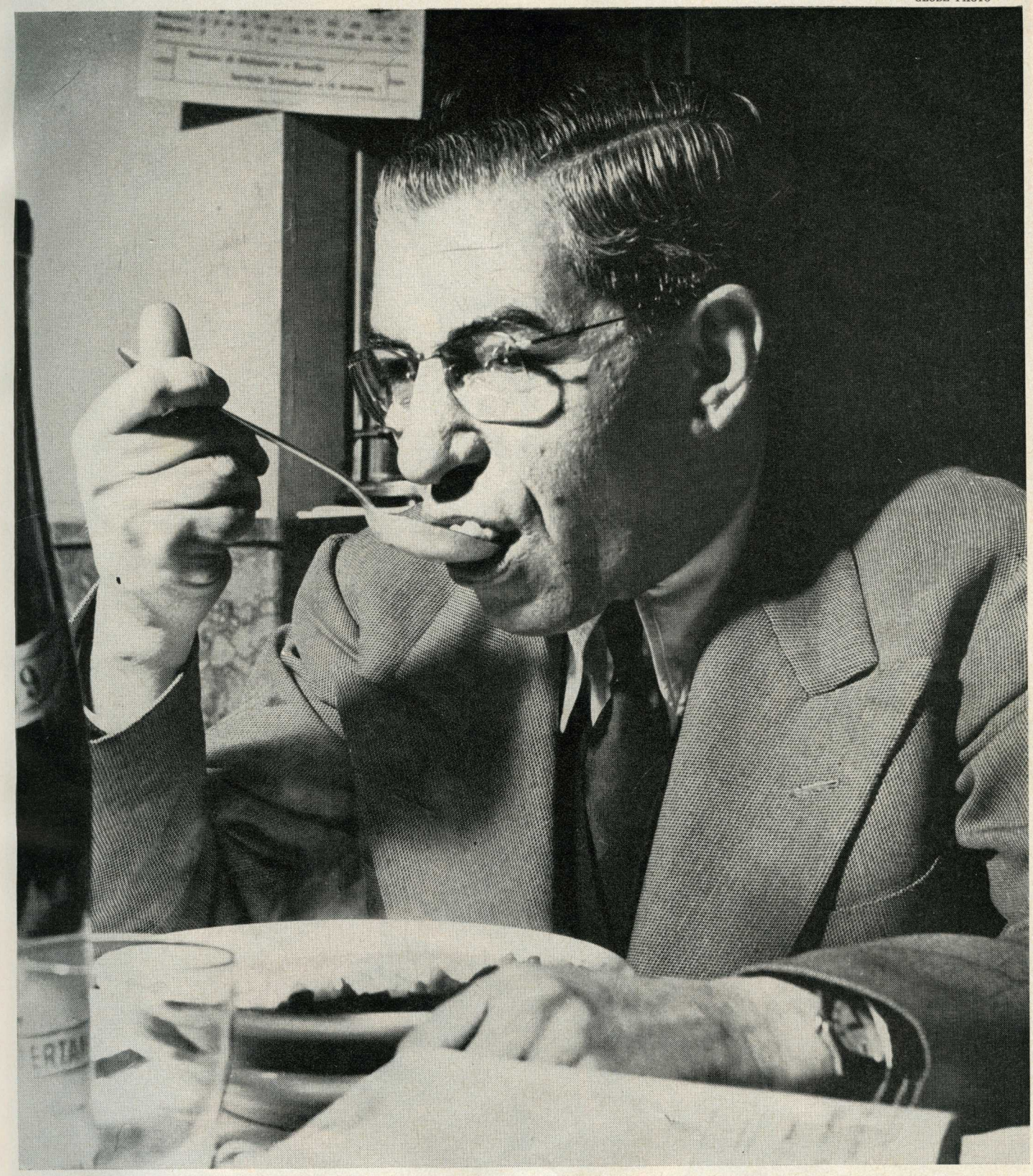
Did Anastasia's murder indicate that a new underworld war was about to begin? Was this only the first skirmish in a nationwide battle to see who will run America's vast racket empire?

I decided to ask the man who once was—and may still be—the top dog of gangland. I'd gotten to know Charles "Lucky" Luciano fairly well during the week I'd spent interviewing him in Naples. I felt no hesitation about calling him long-distance from London.

PHOTO BY INP

Ganglord or landlord? Petitioned by court to account for his high income, Lucky replied: "Real estate. I'm selling at big profits."

GLOBE PHOTO



Solid citizen or puppet master of crime? Scrutinized at every turn, Luciano's activities have revealed nothing to cause arrest.

"Nah!" was his characteristic, grunted reply. "I got no idea who knocked Al Anastasia off, but I'll bet dough it was just a private grudge. There ain't gonna be no 'war.' It's like I told you before—that kind of stuff can't be pulled any more."

Luciano was referring to what he'd discussed with me at length in Naples—that, at least according to the average mobster's view, the underworld had practically reformed. "The guys," he maintained, were treading carefully, and mass-scale murder and mayhem were as outmoded as the Prohibition law that started the whole bloody cycle in the first place.

There's no way of telling whether or not "Lucky" was levelling. (*Continued on page* 64)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McDERMOTT

THE GREAT DECEIVER

by DONOVAN FITZPATRICK

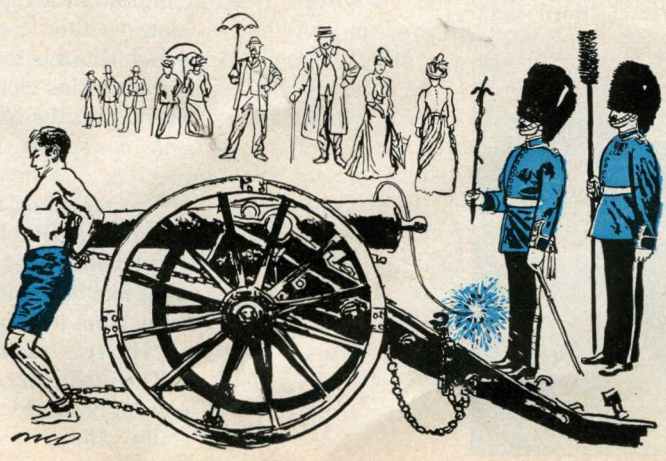
He was sealed in boxes, buried alive, thrown into icy waters, yet lived to have the last laugh on Death. Many of the great Houdini's secrets went to the grave with him—but here are some that didn't

On a cold, blustery morning in the winter of 1906, Harry Houdini, "The Man Who Can Get Out of Anything," stood on the Belle Isle Bridge in Detroit and waited for a crew of workmen to finish sawing a hole in the solidly frozen ice of the river below. Also on the bridge were doctors, cops, reporters and photographers from the local papers, and several thousand citizens who'd braved the chill to watch the world's greatest master of escape flirt with ice-watery death.

To publicize his appearance at a Detroit theater, Houdini had advertised that he would jump, handcuffed, into the Detroit River. But early that morning his manager, greatly agitated, had called to report that the river was frozen over. "Can you think of another stunt?"

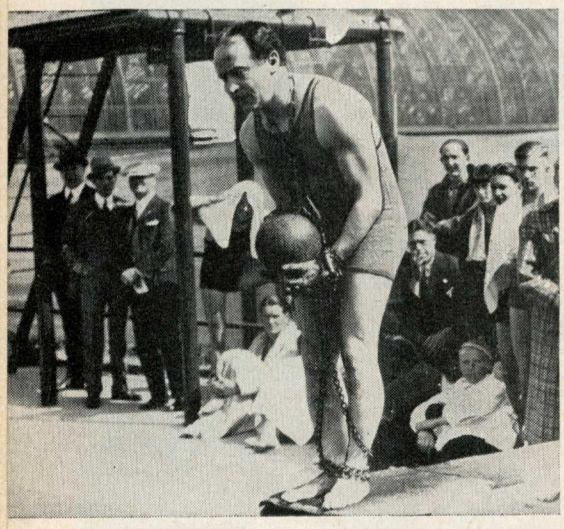
"Why should I?" Houdini demanded.

"If you don't jump, the public will call you a four-flusher."



U P PHOTO

Many of Houdini's tricks were performed while the escape artist was submerged. Panic control was his secret weapon.



U P PHOTO

Shackles, handcuffs, even a ball and chain, failed to stop him from bobbing to surface.

IND PHOTO

Houdini (left) spoke to Washington lawmakers in fight against spiritualism and fortune telling. Court respected his opinions.

Twenty years after Houdini's death, disciples unsuccessfully staged what was to be escaper's greatest feat—a message from the spirit world.

ACME PHOTO

THE GREAT DECEIVER CONTINUED

"You don't understand," Houdini snapped. "I'll jump. Just get somebody to cut a hole in the ice."

Now the workmen had finished cutting the hole. The water looked black, ominous. Harry Houdini slipped out of his shoes, handed his heavy fur coat to his manager and stood clad only in a pair of dark blue trunks. His muscles rippled as he tightened involuntarily against the cold.

A couple of policemen, bundled to the ears, stepped forward, and one snapped a pair of regulation handcuffs on the performer's wrists. The other cop tested the cuffs, tightened them another notch until they bit into Houdini's flesh.

"Okay," he said. "They're on, all right."

The newsmen pressed forward.

"Hurry up, boys," Houdini said. "It's a little chilly."

Everybody laughed. The photographers, hands numb with cold, snapped their pictures.

Then Houdini vaulted lightly to the low railing of the bridge. The bitter north wind ruffled his thick mane of black hair, he looked shockingly naked and defenseless. "All ready," he said.

One of the cops reached up and laid his gloved hand against Houdini's bare back and pushed. The handcuffed figure toppled forward, plunged through the air, plopped into the dark water and disappeared.

There was a sudden silence, as if the spectators had never really believed the Great Houdini would go through with the stunt.

"Geeze," the cop said, staring at the black hole in the ice. "I wouldn't do that for a year's pay—without handcuffs!"

Houdini's manager kept his eyes on his watch. The escape artist usually reappeared in about ninety seconds. Now two minutes ticked by, then three.

The manager spoke urgently to a man standing nearby. "He's in trouble! Go after him!"

The man was an expert swimmer, hired as insurance against disaster. If Houdini didn't show up in three minutes, the swimmer was supposed to climb down a rope tied to the bridge and look for him.

Reluctantly, too slowly, the swimmer began to get out of his clothes. His hands trembled, not entirely from the cold.

A newspaper reporter called out, "Four minutes!"

The crowd on the bridge began to murmur and surge forward. People standing on the ice knelt and tried to peer into the depths. Everyone knew what had happened: the current had swept Houdini away from the hole. He was trapped under the ice.

"Hurry!" the manager pleaded.

The swimmer, finally stripped down to his trunks, began to shiver violently in the blast of the chilly wind. (*Continued on page* 100)

Can you tell a Minie ball from a Musketoon? A Stake Cutter from a Beer Can Special? If so, you can fight the War Between the States all over again——this time for sport, and not blood!

Twentieth Century troopers strike a pose in old-style photo.

OLD GUNS - NEW FUN

One of the most interesting organizations in the many-phased shooting game is the North-South Skirmish Association. It was formed by a group of muzzle-loading enthusiasts interested in arms of the Civil War period. The aim of the association is to encourage the preservation and display of Civil War material, and to show just what the old Civil War weapons are capable of doing when handled exactly as they were used during the 1860s. This latter part of the plan is accomplished by individual and team competition in the management of the weapons.

The first North-South Skirmish was held in the spring of 1950 at a regular muzzle-loading shoot near Washington, D. C. Eight shooters, resplendent in Confederate uniforms, pitted their skill against five fully uniformed Yankee marksmen. During the contest, clay pigeons were smashed and toy balloons were popped with Civil War guns. Spectators were so enthusiastic about the unique display of sharpshooting with muzzle-loading guns that the participants were inspired to continue their efforts.

Actually, the North-South Skirmishers constitute a specialized development of a shooting sport that has been in existence for a long time. During the past forty or fifty years, interest in shooting old-time small arms, both sporting and military, has steadily been on the increase. At first, individuals and small groups of inquisitive shooters began experimenting with muzzle-loaders, using most any old gun in sound condition that was at hand.

Through the exchange of experiences and study of early books and military manuals on the management of small arms, the proper technique of handling muzzle-loaders, as well as the art of shooting them accurately, gradually spread throughout the country.

Guns with practically every kind of lock mechanism developed before the advent of the self-contained cartridge (the cartridge that we use in modern arms, containing bullet, propellant and primer, as a cased unit) were fired by these enthusiasts. However, the favorites for this intriguing hobby have usually been of flintlock and caplock persuasion.

by PETE KUHLHOFF PHOTOGRAPHS BY **RUDY MULLER**

ON THE FIRING LINE: Union troops take aim.

REBELS RECIPROCATE: Rivalry is keen between "regulars" from both North and South.

OLD GUNS – NEW FUN

CONTINUED

These shooters, as well as their guns, became known as charcoal burners. And anyone who knows the smell of burned black powder, and the glorious mess of grime and grease that goes hand in hand with this kind of shooting, will tell you that there is no other hobby-sport that is quite as satisfying or as interesting.

The sport of banging away with the charcoal burners continued to grow in popularity among shooters and antique gun collectors. The National Muzzle Loading Rifle Association was formed to further this interest and to standardize match shooting with the old black-powder arms. In 1939, if I remember correctly, "Muzzle Blasts," the official magazine of the association, was first

TAME TACTICS: At climax of annual show, infantrymen from North and South charged ARGOSY cameraman. Uniforms,

BIG BOOM: Cannon is primed . . .

. . . and cannoneers watch projectile, a cement-filled beer can, fly toward target.

published. It furnished news of black-powder shooting events, as well as pertinent facts and clinical observations about muzzle-loading guns for the fans.

Now, regularly scheduled matches are held throughout the country and some of the buffs use the charcoal burners in the game fields. Barrels of black powder end up in smoke each year.

In the meantime, the North-South Skirmishers became active and Skirmishes were conducted regularly from 1950 until 1957 with only a few written rules to guide them. In the spring of that year, at the Annual National Rifle Association Meetings, the Skirmishers adopted a written constitution and bylaws and affiliated with the NRA.

Twenty-one groups, who had taken part in one or more Skirmishes prior to June 1, 1956, became charter members of the North-South Skirmish Association. Individual (*Continued on page* 85)

weapons, equipment are authentic Civil War, but sportsmanship and competitive spirit have obliterated battle lines.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY KEANE

DON'T BE A "HABIT"

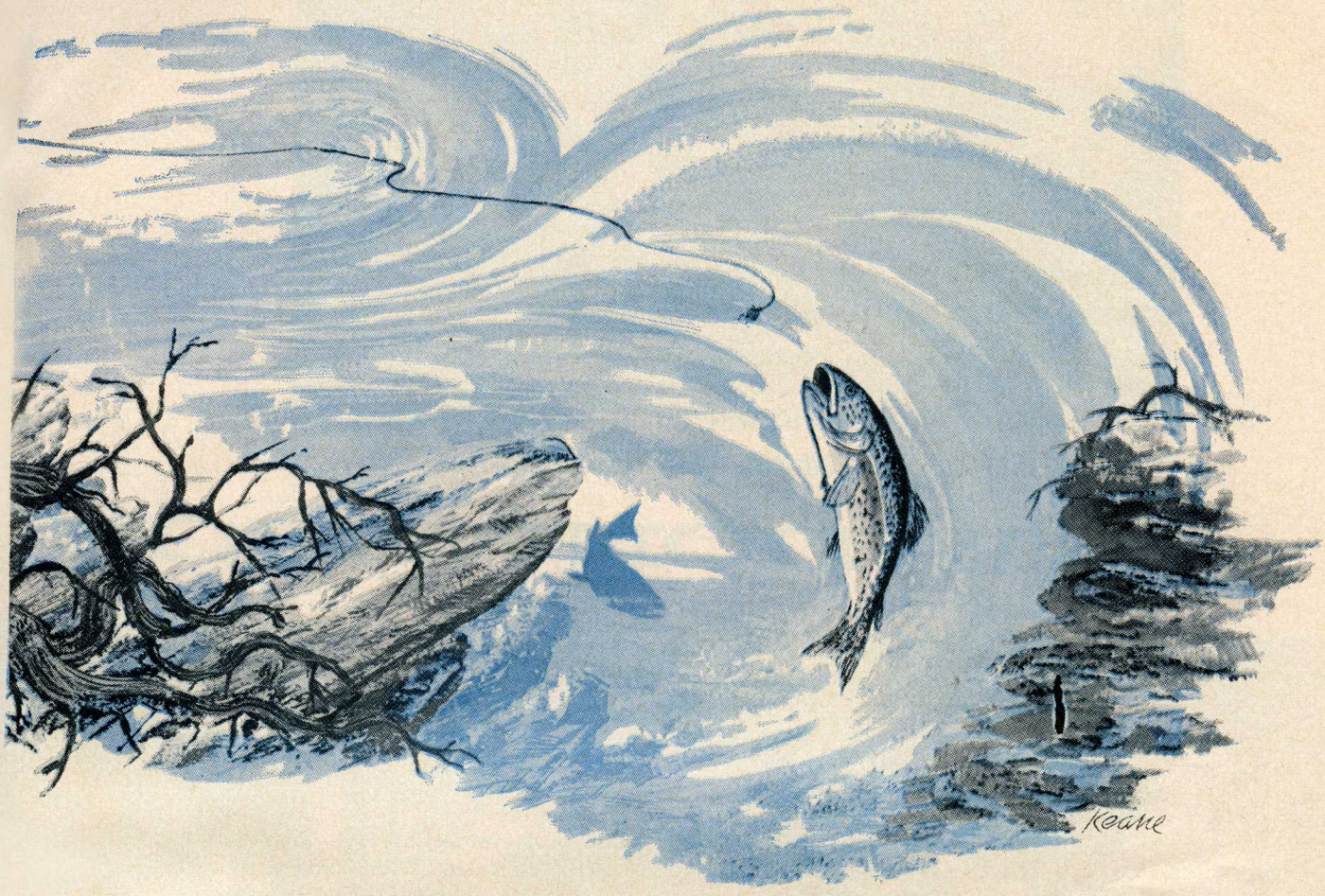
When the big ones sulk and the little ones aren't biting, give that new lure a try.

The stuff from which fishing cartoons are universally made—allegedly humorous—is the hoary legend of barefoot boy with cut pole, and can of worms catching a mess of fish while the dude angler, fishless stands nearby in envy, grasping his two hundred dollars worth of tackle. It's a heartwarming scene—if you are, or ever were, a barefoot boy. Trouble is, it just ain't so. And for the last twenty-five years, in this writer's good memory, it never has been.

There's an old adage among hunters: "Beware the man who owns only one gun"—and this is a good one. This hunter knows his weapon and can cover his target without confusion and loss of time. But exactly the reverse is true of the modern fisherman. If he expects to take fish in most places most of the time, he never can settle for one rod or one method.

The classic example that comes to mind happened far off in Alaska where fish are large, numerous and unsophisticated—the big rainbows especially. We were fishing Battle River out of Northern Consolidated's fishing camp set up at the head of the river where it slides away from the foot of Battle Lake, a clear jewel surrounded by frosted mountain peaks. This is one of the finest of late August streams in Alaska, far from the salt water of Bering Sea. To reach it the sockeye salmon must fight their way for many weeks up strong currents, over waterfalls and heavy rapids to fulfill the urge to perpetuate their species. Right behind them come the big rainbows, gobbling the drifting salmon eggs which have failed to find a hiding place down among the tiny stones of the river bed. There are big rainbows and medium-sized rainbows but mighty few small ones. The long jaunt upstream is obviously just for the strong.

To this Rainbow Utopia I came in late August to meet the big trout head-on and almost in my footsteps followed a trio of Minnesota anglers, clutching their short, stiff



FISHERMAN

by LARRY KOLLER

Fish have some pesky habits—like wanting the food they want when they want it!

casting rods and heavy tackle boxes loaded with red-and-white spoons. This was their favorite northern pike gear and, perhaps, the only tackle they owned. At any rate, it produced lots of big pike for them back home and *should*, they reasoned, catch these big, stupid rainbows.

Impatient to begin the slaughter, the three spoon-tossers began to put up rods and reels almost before they had stowed their bags in the sleeping tents. With a few hours of good daylight left in this long Alaska summer day, there would be time enough to fill a bag with big trout; so off they went downstream to the broad, flat, swiftly gliding pool just below camp. Three big red-and-white wobblers hit the surface of this pool almost at the same time, but no fish flopped on the bank. The trout apparently had little taste for spoons.

They fought it out—without a strike—on the stream until the evening meal and, (*Continued on page* 62)

When fast lure failed, salmon took smelt.

by J. EDWARD SCHIPPER

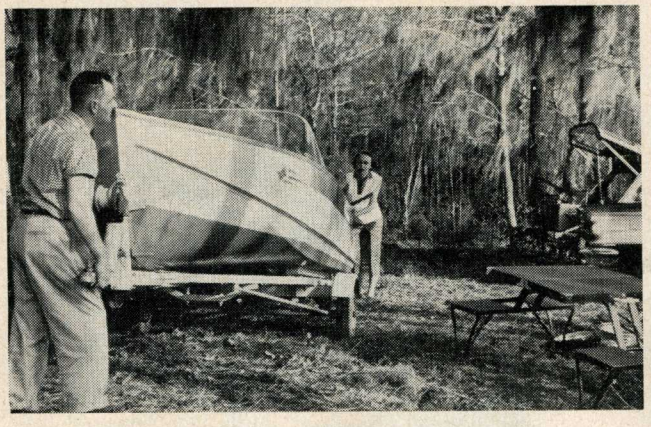
You can live it up outdoors with indoor comforts
—and this four-wheeled palace can make it possible

STATIONWAGON

I like to fish! Packing off into the wilderness for a two-week vacation to commune with nature via a flyrod or bassrod is, to me, the ultimate soul-satisfying respite from the annual routine of grinding out a buck. But there's been one hitch. More precisely, four—my irreproachable and lovely wife, who can't quite adjust to hillbilly living, also my five-year-old son and two daughters, aged six and eight, who can stick it out for one day, which is just about how long it takes them to realize their TV westerns have been holding back some pertinent facts of frontier life.

So, during my vacations, I've turned a deaf ear to the call of the wild. Like many other repressed sportsmen similarly shackled, I have sublimated. With a little practice I found I could gaze from the patio fronting a too-expensive seaside cabana and see, not the surf breaking across white sand, but a cascading mountain stream twisting through an evergreen forest. Glasses filling at the cabana bar became audible symbols of gurgling trout pools. And every time an ice cube splashed, a trout jumped. I recall rather ashamedly how, on one occasion, I was on the verge of asking a parent, who had just hauled his threshing youngster from the breakers to dress him (*Continued on page* 102)

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR ARGOSY BY ED FEINGERSH



This Tee Nee trailer balances boat so evenly that it can be pushed around with no more trouble than a wheelbarrow.

New car-top Tour-A-Tent has awning under which you can set up your camp protected from rain or intense sun.

When collapsed and buttoned up tent fits snugly on Pontiac's roof, out of the way until needed.

Camping-1958 Style

At camp site, the tent is erected, mounted on standard car-top rack under innerspring mattress, providing a comfortable shelter for two.

Unique Monique *Continued from page 39*

"I want a simple wedding," she once told Sidney Skolsky. "Just me and the groom and his money."

"Pete is drinking because his wife walked out on him," she said to Earl Wilson, "and Joe is drinking because his wife walked in on him."

"Paris," she said to Igor Cassini, "is wonderful for a girl's ego because she gets the feeling that the whole city is whistling at her."

"A girl should never turn her back on a man," she remarked to Lee Mortimer, "unless it's more interesting than her front."

"I've a forty-inch bust in my stockinged feet," said she to Hy Gardner.

"I hate being on TV," she told Robert Sylvester, "because I always get the feeling that somebody is watching me."

It often happens that such knee-slappers are constructed by Broadway press agents and put into the mouths of the babes who are their clients, but in Monique's case the words are her own. I know, because I spent an afternoon in the shadow of her charms not long ago. We met, for some unaccountable reason, in a supper club called Le Cupidon. Now, for sheer ability to produce fantastic depression, nothing compares with a supper club in the afternoon. The chairs are stacked on tables, cigarettes and wrinkled napkins are ankle-deep on the floor, and off in the deep shadows a crusty porter grumbles that nobody knows de trouble he's seen. Le Cupidon was no different from all such places, except for the presence of Monique, who lighted the premises like one of Abe Feder's giant spotlamps.

Over coffee, Monique first apologized for her English—which she needn't have done, since it is excellent. Then she began telling me of her more recent accomplishments.

"I have been working for sixty-seven straight weeks without one single vacation," she said, with a weary shake of her head. "I have been working in supper clubs all over—Hollywood, Chicago, Montreal, Cuba, New York . . . I sing," she added, as though that made a difference. "I made an RCA-Victor album called 'Mink in Hi-Fi.' One of the songs in it was called 'Bed'."

"Then," she went on, "I just finished a movie, 'Gigi,' for MGM. Before that I made '10,000 Bedrooms'—I had the title role in that. What I mean, I was the Girl in Bed . . . I wasn't in the picture originally; it had been shot without me. In fact they didn't even know about me, and then one day I was standing on the steps at MGM and who saw me but Joe Pasternak, the producer, and he said, *'Voila!'* and decided to shoot a new beginning and a new ending, both with me, and he asked me if I wanted to do it and I said, 'Sure,' and that was how that happened."

I took a deep breath, out of sheer exhaustion. "I seem to remember," I said, "reading in Joe Hyams' column that you were in a Tarzan picture once."

She shuddered, a delightful experience to watch. "Yes," she said, " 'Tarzan and the She-Devil.' It was a bad experience—me like Tarzan, Tarzan like elephant, so we couldn't make it together."

"Now let me tell you about 'Gigi,' that I just made for MGM. I was in Hollywood when Arthur Freed, the producer, and Vincente Minelli, the director, were talking about the picture, the plans, and I went to them and said how about using me and they said, 'Don't call us, we'll call you,' and they never did so when I heard they were in Paris I flew there to tell them they forgot to call me and I called up Arthur Freed and he said, 'Are you calling long distance?' and I said, 'I don't know, how far is it up to your room? I'm in the lobby,' and he was so surprised he said, 'Come on up,' and that was how I got the part because I said to him, 'Come on, don't make a liar out of me. I've told so many people I have this part I seriously need it,' so he said, 'All right, you've worn me down.' "

She looked up as a small, bespectacled man appeared. "Oh, Lar-ree! This is my press agent, Larry Gore," she told me.

"Did you tell him you were from Belgium?" Gore asked.

"Yes."

"You mention how you came over here in nineteen-fifty as an exchange student?"

"Oh, baloney," I said.

"It's true!" Monique cried, looking wounded. "I was an exchange student. I was studying law at N.Y.U. I speak five languages, including Latin. Also, I was skating champion of Belgium three years in a row. By nature I am a very serious girl, really. I study singing with Gian-Carlo Menotti, and dancing, and I am learning judo, and some day maybe I will go back to law. I got into show biz completely by accident. While I was studying at N.Y.U. an agent, Barron Polan, saw me at a party and said, 'You ought to be in show biz,' and I thought he was joking and said, 'Sure.' And the next thing I knew there I was in John Murray Anderson's 'Almanac.' A whole lot of famous people—that is, people who got famous—were in that one—Polly Bergen, Harry Belafonte, Tina Louise, Hermione Gingold, me . . . It was my first part on the stage here. I played Cuckoo, the Bird Girl. Isn't that funny?"

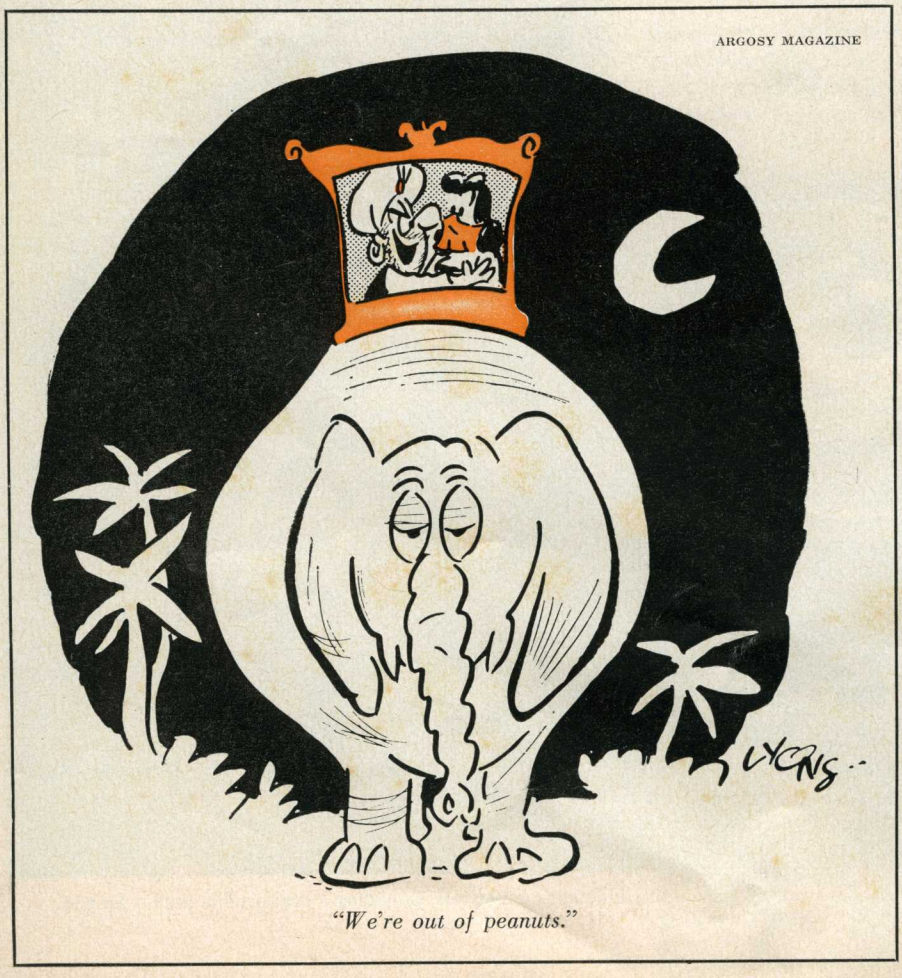
I agreed that it was.

"In America the emphasis is always on sex, sex, sex," she proclaimed. "And they are never satisfied with the way girls look—"

"*Who* isn't?"

"Anybody," she said. "If you have no bosom they put pads on you and if you have a good bosom you may not stand sideways. I am tired of being admired for my measurements. I am tired of people saying to me, 'Monique, we didn't know you could talk,' and then giving me the big wink. Well, I *can* talk. And I can *act*. I am going to be a serious actress, mark my word, and everybody is going to forget the bosom. I am taking lessons all the time, studying, studying, and next week I am going to begin going to the Actors' Studio and—say, where are you going?"

I was on my way out the door. Once again I'd met a girl I didn't think I would take home to my mother, who turned out to be not only respectable but, alas, serious. I did, however, forgive her. It wasn't hard.



"We're out of peanuts."

A NEW PILL THAT HELPS YOU QUIT SMOKING

by GEORGE CLARK

Science at last tells you what to do if you want to stop smoking

RUSS NICOLL, owner of the Valerie Jean Date Shop at Thermal, California, beside "Old King Solomon", his world-famous date palm. Russ says, "I am through smoking for good, thanks to these pills."

The inability to give up smoking is one of the more curious idiosyncrasies of 20th century man. Ever since Sir Francis Drake in 1586 brought tobacco back to England from Virginia and the habit of smoking was re-imported to America by the Pilgrim fathers, the "noxious weed," as an eminent Victorian referred to it, has had half the world in its grip.

There are signs that this grip is at last being loosened. It is being loosened by a harmless little white pill. The story of how this little white pill was discovered is similar to that of many other earth-shaking discoveries. In the process of trying to go somewhere else, the scientific brain unearthed something it wasn't in the first place even looking for.

In 1947 a research team in a large Chicago university set out to study gingivitis, a rather unpleasant inflammation of the gums that bedevils mankind. It had long been theorized that smoking contributed to this inflammation. But would stopping smoking help? In true scientific fashion our researchers decided that half of their patients should stop smoking to see if they showed any improvement over the other half.

FRANK LEAHY, famous football coach, in his Notre Dame days. Now you can stop smoking if you want to, says he.

Half were told to stop smoking by the doctor who headed the research team, but it was easier said than done. So our scientists are off on a new tangent. What could they give a patient that would help him to stop smoking quickly and easily? Up to that time medical experience showed that there was no easy, pleasant way to stop smoking. Years before, some experimental work had been reported with a drug called Lobeline Sulphate. This curbed the desire to smoke; but in doses large enough to be effective, it produced various unpleasant side effects. Here at least was a starting point.

Soon the tail was wagging the dog and the project of finding a way to help people conquer the tobacco habit had become the all-important problem. After months of research and experimentation, our scientists hit upon the solution. The addition of two common antacid ingredients to Lobeline Sulphate accomplished two things. First, any unpleasant side effects were eliminated; secondly, the amount of Lobeline Sulphate necessary to do an effective job was greatly reduced. The result was a harmless little white pill which, when given to test patients, helped them to stop smoking in 5 days!

What made it work? Lobeline Sulphate is extracted from the Lobelia plant which is sometimes called "Indian Tobacco." It is a first cousin to nicotine, mimicking its action but is not habit forming. It works by removing the craving for nicotine in the system and not by making smoking unpleasant or intolerable.

The footnote to this story is an interesting one. It turned out that smoking did irritate the gum tissues. Those gingivitis patients who, with the help of the little pill, stopped smoking, showed a marked improvement over the smoking half.

And of course there was a sequel. The university where all this occurred realized that in their little pill they had something that thousands longed for. Here was something that would really help anybody who wanted to free him or herself from the smoking habit. But like any group of scientists they were cautious. More research was carried on, more tests were made on hundreds and hundreds of patients. It was proved that 83%, more than 4 out of 5, of all people who wanted to stop smoking, could do so easily and pleasantly in five to seven days with the help of the little pills. Significantly, it was found that those who didn't stop completely had cut down their smoking drastically.

This new discovery was soon reported in medical journals; demand for it came overnight from every corner of the globe. The Campana Company was chosen to market these amazing pills. Today you can buy them at any drug store, under the name of *Bantron* for only $1.25 a box. Bantron has been proven so safe, when taken as directed, it can actually be bought without a doctor's prescription.

By now many thousands of people have stopped smoking with the help of Bantron. However, human nature is weak. Many who stopped after taking Bantron found that under the stress and strain of modern life they broke down and started smoking again. Often they tried Bantron again with equally effective results. Today there are men and women everywhere who reach for a Bantron whenever they feel the urge to smoke a cigarette.

Of course, Bantron can't do *all* the work for you alone. It will not tie your hands behind your back. But if you really want to stop, it can be a powerful helper. This is the testimony of policemen, airline pilots, truck drivers, business men, ordinary citizens everywhere.

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Don't Be a Habit Fisherman

Continued from page 57

at dinner, complained bitterly about the lack of fish in these near-virgin waters that they had traveled some thousands of miles to fish.

There was little I could do for them other than to say that I had already discovered, just that morning, that these trout wanted a fly, a special sort of fly, and fished in a special way. I already had my lumps that day with these trout. Naturally, I tried them with my favorite eastern trout flies, using my favorite method of working the fly across-stream rapidly. This, for the first couple of hours, drew big goose eggs on the score sheet, even though I could see big fish lying behind the pairs of bright-red spawning sockeyes, waiting for stray eggs to drift to them. I admit right now I was "habit fishing," using a time-tried method that had taken trout for me almost everywhere for the past twenty years.

The big thing, I decided, was to change the method. I switched flies from the Royal Coachman to an unknown creation I had picked up in Anchorage, which featured a fat, orange chenille body and a small white hair wing. This fly looked as much like a small strung-out bunch of salmon eggs as anything else I had. So, with an eggy-looking fly, I now had to figure out a presentation that the trout would like.

Locating a good-looking dark shape lying just below a spawning bed, I switched the fly upstream, dropping it about a dozen feet above the fish. It drifted down on a dead-slack line, sinking as it rode the current. It was easy to follow in the clear water. Now, as it approached the fish, riding just above the gravel bottom, I tightened the line to give it a slight upward movement, almost in front of the trout's nose, to get his attention. He rose slowly to meet it, then quickly it disappeared. I lifted firmly and felt a heavy surge against the rod tip. I was fast to my first Alaskan rainbow—a savagely fighting fish that I judged, weigh about six pounds. I worked the fly out of the corner of his jaw and slid him back into the river.

This turned out to be the secret of taking the big rainbows. Actually, I had to switch from my regular method, or habit, of working the fly over the fish and, instead, drift it down to him as if it were a bait. In a sense, it was a bait, for certainly the fish took it not as a fly but as a small cluster of eggs.

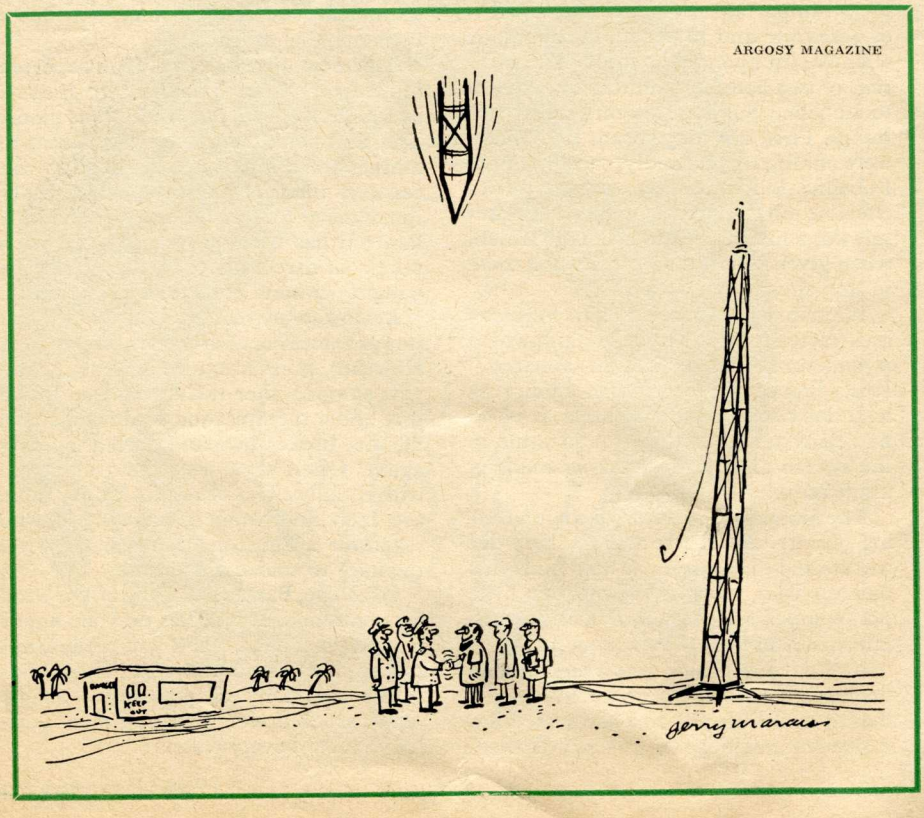
The spoon-flinging trio had poor fishing for their stay. Some small trout came their way but there was little doubt that the fish wanted eggs and not much else. I offered spare fly rods and flies to his hapless party but each admitted that fly casting was out of their line. They'd just fished plugs and spoons in their country and just couldn't get out of the habit. But their cause wasn't entirely lost. We found them a spot nearby where the mackinaws were hungry and numerous, so they had their fill of catching hundreds of these brightly colored lake trout before the end of their trip. Comment? These chaps should have had fly tackle and known how to use it.

Sometimes the opposite is true. I recall a fine day in May on the upper reaches of the Esopus in the Catskills. Flies were hatching throughout the warm afternoon and dry-fly fishermen were almost as abundant on the stream as the natural hatches. But a terrific thunderstorm blew up just before the flies began to come off in swarms. We all dove for shelter while the storm lambasted the countryside for about an hour, then we ventured forth to see if the hatch had been drowned out. Oddly enough, after the storm passed and the sun broke out, flies once again began to appear, but they rode on a stream surface red with mud. We cast our dry flies (wet flies and bucktails, too) fruitlessly. The trout just couldn't find 'em.

But at one lone pool above Big Indian a pair of fishermen were stuffing their creels with trout a foot long or better. They had thoughtfully provided themselves with a quart can of nightcrawlers—just in case. And that was the story—worms or nothing. We had just gotten out of the habit of thinking about worm fishing once the fly season had gotten under way.

More than once we've seen the habits acquired by years of fishing ruin a day's sport on bass water. A pair of us hit the upper end of Yankee Lake, in the Catskills, late one July afternoon to try the bigmouth. A score of boats were threading their various ways through the stumps and back to the dock. As they tied up around sundown we checked catches. Without exception, the boys were either casting plugs or fishing live bait and, also without exception, few fish were on the stringer, and these were mighty small. Not an encouraging outlook for us. But we were here to fish so we broke out our bug fly rods and hair bugs and started to work the shoreline.

We quickly discovered that the careful approach, gently placed bug and very slow retrieve was what the bass wanted. They took their own cautious time to look over the tiny lure but finally rose, rose well enough that we strung eighteen bass on the keep-alive stringer before dark, most of which we released after picking out a few four- to five-pounders. You might think that we started to fish just when the fish began to feed and this we thought, too. However, a good dozen boats all with plug-tossing fisherman, stuck it out until dark but with little result. The bass wanted a small surface lure, gently fished, and it took the fly rod outfits to do the job.



By now you've gathered that having lots of tackle and knowing how to use it is the key to taking fish almost everywhere, from the wilds of Alaska to the heavily fished waters near metropolitan areas. The successful modern angler has a wide selection: several fly rods for trout, bass and salmon fishing; at least a pair of spinning rods of different weight and actions with a number of extra spools of lines of different tests to suit a variety of fishing methods; at least one husky plug rod for fishing pike, bass and musky in weedy waters and for some trolling.

As for trolling, this brings to mind another example of habit fishing which failed and a switch that didn't. We were fishing a New Brunswick lake for landlocked salmon and had a couple of fine days of good trolling action with the three- and four-pounders taking flies trolled right near the surface in the traditional method of landlocked salmon fishing throughout the northeast. But for some odd reason our fishing dropped dead about midmorning of the third day, after we had boated just a pair of salmon.

Naturally, we trolled and trolled with a change of streamer flies and spoons, even

going to lead-core lines to find if the fish were deep. Still nothing happened right up to the middle of the afternoon, when the spring sun bore down bright from overhead and a southern breeze whipped the blue waters into a fine "salmon-ripple." With nothing happening fast we decided to experiment, doing anything that might be different from what we had been doing all day—just for a change of pace.

Both salmon taken during the early morning hours had been feeding on smelt. When we had cleaned them at lunch time I had carefully saved five of the slender, silvery little fish that were in good condition, sprinkling them with salt after removing them from the salmon stomachs. We had these with us so I rigged them just as if I were fishing for the big king salmon in the inland waterways off Ketchikan or Seattle. I tied a pair of hooks in tandem and "sewed on" the smelt so the little bait fish would spin slowly when moved gently through the water. We moved our boat upwind of a good point jutting out into deep water—where we'd always taken most of our fish—and allowed the stiff breeze to drift us over the holes while we dragged our smelts about seventy-five feet behind, with just a bit of lead nipped to the leader to keep them a few feet under the surface. We hadn't "mooched" more than five minutes when a four-pound landlock grabbed one of the smelt and began to rip line off the buzzing fly reel. Checking his run by clamping down on the reel handle to set the hook put the fish into the air in a clean, slashing jump, which was only the first of a good half dozen before we led him over the net.

The five little second-hand smelt gave us four nice salmon and this was the only action anyone had on the lake that afternoon. Why? No one can predict or explain why, but the fish just didn't want to take a fast-moving lure, fly or bait, which is the normal habit-pattern in fishing lake landlocks. They wanted it moving slowly, just so they'd know it was alive but giving them plenty of time to look it over.

Another time when trolling really paid off after regular habit fishing didn't, was on a small bass lake in the Catskills. I'd been told that fishing here was good, but very stupidly hadn't asked what they were taking. We hit this little body of water about sunrise in early July and discovered at once that it wasn't typical largemouth water. Instead, the lake was crystal clear, no weeds, stumps or lily pads, no overhanging banks with heavy shade trees. The bottom, all clear sand and gravel, sloped gently away from the shorelines leaving absolutely no place for a fish to hide where we could reach him with our bugging or plugging tackle.

Nevertheless, we worked the shoreline faithfully in the classic pattern and rose nothing. For two hours, while the sun rose higher and higher, bright and hot, we combed the shoreline but without stirring a fish. Somewhat desperately then, I rigged a small wobbling spoon on one fly rod, a feathered spinner on another, weighted each with a one-quarter clincher sinker and began to troll well away from shore in the deep water, although our lures were hardly more than a few feet deep.

Nothing happened along a hundred yards of straight shoreline but as we swung around a cove we both hung fish at the same moment. They were fair bass of about three pounds each and they fought well in this clear, cool, open water. So the morning passed in trolling for bass with fly rods and small spinners or spoons —something I'd completely overlooked in many years of bass fishing. Total catch: Fourteen bass, from one- to four-pounds. The change of habit had done the trick.

Every experienced fisherman's memories are crowded with these incidents, when a change of method or tackle—apart from standard practice—took some fish when all else failed. There was a time in upper Quebec when a partner and I were fishing for big squaretail trout in a headwater river just as the spawning run was about to begin. The big brook trout were moving upstream from their summer home in a large lake, heading for the shallow sand and gravel beds that they needed for spawning. The water was high from recent rains—good for a spawning run—but the fish were deep and refused a fly.

Forced by circumstances, we switched to spinning rods and small Pearl Wob-L-Rites weighing about a quarter of an ounce. From then on every pool below each sweeping bend held a pair of fish that would take the lure, sometimes there would be a dozen eager fish in the pool so the action was fast and exciting. However, my buddy, an experienced spin-fisherman on the fast water brown trout streams of the east, took nothing—not a rise, nor a strike or even a follow. At first I fished ahead in my canoe, then changed quickly when I began to feel I might be "hogging" the water ahead of him. But the change did no good for his fishing. I caught big trout behind him and he had yet to get his first rise. The trick? Not really a trick at all. He was fishing his lure from habit—just as he had done for many years—by dropping above a good-looking hole or run, then retrieving it rapidly across stream. The lure was in sight at all times, which is usually a good trick if you can do it when fishing in fast, shallow, rocky streams.

But here the situation was different. We were seeking trout that were lying in deep holes over gravel bottom. They would not come up for the lure at all. The successful switch in method was simply to allow the lure to sink right to the bottom before making the retrieve, then to work it slowly so that it wobbled its attractive way just above the bottom. It seems incredible that this almost insignificant change in method made such a difference, but it did. My partner took nothing in two days' fishing simply because his fishing habits were so ingrained that he couldn't fish his lure at the fish-taking depth.

Perhaps it is best for all concerned that fishing methods must be flexible to be successful. If we always took a fair catch by the same method it would probably bore us stiff. Fishing has become more and more a matter of adaptability to existing conditions on lake and stream, no matter what they may be. A good angler needs to be a scientific researcher—trying every known method, just as a laboratory technician will do in pursuit of his research goal. Needless to say the best of both fields need the best of tools and equipment. • •

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COLT

Famous in the Past—First in the Future

New Look at an Old Gangster

Continued from page 49

It's possible he may merely have been doing his bit for the "boys" by trying to throw everyone off the right scent.

One thing is certain, however. Few men know as much about the ins and outs of America's organized crime as does Lucky Luciano. He's an amazing guy, this "Lucky." For years, he was Number One man, "The Boss" of the rackets. Even while he was doing time in New York State penitentiaries, he was still the biggest of the big shots.

Special Prosecutor Thomas E. Dewey had nailed him in 1936 on some sixty counts of extortion and operation of commercialized prostitution.

Oddly enough, Luciano doesn't bother denying that he was mixed up in many illegal and criminal operations, but he denies with angry vehemence that he was guilty on these particular charges.

"I never had nothing to do with prostitution!" he insists.

The jury thought otherwise. Lucky, labelled the "Czar of the Underworld" and the "Boss of Organized Vice," was packed away on a forty-to-sixty-year sentence.

It was no secret in the 1930s and 1940s that, although Luciano may have been languishing in the penal Siberia of tough, gloomy Dannemora Prison, he still had plenty to say about how the show would be run.

"Nuttin' moves—and nuttin' goes without Lucky's okay," was the watchword of the racket boys. Luciano was said to be the arbiter and final authority. The ways and means he used to keep in contact with the outside while in prison can best be guessed, and certainly reflect more discredit on penal authorities than on Lucky himself.

New York State sprang Luciano in 1946, paroling him on condition he be deported to his native Italy, where he was born Salvatore Lucania in 1897. Deportation being the lesser of two evils, Lucky, save for a few short absences, has been living in the Naples area ever since '46.

He's a funny guy, this "Terror of the Underworld"—probably as paradoxical and enigmatic a character as the century has produced.

Almost everything about Lucky Luciano is contradictory, particularly his reputation. Prosecutors, politicians, reporters and police have called him "murderer," "dope dealer on an international scale," and "World Public Enemy Number One."

Plain, everyday people who know Luciano are often wont to bend sharply in the other direction. I even talked to honest, hard-working Italians who went so far as to call him "a saint!"

What gives with this Charles Luciano, anyway?

"I don't get in nobody's way," was one of the first things he told me. "And I just wanna be left alone."

He denied that he's been mixed up in anything illegal since his deportation. He's gone straight, he says. "I'm a little guy now, trying to be a businessman, a legit businessman."

He is a "legit businessman," whatever else he might be beneath the surface. Lucky manufactures metal hospital furniture, distributes electrical supplies and has "a piece"—or maybe more—of some restaurants and cabarets.

Unquestionably, more pure, unadulterated hokum has been written about Charles Luciano than about any other headline-making personality in the last twenty years. Some of the wild tales are based on bits and pieces of fact; others—both pro and con—are sheer, shrieking figments of overworked imaginations.

ITEM: *Luciano was released from prison because he gave the United States Armed Forces valuable help during World War II. Lucky, the story goes, paved the way for the invasion of Sicily.*

It's hardly logical that Luciano would disclaim credit for anything so commendable, but he does.

"Nuts!" he snorted when I asked him about it. "I didn't do anything. Somebody dreamed all that up."

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AUGUST ARGOSY
ON SALE JULY 17

ITEM: *The exiled gang chief reportedly hired a high-powered American press agent shortly after his arrival in Italy. The flack's job was to "make him look good," according to published accounts.*

"Baloney!" Lucky says. "There was this guy who hung around, trying to get a job with me. He was an ex-Army officer, useta work for some general. I never hired him and he never worked for me, but he went around telling people he did. Everybody believed him, not me."

ITEM: *Luciano's Naples residence has been variously described as being "palatial," "luxurious," and as a "penthouse," with all the implications of lush living inherent in the latter term.*

Lucky's apartment—the same one he's had for many years—is simply a comfortable, six-room flat on the top floor of a ten-family apartment house. Period. A successful salesman or office manager in the States would have as good, if not better.

ITEM: *Charlie Luciano is generally described as a fastidious and flashy dresser, with a movie mobster's taste for clothes.*

Whenever I saw him—it was during the summer—Lucky was wearing a shortsleeved cotton shirt and slacks. A Naples tailor who knows Charlie said he'd be able to duplicate shirt, tie, trousers and shoes for about thirty-five dollars.

"But he's supposed to spend a small fortune on clothes," I protested to the tailor.

"Maybe he wears *mutandi d'oro* (gold shorts)." The tailor shrugged. "What I see him wearing is not as good as I wear myself."

It's not only in superficial things that Lucky's reputation—or rather, ill-repute—continues to grow and grow. From time to time, he's charged with being the leader and mastermind of a gigantic international vice, crime and narcotics cartel.

Now, in all fairness, it must be stated that Luciano was investigated, questioned, arrested, grilled and checked innumerable times since his arrival in Italy. His every move has been scrutinized by almost every law enforcement agency in the U.S. and Italy, to say nothing of those of many other countries, Interpol and even the International Diamond Police.

Not one shred of evidence connecting him with any illicit activities has ever been uncovered. There have been hints and rumors, and crooks picked up here and there have made unsupported statements that "Luciano is running" this or that racket. But proof? Uh-uh.

I figured I had nothing to lose by asking Lucky his opinion on all this.

"Look," he replied. "I'm a real notorious guy. I'm not like other people. I can't sue nobody for libel. They can call me anything they want and get away with it. I say I'm straight. They don't believe me. With all the cops I've had checking me night and day, something would've turned up by now if I wasn't on the level."

Charles Luciano is a bitter man in many ways. Some of this bitterness is justified, some not. It's easy to see why he resents the wild tales that have been passed around about him.

"There's enough stuff from the old days they can hang on me and write about," he grunts. "Why they gotta make up a bunch of extra lies?"

Another aspect that irks Lucky isn't perhaps as understandable, from the viewpoint of the average person.

"How about all the crooked cops and politicians? Nobody deported them!" he objected to me. "They all got their ice—and nothin' happened to them. One guy, I think you know him too, got thousands of bucks to keep the boys out of trouble."

I could believe this. Our mutual policeman acquaintance had never earned more than $8,000 a year salary during his twenty-seven years on the force, but I'd personally seen his $75,000 beach house.

Grafting cops and politicians are Luciano's pet peeves, and the targets of his vocal wrath. Rightly or wrongly, he puts a big load of blame for the very existence of rackets and racketeering on their shoulders.

"Take gambling, f'r instance," he told me. "Everybody gambles. You can't stop it any more than you can stop people drinking booze. If you legalize gambling, you wouldn't have no need for phony games or for buying off cops. Legal gambling don't need no percentage for ice."

"What's that got to do with cops and politicians being to blame?" I broke in.

"What's the matter? I gotta draw you a picture? There are plenty of those guys who don't want gambling legalized. They Lucky himself loves to gamble. He can't

resist a horse race. He'll bet on anything—provided the odds are right. He's a great believer in the legal lotteries they have in countries like Italy and Great Britain.

"Those countries give their people a chance to cool off their gambling fever," Lucky maintains. "You don't hear of numbers rackets or big payoffs to cops in those countries."

Luciano is quite willing to talk about his overall social outlook and philosophy.

"Society—and the whole system is a lot to blame for rackets," he informed me with all the conviction of a geometry teacher expounding the Pythagorean Theory. "Once a guy gets into a racket, he can't let go too easy. I don't mean the people in with him won't let him out. That's movie stuff. But you'd be surprised how many guys who're supposed to be respectable—real big shots—won't let a man quit because they want to keep on getting their cut." He shook his graying head.

"I should write my memoirs," he grinned, his face creasing into a satyr-like mask. "Boy! Would a lot of faces you see on the society pages get red!"

"That's all well and good," I countered. "But how about the man who gets into the rackets in the first place?"

"That's where the system comes in. Take a kid in the slums, like I was. He sees his old man busting his back for peanuts. In the meantime, he sees the local sharpies—the bookies and the torpedoes—all making dough and driving limousines.

"So what's the kid do? He's gotta decide whether he's going to be a crumb or make dough. Me, I made up my mind I'd rather shoot myself than be a crumb."

Lucky next posed a question that is almost as old as crime itself and as insoluble as the one about the chicken and the egg.

"Who's the biggest crook?" he asked. "The bookie who takes a bet off some slob, or the guy who takes a payoff to let the bookie operate?"

I couldn't answer it. I didn't even try. Instead, I switched the conversation to another subject.

"You must've made an awful lot of dough in your time," I said. "What happened to it all?"

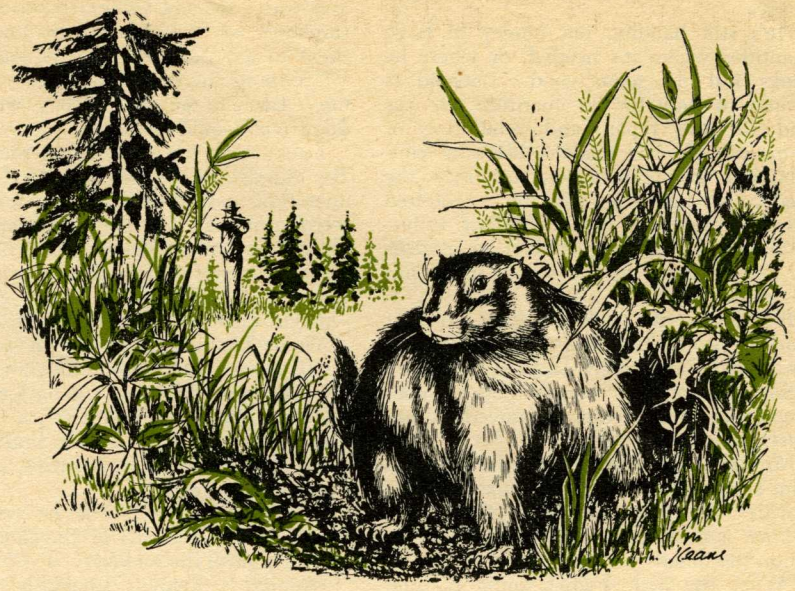
"Son, have you ever hired a lawyer when you were in a jam? They don't work for nickels and dimes. The bigger the trouble, the more they charge. Besides, I like horses and women. And they cost money."

There was a rueful note in Luciano's voice. He used to cut quite a swathe in New York's bright-light circuit in the old days. Luciano, who's a good-looking guy in many ways, always had one of the more beautiful night-life chicks on his arm or at his table when he was riding high.

He is also an easy touch for anyone in need of a few bucks—and has been since the days when he began climbing the gangland ladder on New York's lower east side.

Charlie Lucky, as he once preferred to be called, was always a prime mark. Any hard-luck tale was good for a C-note or more.

"My mother's sick, Mr. Luciano," or any similar plea from even a total stranger would do the trick. Lucky's hand automatically went into his pocket, and always came out with a wad of bills.



Hunting and Fishing

WITH GIL PAUST

LUNKER INSURANCE: A casting line takes a beating where it's knotted to a wire leader. It may pop just when you've snagged one. Muskie-tamer Adolph Gesell of Manitowoc, Wisconsin, has a trick worth a $5 prize. He punches holes in the ends of a short piece of leather boot-lace, threads it through the leader ring, ties his line through the holes.

REVERSE TROLLING: For very slow speed when trolling or casting to a shoreline from a boat, go stern-first with your outboard in reverse. Easier maneuvering. And it's been proved outboards don't scare fish.

KNOTS AT NIGHT: To get the end of a leader tippet through the eye of a fly at night, hold the eye between your lips and guide the end of the tippet with your tongue. It's as easy as it sounds. Try it!

NOMADIC CHUCKS: Don't pass up an old chuck hole just because you knocked off its tenant a few days or a week previously. Chuck youngsters grow fast, and a pair of newlyweds may have moved in meanwhile.

DON'T DUMP THE BUCKET: The usual procedure for an angler fishing with live bait is to dump the leftover minnows overboard when he's finished for the day. It's bad business. They may include several carp or suckers. These can multiply like crazy, crowd out the game fish.

UNCANNY CROWS: Even the smartest crows commit this tactical error you can capitalize on. While they dive-bomb your decoy, pick off the lowest every time you shoot, and the rest of the flock will keep coming. A dead one falling past even one flyer will make them all turn tail.

CAT FOOD FOR ESOX: In your tackle box store a small can of cat food, the kind made from fragrant fish, pending the day you meet a big pickerel, pike or muskie who trails your lure without striking. Then dip the lure in its fragrance and try another cast his way. Wanna bet?

RUSTPROOFING LURES: To prevent rusting of hooks and metal lures, especially in salt water, and to keep tin squids from tarnishing, coat them with pressure-can plastic spray available in art, hardware stores.

UPSIDE-DOWN WORMS: Worms always collect at the bottom of their carrying box, and are hard to get at. The trick is to carry it upside down. When you want one, invert the box and lift the lid. There they are!

EGG KEEPER: An eggs-and-bacon breakfast on a camping trip is hard to beat, but packing the eggs so they won't break en route isn't easy. Mrs. Albert Weber of Wooster, Ohio, suggests you carry them broken in a thermos jug. Scrambled, but still eggs, and fresh. • • •

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"I must've handed out a million bucks," he says.

He's still handing out money in large quantities where it's needed, or where he thinks it'll do some good. Luciano is famous in Italy for his charities. He has paid for the repair and rebuilding of churches. He has made substantial contributions to organizations that help the needy. He has even paid for a 150-bed hospital—the most modern in all Italy—that's now being completed in an incredibly poor village on the slopes of Mount Vesuvius.

It's in this village—San Sebastiano—that I heard people call him "a saint." They say Luciano practically adopted the entire region—one of the world's poorest—and, almost single-handedly, improved conditions there 100 per cent.

No. I didn't hear about these things from Luciano. He refuses to talk about his charities. I had to ask priests, taxi drivers, doctors, nurses and the local paesani to obtain the details.

"What the hell, I ain't doing nothing for the sake of getting my name in the papers," is the only comment Lucky would make.

There's one incident Luciano *will* talk about. As reported in various places, Lucky "took over" the nefarious Naples used-clothing racket not long after his arrival in Italy.

Postwar southern Italy was a sad place, indeed. Mussolini's rule, the war and first, German and later, Allied occupation had impoverished the area. Food was scarce, jobs almost non-existent and clothing impossible to obtain, even if one had the money.

Local crooks organized a sweet racket around this crying need for clothing. They arranged to buy huge quantities of old, used clothing from United States junkmen and waste dealers. They imported whole shiploads of these near-rags and resold them to the poor at fantastic profits.

"Some of the poor people, they came to me," Luciano admits. "They wanted to know what could be done."

Lucky took the most direct road home. He simply took over the used-clothing operation, easing out the characters who were running it. The shipments continued, but on a much different basis.

"The quality improved, and prices went down." A Neopolitan priest, told me, "Signor Luciano made no profit."

There isn't much doubt in anybody's mind about what Charles Luciano was in the old days. He was a gangster, a malodorous underworld character, a thug and a racketeer. He was also the brain behind some of the nastiest and dirtiest gangland operations on record.

The puzzle is, what is he *really* like today. Is he still part of the mob? Does he still control the rackets?

Opinion is divided. Lucky, as I've said before, denies that he's active in any underworld affairs. Italian police in the Ufficio Stranieri, the quasi-secret police force that watches him and all other deportees with great care, claim he's clean.

"There is nothing to show that Luciano is connected with any illegal enterprises here or anywhere else," these officers told me. Mind you, they have no particular love for Lucky. The Ufficio Stranieri has been trying very hard to hang something—anything—on Charlie Luciano for almost a decade.

"We do not like him here, and we do not want him here," is their attitude. "But there is nothing we can find to give us grounds to imprison him. Until he breaks a law, and it can be proved that he has broken it, there is nothing we can do to him."

Luciano himself has three other major peeves. One is Thomas E. Dewey.

"He sent me to the pen because of politics," Lucky growls. "That's what it all was—a bum rap and all politics."

The second big thorn is the United States Narcotics Bureau. Here, even some staunchly anti-Luciano writers are prone to agree that the former gangland chief may have a point. Dozens of headline-making announcements have been made by the Narcotics Bureau, charging Luciano with being this or that in the international drug trade. Not a single one has been proven. No claim by the bureau has ever been backed up by anything even faintly resembling evidence.

Last of Lucky's gripes is Senator Estes Kefauver.

"His TV crime show was so much baloney!" Luciano roars whenever the Tennesseean's name is mentioned. "He was using the taxpayers' dough to make a name for himself. He wanted to play big shot and he made a lot of noise."

He harbors no resentment toward the Federal Bureau of Investigation. To Luciano, the FBI is the "best police force in the world. The FBI is tough—but it's straight. No hokum about those guys."

For FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover, Luciano has only faintly envious praise.

"Hoover? Hell, he knows how to run his cops. They oughtta let him loose. He'd straighten up all the crime in the States in nothing flat. He's efficient. Boy, is he efficient!"

Why this apparent admiration for law and order? That's hard to figure. It may be that Lucky really has gone straight and regrets his sins. It may also be that he's putting on a good front, bucking for a good-conduct medal that would let him reenter the United States. It's also possible that he's only talking rhetorically, or that he's so mad at run-of-the-mill cops that he's trying to make them look bad by comparison.

It's difficult to learn much about a man in a week or even a month, especially if he's the kind who keeps to himself. Charles Luciano is a past master at saying only what he wants to say and an expert at the art of masking his emotions.

A little light may be shed on his character by tracing his daily movements in Naples. They're so regular that they're almost routine.

He leaves his flat in mid-morning, a short, chunky man of sixty, who still walks with a youthful spring to his step. He has no bodyguards or henchmen at his home. There, he's just another tenant.

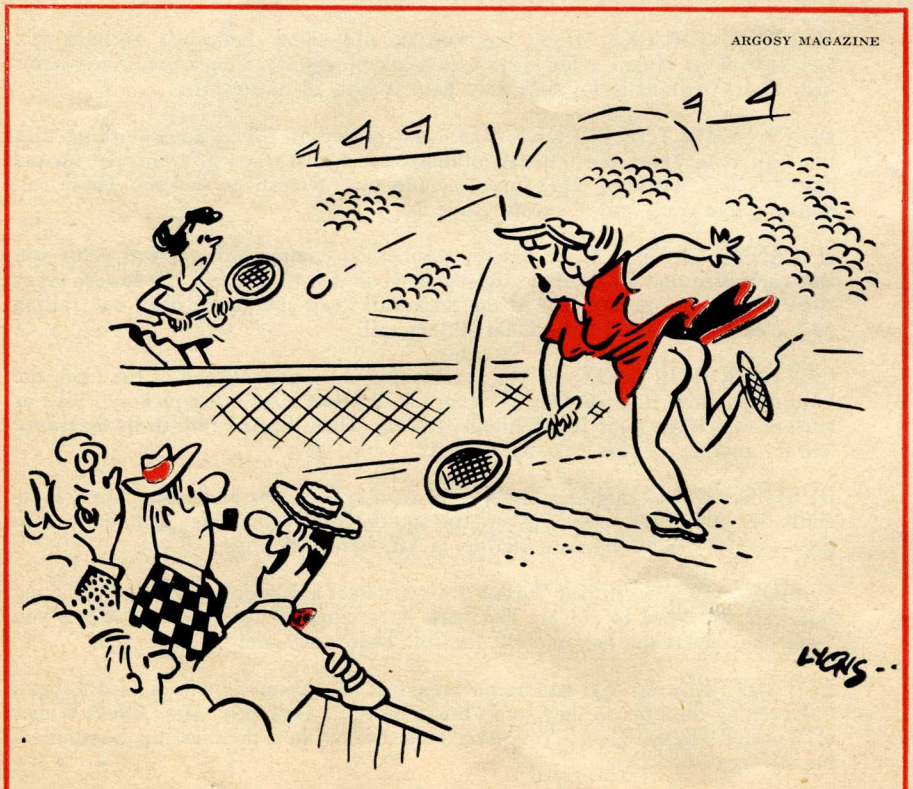
He gets into one of two automobiles—usually a battered wreck of Italian make—and drives first to his barber's. The barber shop is across the street from the Naples railroad station.

He neither drinks nor smokes—doctor's orders. His tastes in food run to spaghetti and other Italian dishes. He eats well, but he's neither gourmet nor gourmand.

Lucky returns to his office after lunch, or he visits customers, suppliers, or the enterprises in which he has an interest.

"I couldn't get away with nothing," he groans. "I never know when somebody gets a bright idea and puts a tail on me.

ARGOSY MAGAZINE



"Remember back when lace panties were considered daring?"

Everything's gotta be pretty much on the up and up. The cops of half the world are laying for me to make a break."

He gets back home in the evening, and watches TV.

"We don't go out much at night," both he and Igea told me.

Luciano's neighbors in the apartment house confirmed this. "He doesn't get very much company, either," they added. "He lives very quietly."

"Some joker wrote a story about me owning a swanky villa on Capri," Luciano said one day. "A great big mansion, it was supposed to be."

"So I heard," I said. "Don't you own one?"

"Hell, no!" He laughed. "I rent a place over there, on and off, for the two of us. Right away, I own the dump. That's what I mean about dizzy ideas that people get."

I later asked Signor Guiseppe Minelli, a well-known Naples realtor, which was the true version.

"Luciano is telling the truth. He rents a small house on Capri, but he doesn't own it," Signor Minelli declared.

I talked to hundreds of people in Naples about Lucky Luciano. Not one—native Italian or American resident—had a bad word to say about his current life or activities.

"Sure, he was a crook," some admitted. "He may have been the worst bastard on earth before he came here, but he hasn't done any harm in Naples."

At times, there's something almost grotesque about this new Luciano. It's as though he has become a caricature of the stock, "reformed-gangster" character one used to see in Hollywood B comedies.

Lucky vociferously deplores the rising tide of juvenile delinquency. He sneers at the young toughs, and calls them "punks" who need to be paddled. He talks with respectful awe to and about such people as ministers, professors, scientists.

Under Igea's patient tutelage, he's trying to pick up some of the education and polish he missed as a youngster. There are large numbers of "good" books in his flat, in English and Italian.

"You read these?" I asked him, pointing to such classics as Balzac's "Droll Tales" and one-volume collections of Hemingway, Faulkner and Graham Greene on the shelves.

"Yeah." He said it the way a neighborhood tough kid would say it, not a little embarrassed at being caught doing "sissy" things. I could have sworn he was blushing.

"Yeah," he repeated. "Some of the stuff's pretty good. I suppose you read it all a long time ago, huh?"

Although this exchange embarrassed Luciano, my most personal and impudent questions failed to faze him. He either answered them with apparent and unhesitating candor, or he simply told me he would rather not reply. There were no halfway statements, no ambiguous evasions.

"How and where did you get the money to start in business over here?" I wanted to know.

"I brought some with me—twenty-five Gs in cash. When that was gone, I had some more brought over. Friends of mine lugged it over here."

"For what? Services rendered, or just as gifts?"

"I said friends brought it. I made plenty of friends—good ones who don't forget the things I did for them and together with them."

Luciano most certainly has the knack of making—and keeping—friends. If Charlie Lucky has any fears or worries for the safety of his own hide, he definitely doesn't show them.

"What've I got to be afraid of?" he grunted to me.

"I'm sure I don't know," I responded, "but most men who've ever been in the rackets seem to feel they need bodyguards and strong-arm men to protect them."

Luciano's only comment was a low-pitched Bronx cheer, a razzberry that made several people sitting near us look up in surprise.

Don't ask me. I'll be damned if I know what to make of this 1958 Model Charles Luciano. Like most people, I've been so conditioned by stories I've heard about him that the figure he now presents is a difficult one to believe.

I'll say this, though, even if I'm hanged for it. If Lucky is really anything like he appears to be, then he's a far cry from the mob chief of the 1930s. If—and I emphasize that "if"—he's levelling, he's a much-changed character.

The last questions I tossed at Lucky Luciano in Naples were the bluntest ones. I'd saved them for the last because I wanted him to feel confident—or as confident as possible—that I wouldn't misquote or double-cross him by printing what wasn't so.

"Are you engaged in smuggling dope now?"

"No."

"Do you use narcotics in any form yourself now?"

"No."

"Have you any intentions of going into the dope racket?"

"Look. I don't ever want to do time in the pen again. I'm sixty years old. I don't ever want to see the inside of a jail as long as I live."

If what he says about going straight is true, maybe that's the whole answer. • •

War Song *Continued from page 41*

adjourned for the day, another fruitless eight-hour wrangle finished. Nothing to do until he went back for more of the same tomorrow. Well, technically, it was still only five-thirty. If you wanted to be technical, he was on duty until six. Nuts.

He shrugged out of his jacket, gave his tie another yank. He felt a kind of morose pleasure as he broke open the bottle he'd bought to take back to quarters and filled a paper cup to the brim. Maybe this was how you began to slip, he thought; when the situation was really fouled up beyond all recognition. Then you started to kill the pain. Well, cheers.

"Ah, there, Major," a voice said.

Startled, George looked up. In the doorway stood a small man, with a falcon's nose and tiny, snapping blue eyes, his neat figure ramrod-stiff in the uniform of an Italian general. George gave the absolute minimum smile—he liked the old guy but he really could not smirk any more today—and waved at the chair beside his desk. It came to him now that he'd heard the old boy's typewriter going. But typing was such a constant sound here, always going—about the only thing that did go around here—that he'd hardly noticed.

"General Capelli," he said wearily. "Have a shot."

The small general glanced at the round electric clock that had ticked away three months of George's life, then eyed George quizzically. "So," he said. He nodded and George reached down to find another paper cup. "Another day of conference gone."

"Yeah." George sighed. For a moment their eyes met, the old Italian's and the young American's. Then George grimaced and poured one for the general.

"It goes slowly?" Capelli said.

He showed his teeth. But you couldn't call it a smile, George thought. It seemed rather a kind of bland acceptance of getting nowhere. He'd seen that expression a lot on Capelli's face in the quarter-year he'd been posted to the next door cubicle. It always made him vaguely sore. But never more than now. He knew Capelli was working on some obscure boundary question, a point so minor it had never even gone to committee. Probably never would. How Capelli could sit there, month after month, typing those reports nobody ever looked at, and still smile, was beyond human understanding.

"It goes not at all," George snapped.

For a moment he waited. Then, as expected, the general showed his teeth again, with perfect equanimity. Suddenly George clenched his hands in sheer frustration. Hell, he liked the old man, liked him in some strange way more than he could account for. But that kind of patience was infuriating.

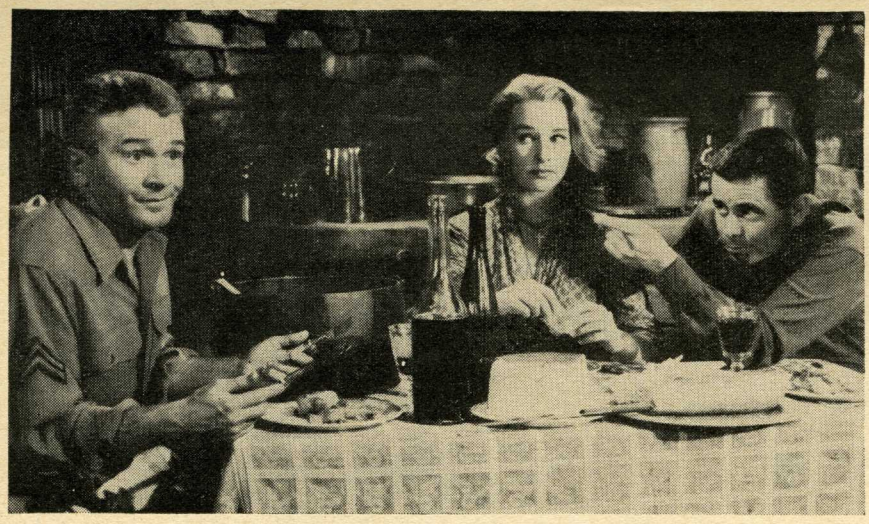
"All day"—there was a bite in George's voice—"we kicked around peanut differences between technical police and para military units." There was racking sarcasm in his tone. "Every day we manage to get on a lesser point than the day before. We talk ourselves down from divisions to regiments to squads. We're supposed to be controlling hydrogen bombs and total war, and we end up talking about—of all things—trench foot."

"Yes." The old man bobbed his head solemnly. He showed his teeth. "Yes. That is so."

And something inside George gave. He slammed a fist down on the desk. He had to blow off to somebody, he felt, or flip completely. "My government sent me here to discuss disarmament." He damned near yelled it. But Capelli's bland expression did not change. "And this here is only *one* of the regional conferences. How can there ever be an effective high-level meeting when we can't even agree on peanuts? Words, words, words." George groaned. "And endless statistics, columns of figures. And nothing accomplished."

"So it seems sometimes," General Capelli said. Once again he showed his tight bulldog smile. "Sometimes you must wish you

MOVIE OF THE MONTH



IMITATION GENERAL

A war without battle lines calls for makeshift tactics and spur-of-the-moment leadership. Such was the picture in France toward the end of World War II. In MGM's "Imitation General," the storybook saga of a group of maverick GIs fighting this kind of war is told with the warmth and feeling only a top flight Hollywood team could achieve.

Glenn Ford portrays Master Sergeant Murphy Savage who, in an effort to give fighting effectiveness to a group of U.S. soldiers isolated behind enemy lines, pins a couple of stars on his lapels and becomes a "general." Murph's daring role is known only to two people—Corporal Chan Derby and a French peasant girl whose farmhouse serves as "General" Savage's command post. Comedian Red Buttons, fresh from his Oscar-winning performance in "Sayonara," plays the loyal corporal. Sexy Taina Elg is the mademoiselle. Other principals in the film include newcomer Dean Jones and 2,500 pieces of battle equipment on loan from the U.S. Army.

It's hard to say which makes the loudest bang in "Imitation General"—the fine portrayal by Ford and company or the record 128,000 pounds of explosives set off during the movie. Whichever it is, "Imitation General" emerges as one of the most poignant war films since "Battleground." • • •

were back commanding troops in the field, Major."

"Sometimes?" George exploded. He shook his head incredulously, and clenched his fingers around the paper cup. "My God."

He closed his eyes and let himself slide down a little. He'd once been stupid enough to believe he might draft a memo of regional disarmament that he'd get the others to agree to. He must have been insane. "I didn't want this assignment," he said slowly. "Now I don't even believe in it any more." He shook his head and opened his eyes. Once again his hand went toward the paper cup; but Capelli hadn't touched his own yet so he let it go. "I'm a soldier, General. If only they'd let me go back to troops."

For a moment his voice had been plaintive. Then he snapped his fingers and it turned hard. "There's only one way to do this thing. If I had troops now, I'd sure love to take a platoon into that conference hall." At once he sat up, his eyes alight. "I'd send my boys in there with fire axes, and anybody who didn't sign . . ." He stopped, staring. Because an extraordinary expression, like pain, or horror, had flashed across the Italian's face.

"No." To George's utter astonishment, two tears appeared in Capelli's small, bright eyes. "Not that, Major," the old man whispered. "Not that, ever again."

For a moment George was completely at a loss for words. He couldn't face Capelli. He'd obviously hurt the old man. But how? "Sorry," he grated awkwardly.

But Capelli's head turned away. Surreptitiously, the old man wiped his nose with one gold-encrusted sleeve. "Ridiculous," George heard him whisper. "I am a ridiculous old fool." Then the old face turned around again. The eyes were dry now, but for once their light was dulled.

It was with something of a shock. George realized this was the first time he'd ever seen despair written there on the General's face. My God, he thought, not Capelli, too. It was an even greater shock to realize that somehow he'd come to count on Capelli's peculiar faith.

"I was thinking," Capelli muttered. Then he waved his hand. "But it is a war you would not even know about." He shook his head and made a heavy effort to pull himself together. Slowly, his thin corded hand sought the whiskey. "You are doubtless right, Major. Let us drink. What difference could it possibly make?"

"Wait." Instinctively, George put up a hand. "What war?"

"It is of no moment. All long forgotten." The general's eyes had dropped evasively.

"Tell me," George said gently. Somehow, it seemed important to know. What could it be that could crush this man who had sat so perennially cheerful through all the dragging, empty-phrase-filled days of interminable discussions? Until this moment he had not realized what a real regard he had for the Italian commander. But Capelli was so much older than himself, had seen so much more history. Looking at Capelli you somehow felt that generations were important, rather than years or weeks.

George leaned forward. He'd never felt so inexperienced, he thought, not for years. "Tell me—uh—Alfredo." It was the first time he'd ever called the general by his first name. The blue eyes came up, thankfully. And George knew he'd done the right thing.

Yet still, for a long time the small man did not speak. He sat in the steel-blue chair, thin shoulders slumped, toying with his still untouched whiskey, staring at it, not seeing it. "Forty years ago." He shook his head. "Yet it seems like yesterday, to me. George." He looked up shyly.

George nodded encouragingly. By God, he thought, this little man is important. Important all out of proportion to his time-serving unimportance here. He's like the spirit of something, unknown, forgotten, a superannuated general off in a corner writing his hopeless papers, year after year.

"Forty years," George said stoutly. "That's not so very long." How lame, he thought.

"It was north Italy." Capelli pulled himself erect, looking down at his hands. And suddenly his falcon's nose seemed proud and patrician against the window that looked down on the tumble of Naples. "Around the Isonzo River, near Trieste. Perhaps you know that country?" Capelli looked once more at the whiskey beside him, then pushed it a half-inch further from him with his elbow.

"No, sir," George said. Everything seemed new about Capelli. Why had he never seen it until today? "No. I don't."

"It is mountain country there, the Dolomites and the great eastern massif." Capelli seemed to be talking to himself. "Go there today, and you will find it as it has remained for forty years. Cold mist sinks down from the crags. Birds do not sing there. You will hear no farmers calling across the green and gold of valleys as elsewhere in the Tyrol. It is dead there. It is dead from too much war."

George nodded slowly, contemplating his cup. There were places where that had happened, he thought. Carthage and Tarawa had died in wars. They never really came back.

"Up there you will still find the gun emplacements from nineteen-seventeen," the old man went on, "blasted out of solid granite, with heavy armored doors that hang open now, and are covered with rust like dried blood. Up there, too, you will find our cemetery, near Gorizia. Ten thousand men died there, at Caporetto."

"The great retreat," George said dimly, trying to remember his military history. "Yes. They lectured us." But not like this, he thought. Strangely, he was beginning to feel as though it was but yesterday for him, too.

"By October nineteen-seventeen,"—the general's eyes had gone flat and sightless with his inner vision—"the Carso had already soaked up a river of blood. Again and again we had beaten back the Austrians, so badly, they say, in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh battles of Caporetto, that

morale was cracking in Vienna." The old man drew himself up proudly. "The Carso is a plain, nothing but rocks to look at it. But"—he clenched one fist—"to us they are Italian rocks, part of our homeland. In all our history no part of our land is more earnestly defended." He turned and stared squarely at George. "It was for just that reason—because it is sacred ground to us—that Austria decided she must win there. Only such a victory would reassure her people. A victory there. At any cost." Capelli's eyes glowed dark again.

Distantly, George could hear the squadrons of typists, transcribing the snowstorm of draft briefing papers into a blizzard of quintuplicate copies, miles of procrastination about possible alliances, mobilization dates, striking potentials. He shook his head wearily.

"Austria persuaded the Germans to join." There was bitter scorn in the old man's voice now. "To back an all-out attack in the Caporetto sector. We were then holding a line along the Isonzo River"—Capelli looked up—"the line that is now roughly the border of my country." There was an echo of pride in his voice.

"A German commander named Kraus was in command of the sector we faced, a pass called Stol. With three Austrian divisions and one of German Jaeger, he was to break through us, over a knife ridge there. Our troops were thin—some Bersaglieri and an under-strength mountain division in which I was then a lieutenant, barely out of the academy. But we had General Boriani." Capelli lifted his chin.

"My men were tired. For months they had been tired from war. Seven thousand feet up on the wind ridge of Monte Nero, we waited for the Germans. It was cold. I cannot describe to you how cold it was. Up at our positions, a thin, wet snow was falling, torn by the wind so that the ice particles of it slashed your face and pained your eyes. Down below, the slopes were soggy with rain; behind us the Tagliamento River swelled in flood. Down below, the Fifth Brigade of Bersaglieri waited, dripping in their boots and fine feathered hats." The old general smiled faintly.

"We waited all day like that, shivering, a sorry-looking sight to be *Boriani's Specials*, as we were called. And all day we could see nothing but the snow and the mist and the rock. We prayed for the heavy snow to start. It would have ensured our defense. Already it was late for winter to begin in the Alps. But the snow never came.

"So we waited to be attacked, and always the tension grew. There were no fires to warm us. They would have given away our position. Now and then you would hear a man speak—a whisper just loud enough to carry over the wind, for mountain warfare is strange; the wind may carry a man's voice for miles sometimes. Now and then you could see a figure or a column of figures move. Then the mist enveloped them and you saw nothing. I said what I could to my men, but there was nothing to say. 'Hold.' That was all. Nothing to do but wait for the fresh best of the German Alpine soldiers to attack us. All day we waited, all night, straining to hear, to see, hearing a thousand rumors, knowing the Germans were moving toward the Stol gap. Nothing could be seen through that mist. We could do nothing but imagine." The old man blinked, glanced at the clock on the wall. "And wait."

"So I rubbed my hands for the thousandth time on my knees to wipe off the moisture of my fear, but all was so wet that moisture only smeared. The Jaegers were rumored to be at the base of our mountain, then halfway up it, then nowhere at all. In a hole behind a rock beside me, I heard the click of beads and the whisper of a novena going on and on. Interminable waiting.

"Perhaps we might have gone mad with waiting had not our general come just then, wandering alone around the mountain, without his aide. I saw at once that his hand was bandaged, but he would take no sympathy.

"'A piece of ersatz steel, Alfredo,' he said to me. 'Very inferior quality. I regret only that now I won't be able to hold a fork when we capture all those fine restaurants of Vienna.' You did not know our Boriani. There was never such a general. He was big, with a big nose and a big smile. He had been a doctor before the war. He had a joke for everyone. The smallest private in the rearmost rank, he knew by name. He kept us sane that day, and many other days.

"And then, after all the hours of waiting, the German bombardment began. I still hear the shout of relief from a hundred Italian throats that now the waiting was over, that action was coming at last. But we were wrong. There was no action. For two more hours there were only the explosions, the trench mortar shells coming in with the sound like tearing paper.

"And still we saw no enemy. Firing began below, in the Bersaglieri sector. The shelling came down heavier. The cries of pain and groans of dying swelled. We strained, we tortured our eyes to see through the mist.

Then at last we saw the Germans. In that bad light, with snow and rain, it was nearly impossible to tell their gray-blue mountain uniforms from our gray-green ones. Both armies were in winter equipment, with packs and ropes and alpenstocks.

"In a moment there was no line, but only men fighting for a mountain top. A pack of starving dogs, humpbacked with packs, swaying over the snow and rocks, crowded in too closely for tactics. Men stabbing and slashing over crags and crevices, clawing, using fists and rocks and knives, like beasts. A squad of Alpini climbed above us and rolled down boulders that crushed men in agony, like flies. And all that time the shelling went on, tearing limbs from bodies, choking us in poison gas."

For a moment the general paused and looked at George. "But wait," he said. "This is what I wish to say. Our ammunition was running out. Beside me, an Alpini sergeant threw down an empty rifle and seized his ice axe. I saw a German fall. But, you see, he had no face."

The general licked his lips. "Perhaps you have handled the alpenstock. It is a tool designed for climbing the mountains where there is ice. It is a stick four feet long, spiked at one end, with pick and

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mattock blades at the other." Capelli frowned. "So I saw another soldier and another throw down his empty rifle and swing the alpenstock two-handed, like a battle axe, shearing helmets, pick ends burying in backs or thrust, spike end forward, like swords.

"Sometimes"—he clasped his hands, his intense, small face leaning forward—"it happens in war that you are on the spot to see new tactics devised. And so it was this day. But this was no proud advance. This was degradation, the return of men to beasts, the final horror. In that ragged half light, Monte Nero was a scene from the Middle Ages: gray clad, soaking men weeping and slobbering, thrusting and parrying with an ancient tool that mixed sword and quarterstave. We defended that cursed rock"—the old man's voice sank lower—"through a thousand dead, oak staves swinging, the ice teeth of steel black with blood. And all the time the artillery gave us light, and bodies enough to sicken me forever."

He fell silent, so long that George had time to shift, to pull himself back from the frightful image of carnage before his eyes, to shake himself, to find his face was stiff. He opened his mouth, but just then the tiny general began to speak again.

"Eventually, they beat us back by sheer numbers. Jaeger troops poured up the mountain. Boriani's Specials hung onto the last foothold, the last inch of Nero. They never broke. They died, almost to a man. I was one of a handful that escaped, carried off unconscious from losing blood by the party that tore Boriani from the mountain. With him we retreated to the Torre, to the Piave, to the Tagliamento."

"And came back," George said softly, remembering that part, at least, of the campaign.

"Came back," Capelli said. He twisted slightly to look up at the clock. "It was only a question of time. We came back, to win the thirteenth battle of Caporetto, for keeps."

The two men looked at each other, bound together in a bond perhaps neither of them could have fully explained. Thirteen times, George kept thinking. Thirteen separate battles.

"Maybe"—George looked idly down at the drink he had never tasted in all this time—"maybe tomorrow the talks will go better." He smiled wryly, then fully, surprised that his fatigue had gone.

"Perhaps," the old soldier said. "We must keep trying." His eyes widened as he saw George's hand again move toward the paper cup of whiskey. At once he said, "One minute more."

"I know," George smiled. They waited, in close-knit silence, until the minute hand at last jerked straight up. The buzzer sounded, and from all over the remodeled palace came the scraping of chairs, the relief of quitting time. George lifted his cup. "Progress tomorrow," he said.

"Tomorrow?" the general said. He showed his smile that was not quite a smile. "Yes, we should drink to that. But sooner or later. We must learn to be patient."

The whiskey tasted fine. Because he was off duty, on his own time now. • • •

Live Now—Pay Later

Continued from page 43

heritage. Our forefathers lived by such precepts as Franklin's "He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing"—or, if they didn't, they kept mum about it. So did Franklin, who let his own tabs fall far in arrears while he was busy admonishing everyone else to ante up promptly, to put more money into savings than into goods, and all that antiquated jazz.

Of course, there were some sharp teeth in those old saws, back when a man who didn't settle his accounts could be jugged for it—an action that, unless family or friends bailed him out, put a practically permanent crimp in his bill-paying capacity. By the 1830s, imprisonment for debt was outlawed, but the memory lingered on. Clear up to the 1920s, it wasn't considered sound or respectable for a family to owe more than a moderate mortgage on the old homestead, not exceeding fifty per cent of its sale value, plus a few current bills at stores, which were paid on the first of the month.

The traveling salesman, door-to-door variety, pioneered at breaking down the old attitude, on those calls we all thought were devoted mainly to overcoming the resistance of the farmer's daughter. If it happened that the housewife didn't have the cash in the coffeepot for a bolt of calico or a corset that she coveted, the salesman would let her put off part of the payment until his next visit, or, if he wanted a handy pretext to call more often, spread it out over weeks or months.

With the advent of mass-produced cars and household appliances, an adaptation of this system was needed to assure a mass market for them. A vacuum-cleaner vendor of the Stone Age of installments won a cash prize from a trade journal for his determined application of the new approach. His prize-winning feat, cited by Frederick Lewis Allen in "Only Yesterday," was brought off one day when the salesman looked up and saw a woman shaking a rug out of a second-story window. This gave the salesman an idea.

"The door leading to her upstairs room was open," he related. "I went right in and up those stairs, without knocking, greeting the lady with the remark: 'Well, I am here right on time. What room do you wish me to start in?' She was very much surprised, assuring me that I had the wrong number. But during my very courteous apologies, I had managed to get my cleaner connected and in action. The result was that I walked out minus the cleaner, plus her contract and a check for a substantial down payment."

Whether pushed this aggressively or more seductively, installment buying proved so appealing to the public that it accounted for fifteen per cent of all retail sales by the end of the 1920s, when there were some $6,000,000,000 of "easy-payment" debts outstanding. Today, between sixty and seventy-five per cent of all cars sold, and at least half of all major household appliances, are being bought on time. Among wage earners in the populous $4,000-to-$7,500 bracket and the twenty-to-forty-four age group, as many as eight in ten are paying for goods or services the gradual way. In a single year, our deferred payments now amount to a whopping $40,000,000,000—almost thirteen per cent of the total personal income, after taxes, of every worker and loafer in the country.

That's a new high, as practically every year's total has been since the end of World War II. It doesn't include payments on loans from banks, from your Soft-Touch, Easygoing, Downright Overindulgent Personal Finance Corporation and similar concerns, or from credit unions, hock shops, street-corner sharks, or your mother-in-law. It leaves out of account last Saturday's poker debit, next Wednesday's Last Chance mortgage notice, the bad news on deducting Line 12 or 16 from Line 17 of Form 1040, insurance premiums, doctors' and dentists' bills, charge accounts and sundry other painful bites.

There are statistics on the national totals in some of these categories, but knowing them is of no more use to the individual than a comparison between his cash on hand and the gold in Fort Knox would be. What the figures add up to is just what you've been noticing—that it's been getting awfully easy lately to get to owe a lot of dough, and that more and more people are shaking off that old-fashioned guilt complex about doing so.

William H. Whyte, Jr., author of "The Organization Man," examining results of a "Fortune" survey of eighty-three young couples in the $5,000-$7,500 bracket, finds that the great majority of them live by a financial philosophy that he calls "budgetism." By this he doesn't mean that they *keep* budgets, those depressing charts of monetary ebb and flow that other experts say are kept by only two per cent of the population—those being, most likely, certified public accountants. Budgetism is the product of a benevolent economy which, by means of tax-withholding, unemployment insurance, old-age benefits, pension funds, hospitalization and "package" mortgages, has relieved the wage earner of much of the responsibility for managing his own finances. He has happily embraced the same system of "homogenized" payments for buying major items, says Whyte, and is indifferent to, and often ignorant of, the total cost or interest charges on installment purchases or loans. Under this arrangement, he hardly risks soiling a pinky on what filthy lucre is left on payday for him to dispose of.

Sylvia F. Porter, the syndicated pundit on getting and spending, sees little cause for alarm, as long as businessmen urge us to accept more credit buying, and our repayment record is as good as it has been.

"To me," she says, "the more pertinent question is what would happen to our jobs, pay checks and the country as a whole if we suddenly did pull back and really slashed our borrowing-to-buy.

"In that case, the auto industry would collapse, the appliance industry would shrivel, the furniture industry would crash. Joblessness would soar, bankruptcies would skyrocket. We'd be in dreadful trouble."

And Professor Sumner H. Slichter, of Harvard, writes: "Today it is seen that debt is a stabilizing and stimulating influence, and that it is a good thing for most young men, particularly married men, to have at least a moderate volume of debts that they are paying off."

Such admonitions indicate that it's practically our moral and patriotic duty to adjust happily to the philosophy of "live it up now, pay later." Some enthusiastic citizens have embraced the faith so heartily that they have emerged as heroes, or martyrs, of the I.O.U. life.

An outstanding example is the New Orleans bond clerk who got married not long ago and found that after the honeymoon he still had $2,000 in savings left. He promptly put $1,500 of it down on a $15,000 house, and the remaining $500 on $1,500 worth of furniture, a $300 TV set, a $400 washer-dryer, two air conditioners worth $500, a $300 mink jacket for his bride, and *another* honeymoon—this one a $600 trip to the Rockies for two. Out of his salary of $100 a week, after meeting their prearranged obligations, the couple would have $75 a month left to spend as they damned well pleased on food, clothing and other mundane necessities.

How could they get by on that? "Well," the clerk explained confidently, "we've given up smoking."

This daring young man is obviously a championship contender in the hazardous sport of living on the cuff, in which the scoring is not done on how high a total debt you can run up, but on how big a proportion of your income you can convert into automatic outgo. Conceivably, he and his mate might manage to steer a safe course between the perilous rocks of foreclosure and the treacherous whirlpools of repossession and garnishment, and eventually reach the snug harbor of total paid-upness, whence they could soon set out on a fresh voyage on the seas of acquisition. They might, that is, if his job security holds out, if neither of them should fall seriously ill, and if they give up a *lot* of smoking.

Because nothing is sure but death, taxes and the coming-due of installments, financial counselors advise that time payments (not including those on mortgages or loans) should not go over ten per cent of a family's or individual's take-home pay. About half of those who buy on long-term credit are just that cautious about it. Another quarter of them stay in hock for between ten and twenty per cent of their disposable income, while the remaining quarter are pledged to shell out more than twenty per cent of what comes in—some of them even as much more as that New Orleans prodigy. People in the latter category, the counselors say, are acting unwisely, and probably living dangerously.

Well, so was George Herbert Leigh-Mallory, the British mountaineer who came within an ace of scaling Mount Everest, and, when asked why he had gone to the trouble, gave the deathless answer, "Because it is there."

That same spirit evidently motivates those who venture into the loftier latitudes of credit liability, even at the imminent risk of hand-to-hand combat with that abominable snowman, the bill collector. They are lured upward by an ever-mounting pile of tempting goods, services and greenbacks which are there for the taking, often with little or nothing down beyond a lien on your right arm, no embarrassing investigations, that you know about, and a lifetime to pay if you live so long.

From layette to graduation gift, from engagement ring to casket, there is hardly a commodity on the market today that can't be bought on deferred payments—and if there is one, you can borrow to buy it—assuming, of course, that you are not an overly notorious deadbeat. Department stores from coast to coast are offering "revolving credit" plans whereby customers can maintain a perpetual cycle of indebtedness, at a fixed monthly pace, and one observer expects supermarkets to offer the same sort of stimulus to sales. Even the five-and-dime chain stores, following the lead of the mail-order houses, are getting into the installment-plan act. And drugstore chains are considering the same step, which would make it possible for the harried debtor to assuage his worries with tranquilizers and settle for them on some rosy mañana.

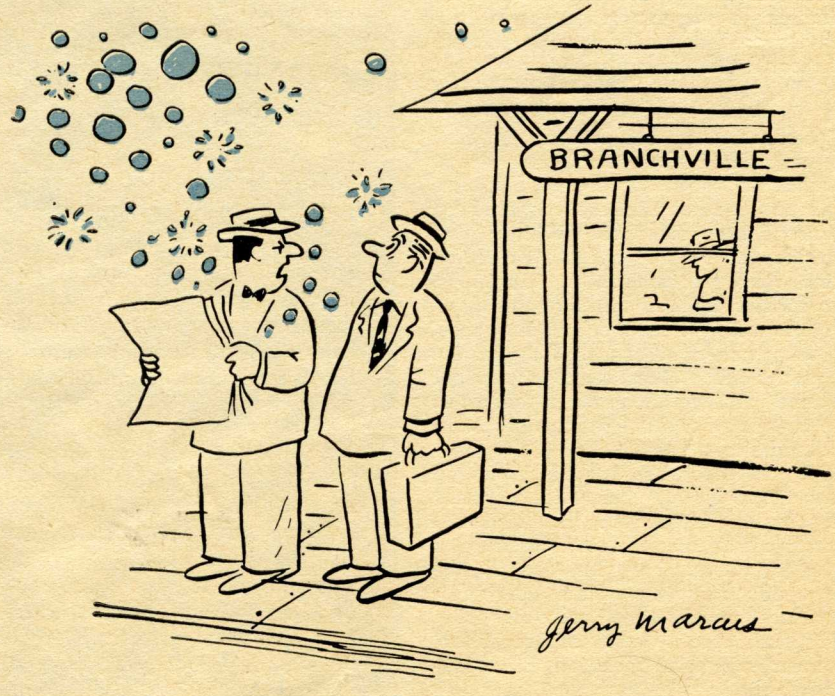
Go-now-pay-later deals, introduced by the airlines, have since been extended to every form of transportation above the subway level, making travel for many people a Pay-As-You-Went proposition. The do-it-yourself voyager, installment species, is no longer confined to land-bound locomotion, but can buy his own plane or boat on time, too. Yacht Finance, Incorporated, in its first eighteen months of operation, had arranged installment purchases of $2,000,000 worth of pleasure craft, most of them tagged at $5,000 or more, for boaters in ten Eastern states. So far, no customer has made his down payment, loaded the hold with pay-later goodies, and set sail for some idyllic tropical isle beyond the long reach of the collection hawkshaws.

If such an absconder does manage to make it over the horizon, he will probably be a man who has been driven to the desperate expedient not by time payments alone, but by that potentially sharpest of spurs, the charge account. The charge account is undoubtedly more responsible that anything else for the deceptive statistic that women make eighty per cent of all consumer purchases in this republic.

Of course, no reasonable man objects to having the little woman fetch and carry eighty per cent of the groceries, booze and other household necessities, as long as she buys the kinds he likes, doesn't put herself out of service by spraining her back, and leaves him his twenty per cent for impulse spending on items like a peck of potatoes or a sack of coal that she forgot. But when she gets loose in a large department store with a charge plate in her hot little hand, and visions of the Maharanee of Baroda's annual allowance in her light little head, the percentage of the family budget that she can sign away in the twinkling of an eye is beyond the calculation of an electronic computer.

It is true that men also use charge accounts, but here, as in other areas, they are governed by a prudence that is totally lacking in the psyche of the feminine shopper. Since this is so, no widespread overpledging of future earnings is likely to result from the growing use of credit cards of the sort designed primarily for the convenience of travelling businessmen. The danger is small, anyway, as long as a whole

ARGOSY MAGAZINE



"It's one of those wash-and-wear suits."

lot of dames don't latch onto the idea and go on a spending spree that could be positively global.

The biggest operation in this field, the Diners' Club, was launched in 1950, with the aim of providing reputable gents with automatic credit at a selected list of New York restaurants. The plan soon spread from coast to coast, and today it has branches in Europe, South America, Japan and Australia. Its 500,000-plus members have only to flash their credit cards and sign a chit to hang up the tab at restaurants, night clubs, hotels, auto-rental agencies, gift shops, tobacconists, delicacy stores and liquor purveyors—in all, some 14,000 "varied establishments," as the Diners' Club puts it, around the world. Card-holders pay five dollars a year for the service and are billed once a month for all their debits. Devotees of the system save wear and tear on their wallets, avoid marring their silhouettes with unsightly bulges of cash, and have a complete record of travel and entertainment outgo for expense-accounts and tax deductions.

Varied as the establishments are where a Diners' Club or other card will procure credit, they do not include that type of house which, in the definition of the noted authoress Polly Adler, is not a home. This drawback is insignificant, though, compared to the hazard inherent in the fact that membership is not restricted to those of the responsible sex.

One husband gave a small indication of what chaos this fact could produce when he called the Diners' Club and said urgently, "You've got to cancel my wife's card. She's been taking her friends to lunch."

"Very well, sir," the adjuster replied. "We'll notify your wife that you've requested cancellation of her card."

"Can't you use some other excuse?" begged the man, now speaking in the tones of a mouse. "There'd be no living with her if she knew I was responsible."

Short of letting her account become delinquent—a suggestion no credit executive would dream of making—the adjuster could offer no alternative.

Not only women, but *children,* too, may be exposed to enticement of charge accounts, if the lead of a small-town emporium in rural Minnesota is followed by merchants elsewhere. White's Our Own Hardware Store set the precedent when a small girl came in to get a pin-up lamp for her mother's birthday and asked for credit until she received her allowance. She was granted it, and paid up on the dot. Later her brother asked for and got the same privilege. Soon other youngsters were charging not only gifts but baseballs, puzzles and toys.

"We feel that when Johnnie grows up and wants to buy appliances for his home he'll come first to the store where he found cheerful credit extended since his days of buying toy tractors," says Mrs. White. She also reports that none of the store's few apparently uncollectible accounts is a child's, and that a "courteous reminder" has been enough to make any little laggards toe the line.

Appropriately, Mrs. White's report on her store's kindergarten course in cuffo purchasing includes a couple of terms which are primer stuff to adults experienced in the art. Credit, of course, is always "cheerfully" extended, and reminders that payments are due are always "courteous." That is, the first ones are. After that, as any grown-up knows who has ever been more than a little remiss in remitting, the rhetoric often turns into a blend of polished scurrility, polite terrorism and suave brainwashing which stops just short of violating the laws regarding defamation of character.

At one of their annual hand-rubbing and back-patting sessions in Washington, retail credit executives from all over the country congratulated each other on the demise of the tight-fisted approach in approving deferred payments and charge accounts. Just shake a few coins in a piggy bank at us to establish your solvency, they seemed to be saying, and we'll send the whole store around to your house in the morning. They agreed, too, that collection tactics should be so refined that they would not antagonize even delinquent accounts; over-zealousness in pressing for settlement could drive away customers who might be slow in paying but still had a good potential for continued buying. The way they talked, you might think they'd all been intimidated by letters like the anonymous classic:

"SIRS: On the fifth of each month my wife and I put all of our unpaid bills into a hat. Then I blindfold her and she draws out one bill, which we pay. If you do not stop sending us your dunning letters, we will stop putting your bills into the hat."

Actually, such delaying tactics can hold off retail creditors for just so long—up to about six months, as a rule, for the most lenient of department stores. Then, after a series of dire warnings, they usually turn the account over to a collection agency. Even in this notoriously hardhearted field, though, practitioners are supposedly becoming downright sissified.

The American Collectors Association, Incorporated, whose 1,884-member agencies work at closing out past-due accounts for 250,000 firms and professional offices, recently complimented itself on the abandonment of the bullying, menacing methods that gave the profession a Shylock reputation in the past.

"The day of the collector who parked in front of a debtor's house in a car marked '*We Go After Deadbeats*' is long past," said an ACA official.

In line with this renouncing of the time-honored ways, another group of collectors got together in Milwaukee not long ago and voted that they should henceforth be known as "guidance workers."

Such evidences of tender solicitude toward the debtor should not blind him to the fact that bill collectors, by any name, are after just one thing—the money. They aim to get it whether he's got it or not, and they achieve their objective often enough to have roundly disproved the axiom that you can't extract blood from a stone. How they go about it might have made a grisly script for one of those horror comics that publishers have agreed not to publish any more, but it is hardly a fit topic to intrude into a man's hours of relaxation.

For most of us law-abiding citizens, the only practicable way of avoiding bill collectors is to observe some sensible, if dull, cautions about installment buying, borrowing and allied temptations:

1. Don't make any installment purchases (or loans) unless your prospects of continued employment are good.

2. Keep your total installment payments within ten to twelve per cent of your take-home pay.

3. On any purchase, make as large a down payment as you can—at least a quarter of the purchase price. The higher the proportion you pay down, the safer the transaction is to you.

4. Arrange to pay off the balance over as short a term as you can. Don't be tempted by "pay-forever" offers.

5. Shun "no-down-payment" offers, particularly on automobiles or other major purchases. These usually involve your signing a note to a small-loan company, which turns the down-payment money over to the dealer and charges you interest of eighteen to thirty-six per cent, or more, on the money. That's on top of the usual twelve to fourteen percent interest charge on the balance of your payments.

6. Be sure to read the fine print on installment contracts. Look out for such jokers as "confession of judgment," which stipulates that if your payments fall in arrears, a judgment automatically exists against you, allowing attachment of prop-

Automotive Firsts

by M. Robert Beasley

The first auto accident was in New York City on March 30, 1896, when Henry Wells of Springfield, Massachusetts, in a Duryea Motor Wagon, collided with Evylyn Thomas, a bicycle rider, who was taken to the Manhattan Hospital with a fractured leg. Wells spent the night in jail.

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The first automobile regularly made for sales was manufactured by the Duryea Motor Wagon Company in 1895. Charles Edgar Duryea, America's pioneer automobile manufacturer, began building his automobile in August 1891. It was completed at his shop, 47 Taylor Street, Springfield, Massachusetts, and was successfully operated on April 19, 1892.

erty or salary without legal proceedings.

7. Never sign a blank contract for installment purchases or auto financing. Even reputable car dealers sometimes offer these, on the grounds that the salesman hasn't time to calculate the financing charges on the spot.

8. Before you sign, see that the contract itemizes the cash price, finance, insurance and other charges, total purchase price, down payment, trade-in allowance and other credits, and the balance payable in installments.

9. Watch out for hidden credit costs, especially on car financing. Inflated charges for collision insurance may be part of the "pack." So may "finance charges" and "investigation," "handling" and "clearance" fees, which are not limited by law in most states, as are interest rates. Even reputable banks and finance companies may accept contracts including such overcharges, and rebate the excess to the dealer.

10. Figure the true interest rate. If the interest charge is quoted as, for example, six per cent annually for the total balance to be financed, the true annual rate is about twelve per cent. The reason is that you are paying off part of the balance each month, thus reducing your average debt over the whole year to about half of the full amount. If interest is quoted as a monthly percentage of the diminishing balance, the true annual rate is twelve times the monthly rate.

11. Bargain for credit. Use the data resulting from following rules 8, 9 and 10 to compare full costs of financing plans offered by different dealers. Beware of any dealer who insists you finance through him or urges you to put less down, or extend payments longer, than you want to. He may be building up his cut of inflated financing costs.

12. Don't overestimate your "equity." Every "conditional-sales" or installment contract stipulates that the seller (or finance company) keeps title to the goods and can take them back if you miss only one payment. But surrendering the goods doesn't clear your debt. You will still owe all the remaining payments, minus what the creditor can get from resale of the goods. You may also be held liable for legal costs, storage and repossession fees, which can total a third or more of the original debt.

13. If your debts get out of hand, don't panic. Finance companies don't want to repossess goods except as a last resort. They'd rather help you work out an adjustment of payments that you can meet. Other creditors aren't usually in a hurry to turn over a tardy account to a collection agency, since the usual agency fee is half the money it collects. Even if things go this far, you're likely to be exposed to more barking than biting. As a rule, threats of legal action are actually carried out only if the debt is substantial and the debtor unusually resistant. After those first few letters demanding immediate payment in full, and threatening you with loss of your credit rating and your standing in the community, the collection agency will usually propose that you settle up in a series of partial payments. That way, you may even be able to make installment payments on your installment payments.

14. Relax. You can't take those coupon books with you, either. • • •

FOR THE SKIPPER

Scuttlebutt

AWHILE BACK we printed a suggestion that you punch a hole in both ends of tin cans before heaving them over the side. That way they'll sink and not bob around, cluttering up the scenery. Since that idea was printed, we've had a couple of dozen letters from fishermen, objecting violently. Seems that young fish, called "fry," find their way in through the holes but can't find their way back out. So they die. I guess there is nothing for it but to carry the cans back ashore and dump them in an ash can.

THE COAST GUARD has been busily installing radar on its search boats. It works well picking up larger boats in a fog or storm but it isn't too effective when hunting a small wooden skiff that gets hidden in the troughs of the waves. Their suggestion is that you lash an oar or a boat hook upright with a tin can over the top. The metal makes a good reflector and the radar will pick it up more readily.

SOONER or later every skipper becomes the victim of an ornery creature known as the seagull. These birds have the bombing accuracy of a Norden bomb sight and a fiendish ability to spot a newly varnished or painted boat. One thing seems to scare them, for a while at least. Prop one of those plastic pinwheels, that they sell for kids, in the bow and another in the stern.

VERY FEW small boats carry a sea anchor and yet it's one of the most useful pieces of gear that you can have on board during a bad storm. Most boats can be kept afloat even in a rough sea if you can keep the bow into the waves. They just bob up and down like a cork. As long as the motor is running you can keep the boat headed into the wind and sea, but it's a lot of work, and a sea anchor will do it automatically. If you don't have one on board, a bucket on the end of a line tied to the bow will work; or a bundle made up of loose gear, oars, blankets, coats—in fact anything that is bulky enough to create a drag. But don't count on a makeshift. Get a regular sea anchor. They're cheap and could save your life.

NOT EVEN WOMEN cause as many stiff necks and twisted backs as trying to back up a trailer in a tight spot. You can't do anything about the girls, thank the Lord, but you can mount an extra trailer hitch on the front bumper of the car. Aside from the obvious advantage of being able to see what you're doing, it'll keep your back wheels out of the mud at the water's edge, and at night you'll be able to use the headlights.

IT'S A HARD job to keep a light fishing skiff on course at slow speed with a strong side wind. The bow usually sticks up in the air catching the wind and being blown sideways. Try hanging the anchor over the bow so that it's suspended about four feet down in the water. It'll act as a pivot point and keep the bow from sliding off downwind. But watch your speed. If you get going too fast the anchor will come up and start pounding on the bottom of the boat.

MANY PEOPLE take their boats into swamps or other areas where there are many small channels that all look the same. You can get lost just as easily as if you were in the woods, so use the same system that the woodsmen have. Stop and cut a blaze on an occasional tree or hang up a small piece of cloth. Just remember to put the blaze or marker on the side of the tree that you'll be facing when you come back out.

Gear

THERE ARE a great number of combination pliers on the market, ones that are a combination of screwdriver, pliers, crescent wrench and wire cutter. But it has remained for the Grand Haven Stamped Products Company, Grand Haven, Michigan, to add the crowning attachment: a beer-can key. It's an extension of one handle and folds up like a jackknife when not in use. You can buy the whole works for one dollar, postpaid.

•BY ERIC NYBORG

***ARGOSY** will pay $5 for every tip on boating printed in this column. All contributions become the property of the magazine. Write: Eric Nyborg, For the Skipper, ARGOSY, 205 E. 42nd St., N.Y. 17, N.Y.*

"I don't know any more kings, but I'm pretty chummy with a bunch of rajahs, Maharajahs and rajputs, including the Raj Kumar of Gauripur over in Assam. He runs an elephant school and uses his brutes to hunt tigers sometimes. I'm sure he'd be happy to stage a—"

But by that time Van Dyke was shouting orders to his camera crew to drink up and polish their lenses, there was work to be done!

The above was related to me by the director as we tossed off sundowners after dinner. It was my first evening in the real jungle of the storybook India—Kipling's India, Clive's and Gunga Din's, and Jim Corbett's and a thousand Bengal Lancers'. Even my address was an exotic morsel to be rolled around fondly on the tongue—*Rowta Camp, Majabt, Darrang, Assam!* About me the sounds of India filtered through the darkening curtain of bamboo forest: the distant yapping of jackals or some other canine predator; an eerie gurgle that could have been a startled hyena, and a hundred other unidentifiable noises that turned the imagination inside out.

I was in a proper mood for what came next—my initiation into one of the most incredible realities of Indian life—that age-old struggle between man and tiger. No one knows for sure how many persons are killed by tigers each year; not all cases are reported. Ten thousand would be a conservative guess.

Thirty-five of them had been taken by a man-eater in and around the very camp we sat in.

This particular tiger had been wounded—a leading cause of their anthropophagist habits—by a native hunter eight months earlier. Unable to run down and kill his natural prey easily, the beast had gone wrong. However, he was a rank novice in the man-eating ranks; a single tiger has been recorded as having killed at least 600 persons *in one year!* Still, our young Belsiri Slayer was off to a good start. Too good, the British tea planters of the district had decided, and so sent to the capital for help. It had come in the form of Colorful Character Number Two—Captain Jack Girsham. This rugged Anglo-Indian had achieved some fame in World War Two as lead scout for Merrill's Marauders during their epical and heartbreaking putsch through the Burmese jungles. Without Girsham to lead the way, a lot more Marauders would have got Purple Hearts, not to mention green graves.

The captain, de-militarized, had used his jungle lore as a tiger killer and hunting guide. I arrived in camp just in time to take part in Girsham's first effort to liquidate the man-eater. Twenty machans—tree platforms—were constructed over the area where last the tiger had killed. The entire American company—nearly two dozen strong—were lodged in the platforms and sat for three long nights, waiting for the tiger.

He did not come, but the insects did, fantastic hordes of them. After this depressing failure, Girsham sought to pull a Jim Corbett and track the tiger on the ground, a forlorn hope in the ten-foot grass.

Meanwhile Van Dyke wondered out loud how to combine a TV-type tiger hunt with the actual slaying of the man-eater. For the High Adventure series, spectacle was needed, along with a logical continuity and believable climax. Getting a tiger to co-operate to this extent would have stymied that old master of co-operation, Frank Buck himself.

It didn't stymie Barug, the Assamese hunter. At breakfast next morning the dark little man sat aloof and stared into his rice bowl silently. Presently a deputation of envoys arrived from Sanao Pur, the village from which most of the tea workers—and most of the tiger's victims—had come. They spoke to Van Dyke with the saddest faces I've ever seen on human beings. The director and Girsham listened and nodded.

"They're getting desperate," said Van Dyke. "It's ten days since the man-eater last struck. He's due to eat again any time. They say we have many men, elephants, guns, everything we need. Why don't we kill the tiger?"

That's when Barug spoke up, bless his little Assamese heart! "G'rsh'm Sah'b," he said to Girsham, "you know how we hunt with nets in valley—pigs, deer, little stuff?"

Girsham nodded, turned to us. "During the lean seasons they get some dozens of men together, form a drive and scare the small animals into a ring of nets. Once enmeshed, the animals are speared to death. Well, Barug—do you suggest we try the same thing on your man-eater? Spearing a tiger is a hell of a sight tougher than spearing a barking deer. Anyway, the grass is too tall for a drive."

Barug persisted. "Not for elephants. Could make big nets—and a thousand spears would kill *any* tiger!"

Girsham's jungle-narrowed eyes almost closed. He glanced at Van Dyke, across whose face had come a seraphic expression of joy that was more than joy. Silently the two men shook hands. Hunting history was about to be written.

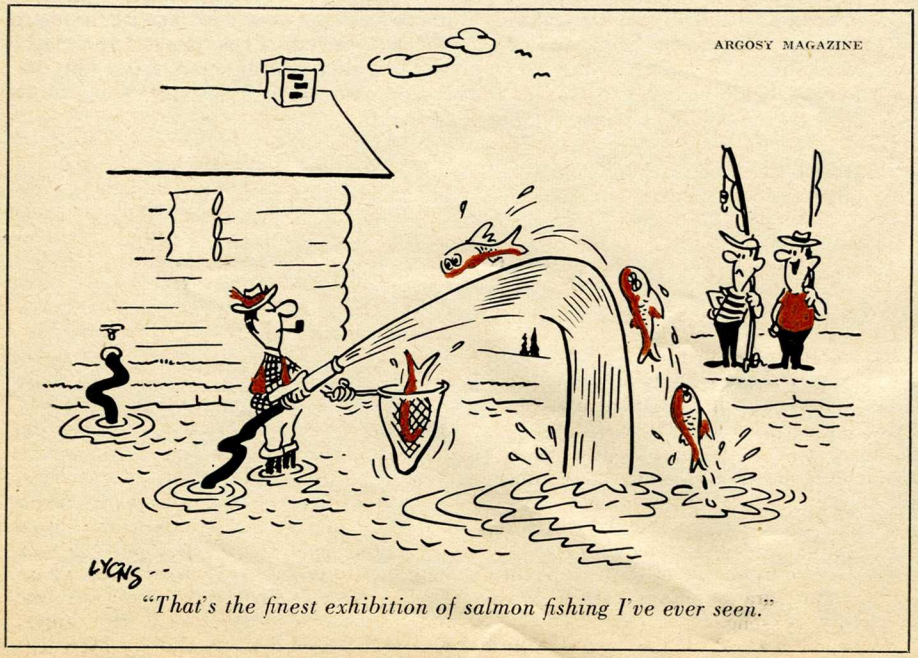
But not before the Belsiri Slayer dramatized his own end by striking for the last time. It happened even as preparations went forward for the great hunt. I was busy photographing the women of the village weave rattan rope for the tiger nets when a great wailing went up some distance away. Instinctively I knew what it signified, and joined the throng that ran silently toward the sound. As in the past the tiger had been attracted to the noises of lumbermen as they chopped wood in the jungle. One of them, Krishna, and his cousin Juggernath had been working on a large tree for most of the day. It was Krishna, named for a Hindu god, who told what happened.

"I was chopping at the tree," the shocked young man said, "and the blows of Juggernath, hidden on the other side, matched mine. Suddenly Juggernath's axe ceased to chop. I walked around the tree to see what was wrong." Here the muscular fellow's eyes nearly started from his head as he re-lived the frightful scene. "There was Juggernath, speechless with fear, in the jaws of a great tiger! They were not more than three feet away from me, Sahib!

"Without thinking, I raised my axe. The tiger, surprised at my sudden appearance—he had not known I was there—stood still for a second, his huge yellow eyes staring. Then I struck at him with the axe. He dropped Juggernath and ran off."

It seemed that Krishna was somewhat godly in more than name alone, and Juggernath's multiple perforations healed in three weeks, allowing him to take up his axe again.

Now the work in camp was stepped up. The elephants were no problem, being at our disposal through the good offices of Raj Kumar. Thomas and Van Dyke ran around madly, sending reams of wires, cables and letters and attempting to tie up the loose ends of a project that would involve as many facets as a Summit meeting in Moscow. Several hundred men had to be rounded up and instructed; dozens of



"That's the finest exhibition of salmon fishing I've ever seen."

major and minor functionaries and dignitaries had to be consulted and placated; the Maharajah of Cooch Behar must be informed along with, I suppose, Nehru, Madame Pandit and the Wali of Swat.

On the eve of the hunt, 500 men waited breathlessly for the sudden jungle night. In camp there was little talking, drinking or sleeping, and when the darkness finally came it was like the prelude to an enemy assault. Where, we all wondered, was the tiger? Would he attack tonight? Looking beyond the flimsy walls of our own thatched huts, I realized that a quarter-ton tiger, rampaging through a native village is all but invulnerable.

He did not strike that night.

The morning dawned crisply when a cooling breeze tumbled down off the heights of Bhutan. Breakfast was a formality as guns, cameras and backbones were charged with their respective ammunition. The Ghurka scouts went out silently to locate our quarry, their sharp kukris and cool dependability much in evidence. Sometime later the elephants, led by Raj Kumar, came striding majestically into camp, and at once the scene became one of breathtaking pageantry.

At seven o'clock a farmer came dashing into camp to inform us that one of his cattle had been slain by the tiger and dragged into the tall grass. The tiger must even now be on the hill. If we hurried!

We hurried. At seven-thirty, having left the main party a mile or two back in the bush, we—photographers and hunters—found the remains of the cow. Jack Girsham and Boris, their big rifles ready, followed the bloody trail for several hundred yards to where it ended amid a ring of vultures and jackals.

The clearing was about a half mile by 300 yards, and except for the tall grass and some stunted trees, was bare of vegetation. We stood in the very center of it, a dozen tiny figures lost in a sea of ten-foot grass, at our feet the red potpourri that had been a cow.

Girsham let us absorb the scene before speaking. "The tiger dragged the cow here around dawn. He was frightened off before he could make inroads, as you see. But he's still hungry—assuming he's the man-eater—so he won't go far away. He'll wait till we go on about our business and come back to his kill. The tiger is no more than a hundred yards from here, lying in the grass."

I had once read that a tiger can cover a hundred yards in four seconds. Apparently Van Dyke had read it, too, because he looked back toward the elephants and suggested that we get those nets set up right away. The suppressed excitement we all felt, now that the chips were down, was in sharp contrast to the casual flippancy that marked the waiting period. Now there were no theatrics, no superficial bravery, no strained nonchalance. From here on in a man could be truly judged by what he said and did; he would be an open book that any other man could read; and there would be no subtle lines to read between.

I hoped my companions wouldn't see the fine print that said, "There's still time to get the hell out and go home, you idiot. You can always make a decent living photographing weddings!"

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But it was too late, for Girsham was already outlining the general plan of the hunt. "The elephants will form an arc across the southern end of the clearing, and sweep north!" said Girsham. Like a general, he was, planning a great and decisive battle! "The netmen will form a less-than-right angle at the upper end of the clearing. We will try to force the tiger into the angle—and then close it. Throckmorton will ride the westernmost elephant—and will try to keep the tiger from breaking out and crossing the river!" But a madman, obviously! How could one poor cameraman —even with the help of an elephant—keep a tiger from crossing a river?

As it turned out, Girsham knew what he was doing every minute, which is more than I could say for myself. I only know that the next six hours were a timeless chaos of men, animals and machines all loosely welded together to form the greatest hunting entity of all time. While the elephants waited, hidden in the forest to the south, the long line of spearmen, each bearing a section of netting, marched to the other end of the wide clearing along the east road. There they set up the trap. This consisted of many sections of half-inch rope netting, its interstices six inches across, strung on twelve-foot bamboo poles stuck in the ground like a picket fence.

The two jaws of the net were each 100 yards or so long. When, and if, they closed around the tiger, the beast would be confined in a rope-walled amphitheater about the size of a football field. Then the sections of the net would be removed one by one, the circle drawing tighter and tighter until ground zero was reached and the tiger enmeshed in a six-foot cage. Then the spears would be thrust through the net and end the hunt. That, at least, is how it would work in theory.

Here is how it was in fact:

Five hours after first sighting the slain cow in the clearing, we saw the signal, half a mile northward, that meant that the netmen were ready. I knew that, in a machan at the apex of the triangle, Van Dyke was ready with his camera—with three others at various positions on the ground.

Then, *"Up you go!"* shouted Girsham. A series of muted commands from the mahouts—one in charge of each elephant—and the great gray monsters kneeled to receive their passengers.

You allow a Hindu helper to give you a leg up and into the howdah. Sharing this portable telephone-booth with you is a harmless-looking chap—a shikari—with a gas-pipe affair he assures you is a rifle, but which, if he pulls the trigger, you are certain will blow you both off the elephant and into the waiting jaws of the tiger.

As the elephant rose to his feet, the howdah rocked like an eight-point seismographic reading with its epicenter right under my fanny! The mahout cried, *"Mmmph! Urrph!"* or something such, and with a reverberating blast from our elephant's exhaust, we left the launching pad. I looked to my right and saw the rest of the line moving forward apace, and to my dying day I never expect to witness anything more stirring!

We proceeded with deceptive speed, moving north and fanning out as we got into the tall lalang and elephant grass. Halfway up the clearing, about a quarter-mile distant, was a crucial point—a ten-foot-wide firebreak that cut diagonally across our path and led from the river to the road. By the time we reached this, we should have seen the tiger. It was essential that we go neither too slowly nor too fast, for the one would allow the cat to slip around the net, and the other would invite an attack on the elephants. I thought about this as we strode forward at what seemed a tremendous speed. I thought about it a lot. My skinny shikari, who still looked harmless, grinned up at me, "He go fast, eh?"

I nodded grimly. If that elephant broke wind just once more, we'd be in orbit! I riveted my eye on the approaching firebreak, all the while shooting pictures madly with one or more of the three cameras slung around my neck. In case we didn't see the tiger, I'd sure as hell have a complete record of twenty elephants running a half-mile race.

But we saw the tiger. We saw him about thirty seconds later as we reached the burned-out slash in the grass. A warning shout rose from the howdah on our right, and its mahout pointed a desperate finger —a finger that swung rapidly in our direction. The tiger was racing along the open lane of the firebreak. Directly toward *us.* Our mahout screeched a command into the blanket ear of our mount and rapped him with his bull hook. Like a Mercedes

kicking into second, the noble brute poured on the coals. I recognized that his previous speed had been a mere shamble. *Now* he ran—and I understand that an elephant can canter along at around twenty-five miles per hour. Fifty was the actual speed of the tiger.

How can I describe that charge? It lasted for perhaps four seconds. The tiger knew he had been cut off from the river—and yet he didn't stop. He kept coming and, even though our elephant slowed down and turned toward him, he never faltered. The rising pitch of excitement within me grew almost unbearable, and although I kept my camera smoking, I was keenly aware that Fate was playing a game of jacks with the three of us astride that elephant. For a tiger has been known to climb the side of a pad elephant and drag one or more of its inhabitants to messy destruction. And a tiger has been known to shinny up an elephant's trunk, panicking the poor beast and causing it to shake off, or roll upon, its passengers.

And then he stopped. Like a yellow-black comet suddenly pulled from its blazing path, the tiger fairly rebounded from the shadow of our elephant and whirled to his right. Without a sound save the ripping of grass, he dashed off directly toward the open jaws of the net.

I sat, holding my breath. Would our quarry prove all-too-feline and take the course of least resistance? Or would he use his much-vaunted human qualities that make the Hindus all but worship him?

My breath came out with a *whoosh,* and from the clearing there rose a vocal frenzy. The tiger was merely a cat, after all! He had gone past the point of no return, barging well inside the mouth of the trap before coming to a halt. Now, as prearranged, the eastern end of the net was lifted—no simple task, this—and borne around to lock horns with the west side.

We had him! The Belsiri Man-eater, completely enclosed in a one-tone web, had stepped into our parlor! And yet, although his chances of surviving the day were now reduced to nearly zero, he might well claim victim number thirty-eight for a good-bye present. Those drooping nets presented a barrier only about ten feet high; tigers have hurdled many a twelve-foot stockade to enter a village, grabbed a child within—and then leaped back over the wall with their victims in their jaws!

The party began to get rougher. The men sensed a forthcoming kill—and perhaps a killing; their strident shouts became higher in pitch and I detected a hysterical note over all. Heedless of possible fractures, I leaped from the side of my faithful steed and fell ten feet into an abyss of grass. The elephants were useless now, having done their part to perfection. I sped toward the net.

Phase Three of the hunt quickened its pace as I shoved my Leica through an interstice in the netting. The tiger, very likely sensing his predicament, now embarked on a series of all-out charges. His first attack came after he'd hidden for awhile in the grass. Jack Girsham discouraged these cowardly tactics by going close with a Land Rover "jeep" and peppering him with a load of No. 8 shot. This brought the desired results—they were almost *end* results—as the huge cat erupted from the grass and smashed with stunning force into a section of net. Before he could disentagle himself, they were on him, slashing and stabbing through the webbing. A strangled roar of pain—a fearsome sound that sawed across my raw nerve ends—and the cat was out in the clear again. He backed away in pain and astonishment, shaking his magnificent head. One of his eyes was gone.

Pain and danger had come from this quarter; the tiger ran from it, swiftly, blindly, to the other side of the 100-yard trap. Looking beyond him, I recognized the film director, Willard Van Dyke, directly in the path of the tiger's charge. If he stays where he is, I thought professionally, he'll get a mighty sweet close-up of that brute running headlong into his camera!

Van Dyke stayed. I saw the great cat slam into the net only four feet from the lens of his 35-millimeter. The director never batted an eye, but calmly rammed a fresh magazine into the camera. Later on he told me that his hidden feelings at the time matched my own. The instant of that beautiful charge, with its essence of pure natural fury becoming a near-physical thing, was the high point in Van Dyke's life. As it was in mine.

And then I watched the tiger die little by little, with each successive charge he made into the net. For there the hunters could reach him with their spears. His jaw was pierced next, and one of those great fangs broke off. Now, each time he sprang away from his tormentors, he left a little of himself behind. Infuriated and agonized, he tossed his great head from side to side, regarding us balefully with his single eye, and his reddened sides heaved.

He did not charge again. Forgetting my cameras, I watched fascinated as this mighty creature chose his own death. Turning his back on the net and the men behind it, the tiger walked the entire length of the enclosure. He staggered and once or twice nearly fell, but he kept his head high and didn't falter until he reached a cool green patch of grass at the head of the clearing. There, as a strange hush fell over the men, he stretched out and lay still, breathing noisily.

For a single moment there was an almost breathless silence broken only by the tiger's gasps, and not a man moved in all that multitude. It was a rare tribute paid to a worthy beast by its killers. Then I saw Jack Girsham climb into the Land Rover with his driver and together they drove back inside the enclosure. They moved slowly to where the tiger lay and when they were within ten yards of him, Girsham shot him with the .425.

After the unpleasant aftermath of any big hunt—the cleaning up—we sat around camp and sipped our evening sundowners. We were, technically, celebrating the victory, yet for some unfathomable reason everybody seemed touchy as hell.

Van Dyke got to his feet. He voiced my own thoughts so perfectly I can remember every word: "Why don't we admit what's really eating us? Today we helped kill a magnificent animal, man-eater or not, and its death wasn't exactly a credit to man's courage. Well, don't hesitate to feel ashamed—it means you're sportsmen. As for me"—he fondled the bright new .375 Magnum he had been cleaning—"some day I'm going to shoot myself a tiger, *alone and in the grass.*"

And as for me, I have tried to curb my emotion while writing these words, because emotion does not belong in a reportorial account of a tiger hunt. And yet how can you separate emotion from a tiger—the sight of it, the scent, the song it sings to its prey, and the awesome roar of it? A tiger *is* emotion—raw, basic, close-to-the-quick emotion that chokes the throat and stills the voice so that, once having felt it, you will always say, "I have hunted a tiger and my life is therefore richer." • •

Killer at the Window *Continued from page 35*

it occurred to him that the occupants of this apartment were in Europe. Then he stopped worrying about that and broke out in a cold sweat over what the woman was saying.

"Call the police," she said. "Tell them to clear everybody off the street for the whole block. I'm going to blow up this building and everyone in it, and I want to give the police a sample of what I can do. I'll talk to them from the window. I have a speaker all set up."

The super wasn't a brave man. At his salary, the job wasn't worth risking his life for, so he said he'd deliver the message, and he did. The two patrolmen in the radio car were bored. Calls from crackpots came by the gross, especially on beautiful spring mornings. They got out of their car and started across the sidewalk.

The woman's voice came over a loudspeaker set up in one of the seventh-floor windows. It had a rasping, mechanical sound to it, but maybe the sound system wasn't so good. The woman said, "If you set foot in the lobby, I'll blow this building to bits."

Maybe it was the dehumanized voice, or maybe it was the very human, and deadly quality, masked by the loudspeaker, but those two radio cops decided it might be best to go easy. They radioed for advice, and in ten minutes half a dozen cars and two riot trucks rolled up.

Finally Captain Ryan of the nearby precinct stepped out of a car and looked up at the window from which the speaker horn projected. "Can you hear me up there?" he shouted.

"I can hear you," the woman said. "I'll say this just once. There's something I want done by one particular man. Unless this is done, I'll explode a great deal of nitroglycerine in a package right before me. It will reduce this building to rubble."

Captain Ryan hadn't earned twin shoulder bars for stupidity. Right away he knew this woman meant exactly what she said, but he had to play the game according to the rule book.

"Lady," he called, "let me come up and talk this over."

"No," she called back. "If anyone enters the building—or leaves it—I'll blow it up. Now, I've got to prove this to you, because if I'm misunderstood, or under-

estimated, a lot of people are going to be killed. Are you listening, officer?"

"I'm listening," Ryan said grimly.

"Clear the street of everyone. I'll throw down a small object. There's only enough explosive in the package to break a few windows, but it'll be a good sample of what I can do. You have five minutes."

Ryan turned to his subordinate, a younger uniformed lieutenant. "What do you think, Matt?" he asked.

"Won't cost anything to play along. Personally, I'd say she's bluffing."

Ryan had his eyes on the speaker horn projecting out of the window high above. "I'd have the same idea," he said, "except for that speaker. She set that up deliberately, so maybe she's got some explosive ready to go off, too." He cupped his hands to his mouth. "Okay, lady," he shouted. "I'll clear the area." He turned to the lieutenant. "See to it," he said. "And have somebody get me a bull horn or I'll go hoarse. Something tells me I'll have to do a lot of hollering before this is over."

The lieutenant eyed the window. "She said she'd throw the explosive out. Maybe —if we did some shooting when she looks out the window—"

Won't do," Ryan said. "If she means it and we nick her, she might blow up the building. Just clear the area and then find out about back doors, how many people in the building, whose apartment she's in—all the facts."

The block was quickly sealed off and Ryan waved attention from across the street.

The woman's voice came down from the speaker. "You showed good judgment, officer. Now get down the street yourself. Remember, no tricks. Don't forget the cheapest thing in this whole deal is my life. I don't care whether I live or die."

Ryan trotted down the street. A moment later, something wrapped in a large paper bag sailed down from the window and landed in the middle of the street and blew up with a roar that broke windows.

"You proved your point," he said. "What's the deal?"

"If anyone leaves this building, or enters, I'll blow it up. Do you understand that?"

"It's clear enough," Ryan said.

"I can keep a close watch on the only two doors. I'll stand for no nonsense. Now—has Jason Wilcox arrived yet?"

"The reporter?" Ryan asked.

"Yes. I phoned him."

"He'll be here," Ryan said. "What happens then?"

"I want Mr. Wilcox to come up here alone. Just keep in mind the fact that I'd hate to hurt anyone, but I'll go to any extreme, if necessary."

Ryan yelled at his lieutenant who stood beside some sawhorses set up as a block. "Keep an eye out for Jason Wilcox. Send him to me on the double. And where in hell's that bull horn?"

"Coming, Captain," the lieutenant called back. "Hey—Wilcox just showed."

Ryan waited impatiently while Jason Wilcox vaulted the sawhorses and ran toward him. Wilcox was an eager beaver, in Ryan's opinion. He worked too hard and he hit too hard. Not that he'd ever taken any cracks at Ryan, but he didn't spare the police department as a whole, and Ryan would defend the department to the death.

"All right, Wilcox," he said, "I'll brief you fast. Up there is a woman. I don't know anything about her. She's equipped with nitro which she says will blow up the building. This hole in the street is just her way of showing us a sample."

"She must be out of her mind." Wilcox squinted up at the windows.

"I don't think so," Ryan said. "She's too calm and she knows exactly what she wants—which happens to be you."

"Me?" Wilcox gasped. "She wants me? Now look, I'm no hero . . ."

"We do as she says, or she'll blow up the building. She threatens to do that if anybody leaves or enters—except you. So get on up there, and even if you're no hero, try to act like one."

"Yeah." Wilcox still eyed the windows. "Yeah, I'll go up. Now, Ryan, don't try any tricks while I'm in there. I'm especially allergic to explosives."

"Find out what she wants," Ryan said. "And make it snappy."

Wilcox rubbed his face and wondered why his cheeks felt stiff. "I'll play it her way, Captain. Fast or slow, she does the timing. And tell her I'm on the way."

The lieutenant drove a squad car closer to the scene and handed Ryan a bull horn.

Ryan pointed it at the windows above, blew into the thing and then spoke. "Lady —this is Jason Wilcox with me. He's coming in. Okay?"

"Good," she called back. "Yes—I know Mr. Wilcox. I'm glad you're not given to playing tricks, officer. Please come up, Mr. Wilcox."

"Well," Wilcox said, "here goes. I know of better ways to get higher than a kite than being blown into the air."

"And I don't like your selection of girl friends," Ryan said. "Beat it and see what she wants."

Wilcox entered the building. There were a few people in the lobby, afraid to risk leaving, and each had a million questions. Wilcox answered some of them on the fly, generalizing the situation as much as possible. He rode to the seventh floor, looked down the hall and saw a door open slightly. He walked toward it and wished he had a drink.

"Come in, Mr. Wilcox." The woman's voice, not blaring over a speaker, was now soft and warm. An educated voice, and one without a tremor of fear. He stepped inside and faced the woman—and the automatic she held.

"Good morning, Mr. Wilcox," she said pleasantly.

She was about forty, quite tall, and not even a bosom friend would be silly enough to tell her she was beautiful. She had hair of a medium color, eyes that didn't stand out at all. Her mouth was a bit too generous to be attractive, her legs too thin.

Wilcox said, "Doreen Bradley!"

"That's right. I hate to keep a gun on you, Mr. Wilcox, but at this stage of the game I can't afford to take chances. Walk ahead of me into the next room."

"You won't need a gun with me," he said. "I'm much too curious about this to do a single thing except listen."

In the next room—a spacious and excellently furnished living room—he saw the square tin box in the middle of the table. A rifle, with telescopic sights, lay beside it and two boxes of rifle ammo.

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Doreen Bradley sat down and pointed the snout of the automatic at the tin box. "A bullet will set it off, Mr. Wilcox. I don't want to hurt anyone except Lou Steiner."

"I thought so," Wilcox nodded as he sat down.

"You were extremely kind to me when Ben killed himself. I know I can trust you, and if it is within my power to give you a story firsthand, then you shall have it."

"What can I do?" Wilcox asked.

"You know how much I cared for Ben, Mr. Wilcox."

"Yes—and I also know what he thought about you. Doreen, he's dead. He took his own life, but something of Ben must live on. Don't destroy that. He was essentially a decent guy, caught up in something much too big for him."

"I know," she said sadly. "Ben was a fine accountant. He got mixed up with Steiner because he needed money. For me, Mr. Wilcox. He wanted me to have fine things. So he did as Steiner demanded, and when the showdown came, it was Ben who had to take the blame. He fixed the books for Steiner, did as he was told, and Steiner called him a crook when the tax people moved in."

That's Steiner's way of keeping out of jail," Wilcox said. "Ben knew the chances he took."

"All right." There was a note of anger in her voice. "I could have taken that, too. He gambled—and he lost because the game was fixed from the beginning. I realize now that Steiner was looking for a patsy and found him in my husband. But, as I said, Ben and I could take that."

"What then?" Wilcox asked.

"It was the way Steiner did it. He made Ben humble himself and beg and plead for mercy. Steiner could have saved him, and all he did was laugh at him. Once he slapped Ben, and dared him to fight back. Ben could have killed him, but he never tried, and Steiner knew he wouldn't."

"Doreen," Wilcox said, "get to the point. The cops may be a bit restless down there."

"Yes, I know. All right. What really hit us hardest was when I went to see Steiner. Ben didn't know I was going. I thought—and how silly the idea was—that Steiner might listen to a woman. He told me he'd consider the idea of getting Ben off for a certain price. Can you guess what it was?"

"With you?" Wilcox blurted.

"Do you think I should have felt complimented?" she asked. "Yes, he told me if I came to his apartment that night, he'd talk about letting Ben off the hook. I went. Like a stupid, ignorant woman—"

"Like a desperate and brave woman," Wilcox amended. "Go ahead."

"Nothing happened in that apartment, but I guess it looked bad for me, once Ben found out."

"I always wondered why your husband shot himself," Wilcox said.

"Steiner fixed it so Ben believed his lies about me. Ben's life was ruined anyway, and when he got the idea I'd betrayed him, too, he cracked, and shot himself. There it is, Mr. Wilcox, all out in the open. And now it's my turn. Find Steiner and bring him here, Mr. Wilcox. Not into this apartment, but in the park just across the street. It has a large, cleared area. I want him there so I can kill him."

"With the rifle?" Wilcox eyed the weapon.

"Yes. I can hit him. I've spent a good deal of time practicing."

Wilcox said, "I'm not going to waste time trying to dissuade you, Doreen. I doubt you could be. Just let me understand everything clearly. I bring Steiner there so I can kill him."

She nodded. "It's Steiner, or maybe thirty or forty people in this building. I'm making a good deal, Mr. Wilcox."

"What if Steiner won't play?"

"That's your responsibility, Mr. Wilcox. A fine way to repay a man who did so much for me, but I've no choice. And, I have to set a deadline. Steiner must be in that park before dusk."

"Maybe he's not in town."

"He's here. I made sure of that. Last night he strutted into half a dozen of the fanciest bars and restaurants in town. I followed him. It made me sick to see the way people fawn over him. The man's not fit to touch. He's had people killed—he hasn't the courage to do his own killing. He breaks men like matchsticks and women, too. He needs to be killed, Mr. Wilcox. I want the pleasure of doing it."

"Okay," Wilcox got up slowly. "You know what they'll do to you afterwards?"

"It doesn't matter. Nothing mattered after Ben shot himself, except to figure out how to make Steiner suffer. Please do as I say, Mr. Wilcox. Don't make me kill anyone except Steiner. I'd hate to do that, but I will."

"I'll convince the police," Wilcox said. "Just give me a break, too. Finding Steiner will be hard enough, but getting him here, after he finds out what he'll face—well, it could be very difficult."

"You've got to find a way to handle it," Doreen said. "Mr. Wilcox—will you leave me some cigarettes, please?"

He put a nearly full pack on the table. "If the phone rings," he said, as he copied down the number, "it'll be me. Whose apartment is this, anyway?"

"I don't know the owners. They're abroad. It's a lovely place. It's what Ben was trying to get for me. Please hurry, Mr. Wilcox."

"Sure," he said. "And remember this—whatever happens, I'm on your side."

She smiled and he thought she looked almost pretty at that moment. He went out quickly, rode to the lobby and told the people assembled there to go to their apartments.

"You're in no danger unless you try to leave," he said. "Just sit tight."

He got out before they could pelt him with questions. He went straight to where Captain Ryan stood beside the squad car. Wilcox gave him the story, without holding back a thing.

Ryan shook his head. "Nothing doing. We can't bring a man here to be murdered. Not even a rat like Lou Steiner. No deal, Wilcox."

Wilcox said, "I'll tell her, and maybe if we run like hell, we'll beat the explosion."

Ryan said, "She means it, huh?"

Do I have to get a signed statement, notarized?

Ryan shook his head. "I can't do it, Wilcox."

"You can't do anything else. Rush the place and she'll blow it. Take people out—and you might get some away—but if she sees you, she'll act. In the next fifteen minutes, there'll be a million people here. This story is going out over TV and radio. An awful lot of folks are going to get hurt."

Ryan nodded. "I'm only a precinct captain, Wilcox. For once in my life, I'm happy about that. The decisions are going to be made in higher echelons."

"No, they're not," Wilcox said. "I'm going after Steiner and bring him here. I want your word you'll let me have my way. I can't lose any time. She's set a deadline."

Ryan sighed. "I won't stop you."

Wilcox looked up at the windows and waved his hands in a signal that things were okay. Then he hurried away to where his car was parked.

He knew where Steiner lived. It was one of those very fancy, ultra-modern, sky-high-rental apartments facing the big park. He wagged his head solemnly as he regarded the place and came to a stop.

Wilcox left his car in front of a hydrant and a no-stopping sign, favoring neither. He stuck his press card up against the windshield so the car might be ticketed, but wouldn't be towed away.

In the lobby of the apartment house, he was stopped before he got fully through the revolving glass doors. A flunky in uniform stepped into his path.

Wilcox said, "I'm going to see Lou Steiner. You're not going to stop me, and neither is the whole staff of this joint or—Steiner's muscle boys. Because if you try it, this place will be so full of cops in three minutes, you'll be a month getting them from under the rugs. Is that clear?"

"I'll—have to—announce you," the doorman said, impressed.

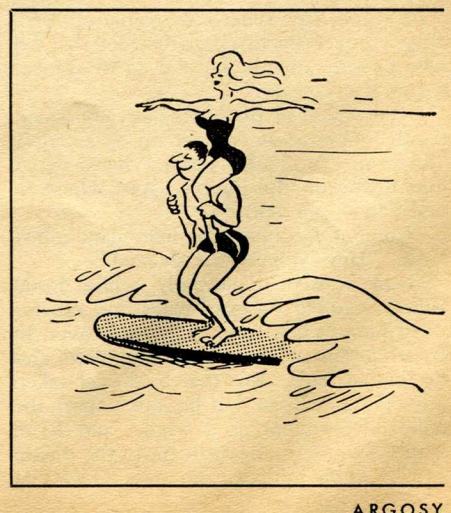
"You can blow bugles," Wilcox said. "Who cares?"

He got into an elevator and told the operator to take him to Steiner's floor. As the elevator doors closed, Wilcox saw the doorman running for the switchboard.

Steiner's was the penthouse, which surprised Wilcox not at all. When the doors slid back with an expensive-sounding hiss of air, two characters were waiting for him. They were neither plush-mannered nor coy. They were plain rough. Wilcox was slammed up against the wall and searched.

"Okay," one of the reception committee said. "What's the pitch?"

"Steiner," Wilcox said. "Now! Not a week from now, not an hour from now. Either Steiner sees me or he'll be on a



fast boat to China by tonight and he won't stop running until he's in the outermost parts of Tibet. Or maybe you and Lou don't listen to the radio or look at TV because you don't understand English."

Steiner came into the plush living room from a terrace as big as a yard. He wore a dark purple lounging robe with slippers to match, and a bright yellow scarf around his throat.

"Okay," he said, "so I heard the pitch. The dame's screwy."

"Sure she is," Wilcox said. "You made her that way, Lou, and you're going to do exactly as she says."

"For a guy who writes pretty good stuff," Steiner said, "you're off your rocker. I hate being shot at by nutty dames."

"I'm going to give it to you fast," Wilcox said. "I know the story and I'll print it.

Steiner nodded slowly. "The day after you do, they'll print your obituary."

"Maybe. Now here's what's going to happen, Lou. If you don't show, Doreen Bradley is going to shoot off an awful lot of nitro. A rough guess as to casualties may run as high as fifty. Fifty people killed—because you're too much of a yellow rat to co-operate."

"Beat it," Steiner said in a low, level voice. "I'm not committing suicide."

"So we'll suppose you don't show up. The newspapers will run your picture for days. The stories will all call you a coward. The world, Lou, likes a winner, even if he gets up there by crawling over bodies, as you did. But the world hates a coward. It detests a man who'll let others die to save his own lousy skin."

"So nobody'll like me." Steiner shrugged. "I'd rather have them hate me and be alive to know it, because I sure won't hear them cheer when I'm dead."

Suppose," Wilcox said, with an eye on Steiner's bodyguards, who were getting restive, "I tell you this will work out. That you can show up, be a big hero and never be in any danger at all."

Steiner's eyes flicked with interest. "I'll listen," he said.

"Doreen can't hit the side of a barn. She's got an old-fashioned rifle up there that a Marine Corps marksman couldn't shoot straight. She's seven floors up. You keep moving and her chances of scoring a hit are too small to be figured."

"Where'll you be all this time?" Steiner asked suspiciously.

"Right beside you. That'll prove how much I think of her threats or her ability to carry them out."

Steiner nodded. "Make a big hero of me, that's sure. I'd go for that." He turned away. "No. What am I thinking about? She might ram one home, just by sheer luck. Nothing doing."

Okay," Wilcox sighed. "I did my best. Stick around for pictures, will you, Lou? I can make the second afternoon edition. Of course, once it goes to press, you'll hardly be able to change your mind."

Steiner grabbed Wilcox by the arm, spun him around. "Okay, what'll the cops be doing? Maybe, if it's enough, and not as stupid as their usual stunts, I'll change my mind."

Wilcox said, "They've got the best sharpshooters on the force planted all over the area. If Doreen starts shooting at you, she has to put the rifle out the window. That means she'll have to show herself. When she does, twenty marksmen will open fire. That's all I've got to offer."

"I'll do it," Steiner said.

"Good," Wilcox said dryly. "You've been called a rat for years. Maybe they'll call you another name when this is over."

"Let's go," Steiner said.

"In a minute." Wilcox picked up the phone, dialed the number of the apartment where Doreen was under siege. "Doreen," he said, "I'm with Lou Steiner now. At his place. We're coming over. . . . Yes. Things are exactly as you want them."

He hung up, walked out of the room and let Steiner follow after he shed his purple gown and got dressed.

Wilcox was waiting in his car. He called to Steiner and, a moment later, they were rolling downtown.

Steiner puffed on a cigar as if it were a cigarette. One good scare and he'd run for his life. Wilcox said nothing.

"You'll make me look good?" he asked Wilcox. There was almost a whine in his voice.

"Nobody knows how rigged this whole thing is," he told Steiner. "People will think you're a big hero and I'll write nothing that says you aren't. Provided," he slid a glance at Steiner, "you act like a hero."

"The odds are all mine," Steiner said. "Every one's in my favor."

Wilcox had anticipated a crowd, but not the traffic jam or the milling thousands who showed up. He said to the cops, "We're not wasting time, gentlemen. You know what to do. Mr. Steiner has more nerve than I figured. He's going to face her and have it out. Ryan, give him a bull horn. Have the photographers ready. Okay, Steiner, let's go!"

Nobody tried to stop them. Ryan thrust the bull horn at Wilcox. The gate to the little park was open and they strode across the cleared area to stand fully exposed to the crowds and the photographers who sprouted from every spot within a reasonable distance that gave them some measure of safety. Flash guns were already popping, and Steiner seemed to thrive on them.

They reached a spot in the middle of the park area. Wilcox said, "It's all yours, Steiner. I'm walking away now."

Steiner gasped. "Hey! You told me you'd stick."

"Uh-uh, not me. My object was to get you down here. In about one minute, Steiner, you're going to be a dead man."

Steiner clawed at his arm. "But you said—you promised—"

Wilcox pointed at the apartment house. "There are a lot of people in there whose lives I'm interested in saving. If it takes lies and deception, that's fine with me. If it means sacrificing a punk like you, that's better yet. And Steiner—I forgot to tell you, the rifle is a brand-new Savage with telescopic lens. Oh, yes—Doreen's been preparing for this since Ben killed himself six months ago. She's a crack shot!"

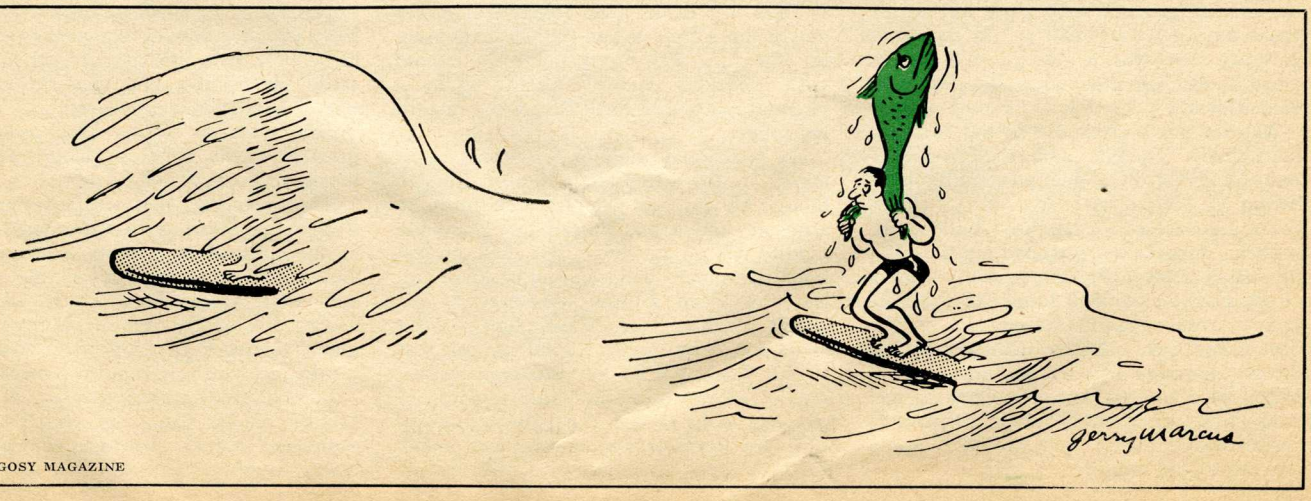
Steiner's face grew sallow and then ashen. "But you said—"

"I said anything. Oh, yes—the cops won't shoot when she does. They're afraid, if she's only wounded, she'll turn the gun on the nitro. So you're all by yourself, Steiner. You're a dirty stinking rat, finally backed up into a corner. Here—he thrust the bull horn into Steiner's hands—"you got one chance. Talk her out of it."

He looked up at the window where the speaker was. He caught the glint of the sun on metal. The rifle! Wilcox saw the panic sweep over Steiner's face.

Steiner's scream of anguish turned into a wail as Wilcox strode away from him.

Steiner yelled, "No! Please no, Doreen . . ." He remembered the bull horn, raised it to his mouth. "Doreen, I didn't mean what I did. Honest! I beg your pardon. Just don't shoot me! Please,



Doreen! I don't want to die! Don't shoot!"

He dropped to his knees. His voice wavered shrilly through the horn. "Have mercy, Doreen. I'll give you money. I'll make it all up. I'll sign papers saying Ben wasn't guilty. Telling the truth about you and me! I'll sign anything. I'll do anything. Doreen . . . please . . . please . . ."

He blinked as the flashbulbs flared up. Wilcox listened to his wild pleadings, his complete abjection, his crawling, loathsome cowardice. Then he walked toward the man and grasped the bull horn. Steiner clung to it wildly.

"No," he screamed. "I gotta talk. I gotta convince her. Don't take the horn away from me. I gotta explain!"

Wilcox slapped him. A humiliating slap that sent Steiner reeling back, and Wilcox had the horn. He raised it.

"Doreen. Okay now?"

Her voice came back, weak and tired. "Okay, Mr. Wilcox. Thank you."

Wilcox walked away. Steiner, uncomprehending, babbled like an idiot and began moving about the cleared space like a monkey in a cage. To his bewildered mind, Doreen's okay meant she was now ready to shoot. If he moved fast enough, maybe she wouldn't hit him. He looked around wildly.

"Cops," he screamed. "Cops, do something! Save me! Please save me!"

Nobody paid much attention, except the photographers.

Wilcox walked up to Ryan and handed him the bull horn. "I'll bring her down," he said.

"You knew all the time, didn't you, Wilcox?" Ryan asked.

"I took a long shot. I guessed, Captain. Two things convinced me. Doreen couldn't kill anyone or anything. And she set a deadline at dusk. She had to have light—for the pictures. All she wanted to do was humiliate Steiner so the whole world would know the truth about Ben. And get this—you go easy on Doreen. The sympathies of everyone will ride with her."

Ryan nodded. "Don't worry."

Wilcox crossed the street, entered the apartment house and rode to the right floor. The door was wide open. Doreen sat beside the table on which the rifle, automatic and the explosive rested.

"Ready?" Wilcox asked.

"Yes, I'm ready," she said. "It was lovely, wasn't it, Mr. Wilcox? Thousands of people know the truth about Ben now."

"Millions," Wilcox grinned. "Nobody in the country will miss the story. Ah—the container of nitro. It's real, isn't it?"

"It's real," she said. "If I'd used it, I'd have made sure everybody was clear first. I'm so tired, Mr. Wilcox. So tired."

"They'll give you a chance to rest," he said. "Nobody will ever get better treatment than you, Doreen. Let's go! I want to be in the pictures too, as your escort. I'm proud of that." • • •

Traitor for Kicks

Continued from page 25

stooge of the Soviet secret police. He never tired of explaining to the ambassador's daughter the hidden beauties of Communism. He never bothered to tell her of its horrors, hidden in the torture and execution cellars of the Lubianka Prison they passed almost daily in their strolls.

Maybe the strolls did it, or the red-faced, lopsided moon peeking from among the Kremlin onions. But when Martha returned to Berlin, she startled her American friends by the change she had undergone: she now sounded like the authentic voice of the Red Square.

As a singing Soviet spy would reveal thirteen years later, Martha hadn't been all talk. Regularly, she rifled her ambassador father's files and passed top-secret documents on to her Soviet boy friend for microfilming. It was a snap. She simply stole the key to the safe from her father while he was asleep. By dawn key and papers were back again.

Aside from being criminal, it was stupid. With the microfilmed proof of the pilferings in their hands, Soviet agents would be in a position to blackmail her forever.

In 1937 the Nazi capital was to lose her. One summer day she sailed away. Berlin's loss became New York's dubious gain.

She made Manhattan her headquarters. Except for endless rounds of parties, which established Martha as Gotham's leading dry-martini girl, she kept quite still during those days—spywise, that is. In espionage parlance, she was a "sleeper," a trusted agent to be activated when developments called for it.

Martha made good use of her Manhattan holiday. The poor ambassador's daughter snared herself a delightful millionaire, Alfred K. Stern. He was forty, eleven years her senior, a slightly built, soft-spoken, impeccably groomed man. After inheriting a large fortune from his Fargo, North Dakota, banking family in 1921, he had married Marion Rosenwald of the Sears Roebuck millions. Financially Al Stern's marriage was a smashing success. When he divorced Marion in 1937 he had many times his original fortune, thanks to shrewd investments in Chicago housing and other gold mines.

Up to the day Alfred met Martha he would have felt like a heel to vote anything but a straight Republican ticket. He was a man of the oak-panelled board of directors' rooms, fond of fine cigars, carefully aged brandies and hefty returns from his capital. When he married Martha at her family's home in Ashland, Virginia, he also got wedded to Mother Russia, whether he knew it or not.

The couple set up two homes—one at a choice location overlooking Central Park, and another on a baronial estate near Ridgefield, Connecticut.

Being Martha's husband broadened, even if it didn't better, the staid financier's outlook. He soon got a real kick out of mixing with Martha's boy and girl friends: highfalutin' bums, tipplers, America-haters, misfits cut off by their families—the whole kit and caboodle generously seasoned with belly-aching parlor pinks. Al took to them with the eagerness of a man who is afraid he's missed something in life.

He just as eagerly embraced his wife's Soviet views. He soon made noises like a commissar and his heart began beating for the international proletariat. Commie-front organizations found in him a juicy lemon, always good for another squeeze when the treasury threatened to dry up.

Then war came. The Soviet Union was one of the Allies. When the Germans were on the run, the Stern home resounded with delirious victory toasts, while a phonograph blared forth Red Army marching songs.

An occasional guest of the Sterns never joined in the celebration, Soviet Russian though he was. He would just slump in an armchair and drink himself into complete rigidity all on his own. He had professional reasons for not wanting to stand out. He was Vasili Zubilin, secretary to the Soviet Embassy in Washington. What made the bulge under his left armpit was a gun. Protected by his diplomatic cover, Zubilin ruthlessly manipulated several Soviet spy mobs in the U.S. His friendship with the Sterns was more than just social. He was sizing them up, trying to decide what use to make of them. The time to awaken the "sleeper" spies was near.

On December 23, 1943, toward the end of the snowy afternoon, Zubilin drove up, gun and all, at the Sterns' country estate outside Ridgefield, Connecticut. He had in tow a gnome of a man. Smiling and mysterious, he spoke a fractured English that would jar loose your molars. He was Boris Morros, a Russian who had been living in America since 1921, ex-musical director for Paramount, and a producer.

"We need a front for our future activities," Zubilin said, his eyes glittering in his pig face. "Mr. Morros and you, Mr. Stern, are going into business together."

The celebrity from Hollywood, it turned out, owned a recording company out on the coast. The size of it was such that it could not be seen with the naked eye. However, it would be a cinch to expand it by means of a dollar transfusion, with Stern doing the bleeding.

"Mr. Morros tells me a hundred and fifty thousand will be needed," Zubilin explained. "With that we can start recording operations and set up distribution offices on the Coast and in New York. They'll make perfect covers for my agents to meet and leave messages. When the war is over we'll open branches in Mexico and Europe."

Long live the revolution—but all the same, Stern approached Morros with the leery eye of a banker who sees every client as a bad risk. What sort of guarantee could Mr. Morros give that the company would be a financial success?

"Ha," Morros said. "I know all de greates' artists in Hollywood. All make music fer me eef I tell dem."

The dickering went on for several days. Eventually Stern agreed to sink $130,000 in the musical spy front. He was made vice-president in charge of the Eastern end, with offices high in the clouds at Thirty Rockefeller Plaza. Morros, president, returned to Hollywood where he would pick the tunes and the artists.

Before three months were up, the Boris Morros Music Company, as the Soviet espionage center was named, ran into heavy weather. The occasion was Stern's

first inspection trip to the Coast. When he saw how his money was being spent, he had a fit.

Morros' offices were the ultimate in splendor and extravagance. On the other hand, little had been spent on putting any music on platters. And what music!

"It's trash," stormed the Connecticut squire, pounding President Morros' expensive desk. "I won't let you spend my money on such tripe. Why don't you record some Russian tunes?"

"I look at dem book," Morros said, deadpan. "Vot do I see? Five thousand buck meesink. Vot happen to de mawney?"

The country squire's breeding went up in smoke. "Who are you to insinuate . . . you . . . you. . . ."

A wonderful row was had by all. When Stern finally explained the business of the mysteriously missing $5,000 it added up to this: the U.S. government had asked Zubilin to please scram back to Moscow for behavior unbecoming a diplomat. Stern had arranged for the farewell entertainment and a suitable gift for Mrs. Zubilin. Total cost: $5,000.

"It's a business expense," Stern argued. "The Morros Music Company owes its life to Comrade Zubilin's initiative. Therefore, if any courtesies are extended to him it's only right that the company foot the bill."

"Ha," Morros said. "I consider."

"So do I," Stern said sarcastically. "I'll ask my attorneys to take steps to dissolve the partnership and get my money back."

The job of mediating between the scrapping partners fell to a new figure on the espionage horizon. He was Jack Soble, a Russian-trained spy and a secret agent from away back. In 1941 the Soviet government had sent him to the U.S., which he entered disguised as a refugee. A "sleeper" for most of the past three years, he had been ordered into active service by the departing Zubilin. At their last secret meeting, held in two adjoining phone booths, Zubilin had warned Soble: the director—the big hatchet in Moscow is always "the director"—wishes the Morros Music Company to succeed. "It's your responsibility, Soble," Zubilin said and added ominously, "If things go wrong you probably will be recalled to Moscow."

An hour later, Soble phoned the Stern apartment.

"This is Sam," he said, giving the cover name under which the Sterns expected he would call. "I'll drop in at six." Not waiting for an answer, Soble hung up.

The Sterns were dying to meet their new superior. Al immediately canceled another appointment and Martha put on something with a plunging front. When the buzzer sounded at six she flew to the door.

Outside stood a tall, dark, beetle-browed stranger in his early forties.

"I'm Sam," he said quietly.

This was the start of a long, beautiful friendship. But right off the Sterns had to tell Soble they had no use whatever for the Boris Morros Publishing Company.

Martha said, "I just don't trust Morros."

"I'm worried about my investment," Al added.

Unable to shake the Sterns' aversion to the flamboyant Hollywood man, Soble decided on an inspection trip to the Coast. Upon his return he again phoned the Sterns. "This is Sam."

A meeting followed. Soble stated his findings. Aside from a certain extravagance, Boris Morros had made a good impression on him.

"But Boris distrusts you," Soble went on. "He also objects to the use of company funds for entertainment."

Stern bristled. "Morros is misrepresenting the facts."

"That son-of-a-bitch is no communist," Martha said huskily.

"You're both too hard on him," Soble said, "because you dislike him."

Soble had to bite into the sour apple and tell Moscow the recording company was a still birth. The Sterns and Morros were useful agents, but their personalities clashed. In view of this and the way the company was being run, Soble humbly advised the "director" to make arrangements for a new espionage cover.

Pending news from Moscow, Stern fretted and Morros did a smash business with "Chattanooga Choo-Choo" and other recorded hits.

Months went by, which caused Soble many gray hairs. Finally a courier known as "The Professor" arrived with the director's reply. Just one word: *"Likvidirovat"* —liquidate—in reference to the recording company, not himself, Soble happily acknowledged. Stern, too, was pleased with the decision. Now at last he would get his investment back from Morros. Soble ordered Morros to shut up shop and make the refund. But Morros had become too attached to his position. Besides, the records were doing better than ever.

"De company cun go on an' Stern can go into other business," Morros said, jutting out his chin.

Stern didn't feel like giving in, either. "I'm going to sue Morros till he's blue in the face," he threatened.

Soble had to impress on both parties that he was boss and to let them know that what he decided went.

Morros came through with $100,000, claiming losses. Stern accepted. He was out some $30,000, but what of it? To work for the Revolution demands sacrifices, and this was one of them.

In far-away Moscow, the director had his own feelings about the matter. As Soble explained to the Sterns over bone-dry martinis one evening in Connecticut: "The director is impressed with Morros for returning the hundred thousand. Such a man, he says, deserves to be trusted."

As a result, Morros would remain affiliated with the network, and later groomed for a position of importance. "You'd better try to get along with him," Soble admonished the Sterns.

Martha shrugged. "I'm afraid the director is wrong about Boris. He's never been and never will be a loyal communist. If we ever get into trouble, it will be his work." She tossed down the martini Al poured for her. "But don't get me wrong," she went on, with a glance at Soble. "I'll always obey orders from Moscow."

But no orders affecting the Sterns came through for months. As always Martha busied herself with a dozen commie front groups, mainly recruiting new members. But Al chafed under idleness.

One day Al complained to Soble. "I'm not doing enough. Can't something be done about it?"

"Because of your trouble with Morros our superiors seem to think you're hard to

The bride wore goggles

ON OCTOBER 26, 1912, an ungainly biplane swooped into a Michigan pasture like an overfed duck and promptly nosed over on its back. Its contents proved to be a teen-age couple who got married as soon as they regained consciousness.

This was the world's first aerial elopement.

Art Smith, the groom, happened to have one of the country's few flying machines because he had built it, with his own hands, at age 15. And his parents had mortgaged their home to finance him. Their pride helped carry him through years of failure to soaring success as a famous early stunt flyer.

But he didn't remain a barnstormer long. In 1917 his pioneering skill was needed to train our World War I pilots. Then came America's first air-mail service. And again, Art helped break the way—though it eventually cost him his life.

As American as Tom Swift, Art Smith was the farseeing and confident son of a country that has always produced far more than her share of sure-footed visionaries. That's a good thing to know, especially if you've been putting some money into this country's Savings Bonds.

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PUBLIC SERVICE ADVERTISING COUNCIL

get along with," Soble said. "I'll introduce you to 'The Professor.' The next step will be up to him."

The following day Soble brought 'The Professor' to the genteel surroundings of the Stern estate. He was the liaison between the Director in Moscow and Soviet embassy wirepullers in this country.

"What would you like to do?" he asked.

"What I know best. Operate a business enterprise which at the same time serves as a cover. Something like the Morros company without Morros."

The Professor liked Stern's vodka and, after close scrutiny, the eager Stern himself. Encouragingly he said, "Comrade Al may have something for you."

Al," it developed, was Anatole Gromov, one of the most dangerous spies ever to operate inside the walls of the Soviet embassy in Washington. When the U.S. government eventually asked Gromov to go home, the Kremlin rewarded him for his services, naming him chief of the American intelligence section in Moscow.

Gromov, The Professor revealed in awed whispers, just happened to be secretly in New York. Soble would have to talk to him about any future assignments for Stern. So the next step would be for Soble to meet Gromov.

Gromov told Soble there were big plans afoot. The target was the U.S. government. Even the White House was to be infiltrated by Soviet agents.

"You'll move to Washington and collect reports from them," Gromov informed him.

Headquarters for the spy ring would be a fashionable Washington haberdashery. Posing as customers, the agents could come and go, arousing a minimum of suspicion. For security reasons—to be sure the trail of money would never point toward Moscow—the funds for the purchase of the store must come from an American source.

"Get Stern to put up the money," Gromov said. Meet me in a week, same time and place. Have Stern's check for the amount with you."

Back in New York, Soble gave Stern the good news: he would soon be working for the motherland again. Stern was elated, but only until he heard he was expected to dish out $300,000.

"To do that would be against my best financial judgment," he said, sounding like a banker. "No haberdashery is worth that much."

Stern could not be swayed, hard as Soble tried. Finally it was arranged that Soble and Stern should meet Gromov in Washington.

Comrade Gromov treated the squire of Ridgefield almost with deference—nothing impresses commissars more than poise and wealth. Gromov was even able to see wisdom in Stern's refusal to buy the men's shop. If it was the wrong sort of business it couldn't be the right sort of cover.

"You are a very useful man to us," Gromov assured Stern before the cordial meeting adjourned. "We'll find the right spot for you sooner or later. Just don't get impatient."

By this time the cold war in Europe was heating up. While diplomats dickered, the secret services of a dozen countries staged their own, often bloody bouts.

The sinister behind-the-scenes events cast their shadows all the way into Stern's New York apartment. One late afternoon the Sterns had another phone call from Soble. Could he come up at once?

A short while later, Soble was talking to the couple about a sore subject: Boris Morros. In Moscow they thought the world of the little producer. Not just because of the reimbursed $100,000. Earlier, during the war, he had helped raise large sums for Russian war relief and shown himself as reliable and trustworthy. Then, too, he had reasons to be grateful to the Soviets. In 1941, they had permitted his aged father to leave Russia and join him in Hollywood. But what made Boris a particularly valuable asset was his being a movie producer, a front which can cover a multitude of travels, meetings and sins.

"Moscow has decided to shift Morros to Europe," Soble explained to the Sterns. "He will set up headquarters in Vienna, the hot test spot on the map. He will provide liaison between the big Soviet intelligence staffs there and our agents in Europe and America. You are going to have many contacts with him, and you must try to overcome your prejudices for the sake of the communist cause."

WAR FOR
THE WEATHER

Why are our winters getting tougher every year? Why are there more hurricanes, more floods, more snow? Can it be possible that the weather may become the Reds' new secret weapon in the coming struggle for mastery of the universe?

READ THE AUGUST ARGOSY
ON SALE JULY 17

Martha burst out laughing. "Don't mention Boris and communism in one breath. He's a fake. I only hope we won't be sorry he wasn't liquidated long ago."

"In all fairness," Al Stern said, "there's no proof Morros is doublecrossing us. But I definitely intend to keep away from him."

"That's no good," Soble said. "How would you like to set up a cover business in Mexico?"

"The idea appeals to me," Stern said.

Changing the subject, Martha reminded Soble of a significant date ahead. In just two weeks he would receive his American citizenship papers. How about a little celebration afterwards?

Soble's citizenship was duly toasted at the quiet party Martha gave. Being American would have one enormous advantage for Soble. Now having a U.S. passport he could travel abroad. Toasts were also drunk to the day of glory when red flags would fly from the capitols of the forty-eight states. As far as is known nobody at the party choked laughing.

A few days after that celebration, on July 14, 1947, to be exact, a certain roly-poly Hollywood producer left his Cadillac in a downtown Los Angeles parking lot and, frequently looking over his shoulder, made his way to the post office building. He took the elevator, getting off on the floor where the FBI offices were located.

The FBI agent in charge received him at once.

"I'm Boris Morros," the visitor said. "I come to tell you how communist agents try blackmail me for years an' sen' me to Yurrop."

Morros was to get the jolt of his life. As the federal agent's questions led him deeper into his story, he realized that little of it was news to the FBI.

They had been shadowing him for a long time. Though the exact significance of many of his moves and meetings had escaped them, the federal men had all along a good idea they were looking in on a Soviet plot.

Morros sadly went on to explain that in reprisal for his talking to the FBI, close relatives of his in Russia might get hurt. But things had come to a pass where he had no choice. He was scared, and fed up with the increasing demands Soviet agents were making on him. To move to Vienna, as he had been ordered, was the last thing any man in his right mind would want to do. The gay old city of waltzes was far from gay. Dead secret agents were being fished from the blue Danube daily.

But by the time all was settled, Boris would get a travel ticket to the dangerous city of the Third Man, after all. Following top-level conferences at the Department of Justice it was suggested to Morros that he continue playing ball with the Soviets while acting as a counterspy for the U.S.

Some of our best decisions are made when there is no alternative, which was the spot Morros was in. He shook hands with the Los Angeles FBI men.

"Eet veel be a honorr. Count me een as counterspy."

The immediate result was that all the Soviet agents Morros denounced were put under twenty-four hour surveillance. The purpose was to get a maximum of court evidence and trace all the fine ramifications of the network. Aside from that, a watched spy organization is always preferable to one that succeeds it, and you may not even suspect is operating.

The FBI men soon learned from their "special special agent," as they often referred to Morros, that Soble was going to use his American passport to move to Paris. The Soviets had given him $100,000 with which to establish a brush factory in France, a unique blind in the annals of espionage.

Morros also revealed that, as Soble had told him, Stern was now at last busy for the "motherland," setting up a housing development in Mexico City, as a cover and alibi for his frequent trips south of the border. The job had a future since, with the tightening of American security measures, the Mexican capital was emerging as the hub of Soviet espionage in the New World.

Early in 1948 Morros moved to Vienna, top hat, flashy convertible and all, and rapidly established himself as a Hollywood character in love with Vienna's wine, women and song.

Martha Stern's chance to break Morros —or rather deliver him to Moscow's murder cellars—came in January, 1950. One morning, her eyes caught an item in the New York *Times*. The headline read: *Morros to Moscow in Movie Deal.*

The item said Morros was going to Russia on invitation of the Soviet government. The purpose of the trip was the screening of his old Hollywood movies, which the Soviets considered buying. This was hailed by the paper as a parting of the Iron Curtain, since until then the Kremlin had barred Hollywood productions.

Martha's busy mind quickly figured out that the movie deal was merely an alibi intended to pull the wool over the eyes of the FBI. Morros, was, of course, in Moscow on an espionage errand. This was the long-awaited moment to slip a banana peel under him and watch him skid.

Martha typed up a brief note in which she charged Morros with being a bogus Red. Martha stressed that because of his lack of any firm conviction he was a menace to the network, as he would undoubtedly desert at the first sign of trouble.

She saw to it that a courier took the letter to Moscow in time to do Morros no good. On his arrival, a few days before, Soviet motion picture dignitaries had rolled out the red carpet, and the newspaper *Pravda* hailed him as a symbol of friendship and co-operation. And now, suddenly, silence. The mysterious Kremlin walls had swallowed up little Boris. At this point Martha had every right to indulge in hopeful and horrible thoughts. But after three weeks the silence exploded with a bang and a flash. Morros, the New York evening papers said, had arrived in Los Angeles. He told newsmen at the airport that he had sold all his movie flops to the Russians. Obviously his thumbs had not been crushed in Moscow, nor had starvation shrunk his figure. All in one piece, he was his old, bouncy self.

It was to be seven long years before details leaked out how Morros had managed to slip away from that very close shave in Moscow. One morning he had been in conference with Lavrenti Beria, chief of the Soviet terror and espionage apparatus, when a secretary placed a message on the big shot's desk: Martha's sweet note.

The roof fell in. Morros was put on the grill for days on end. Not only did he have to defend himself against Martha's accusations, but also against every bit of incriminating gossip in the secret police files on him. For example, the charge he had become so "Americanized" after thirty years in the U.S. that he barely remembered his "mother tongue"—Russian. Morros was able to convince his interrogators—in Russian—that he was a master of fractured speech in no less than eight languages, and why should anybody hold that against him?

Another matter the secret police bullies brought up were his relations with the Sterns. What was the idea of "mistreating" those trusted and faithful agents? Morros blamed it all on Martha. Way back he had met her in Hollywood when she was trying to write a movie story. Ardent as Martha was, she would pepper him with messages, corner him at parties and chase him around his office desk.

WHAT'S NEW IN MUSIC

by ARTHUR J. SASSO

Don Elliott, a young, multi-talented musician of impressive proportions has been described as musicdom's "utility infielder who reeks with versality". Although he is best known in certain jazz cubicles for his proficiency on trumpet, mellophone, and vibes, he is also an award-winning, first-stringer on piano, valve trombone, tuba, baritone horn, bongos, and accordion, and when he isn't puffing, plucking or key-tapping, he sings.

Whatever he chooses to play depends largely on the environment he finds himself in. For a TV show, Elliott is a middle-of-the-roader who blends pop and uses jazz as a chaser. When he cuts a session, he leaves the commercial props outside the door and keeps things cool inside. On mellophone, he is subdued and cottony. On trumpet, he plays with a soft, low, fuzzy tone that's punctuated at times with Eldridge-like squeals. The vibes can gallop or are gaited to a slow, well-rounded mellowness. The drums, piano and accordion are used more for show than musical inventiveness.

For Don Elliott (real surname: Helfman) 32, such bulging versatility is largely inherited. The son of a Somerville, New Jersey pianist-arranger, he started fingering the keys at four. After his father's death, when Don was seven, he decided to mold a career in music. At eight, he was taking accordion lessons, at 13 he stylized on an almost-bigger-than-he baritone horn to play in his high school band. The trumpet was a self-taught talent as was the mellophone which calls for a similar fingering system.

He came upon the vibraphone one way when he met a musician who had two of the instruments, one of which he wanted to trade for a trumpet. Don obliged with one of his horns and the deal was made. By this time, Elliott was up to his lips in instruments and was more than aware that he had a flair for music. After an extended engagement as a tail gunner in the Air Corps, he enrolled in the University of Miami where he studied theory and harmony. One of his extra-curricular activities here was to write arrangements for an upcoming vocal group called Hi, Lo, Jack and the Dame. He later joined the group in 1949 as a vocalist and was launched on his professional career.

For a short time, he also backstopped Lena Horne at the Copacabana in New York. On July 4, 1950, he joined talents with George Shearing as a vibist and toured with him for a year and a half. After he left Shearing, he returned to New York for a year during which time he entered into nightly "battles of the vibes" with a cool hammer man by the name of Terry Gibbs at Birdland. Later he played mellophone and trumpet with Benny Goodman's sextet and then left to form his own quartet.

Elliott has an impressive number of LP's on the market and has the reputation among sidemen of "having been on more record labels than Erroll Garner". He also comes in for some good-natured kidding about his varied talents. Benny Goodman observed one time that, "Elliott can easily play 30 instruments. But big bands aren't quite making it these days."

Does Elliott want to take on any more instruments? "I was thinking that maybe I could take up the flute or tenor sax. I always wanted to play those two things. But maybe I play more than enough instruments as it is," he says, savoring the understatement.

NEW RELEASES:

JAZZ:

Don Elliott's newest LP is packaged in DECCA's Series J-9200, a special project called "MOOD JAZZ FOR HI-FI". Elliott's contribution is labeled "The Mello Sound" and features him on mellophone, trumpet, vibes together with his choir, 6 voices and Hal McKusick (clarinet, flute, alto, tenor), Bill Evans (piano), Ernie Furtado (bass), Paul Motian (drums), Barry Galbraith (guitar), and Janel Putnam (harp). This is sensitive, furry stuff that you can comfortably call "soft-spoken jazz". It's one of the most beautifully unobtrusive rounds of wax that Elliott ever put an instrument to.

The rest of Elliott's cover compatriots in this 9 LP entry follow-through in much of the same mood-filled vein: Barry Galbraith—"Guitar and The Wind", Bernard Peiffer —"Piano A La Mood", Johnny Pisano and Billy Bean—"Makin' It", Earl Grant—"Midnight Earl"—Jean "Toots" Thielemans—"Time Out For Toots", Ralph Burns—"Very Warm For Jazz", Fred Katz—"Soul o Cello", and Ellis Larkins—"The Soft Touch".

Totally, you have a package here that has a bit of jazz that will interest you no matter what school you belong to.

POPULAR:

"Jump For Joy" . . . Peggy Lee with Nelson Riddle's Music . . . Capitol . . . Relaxed swingers and a relaxed singer in the person of Peggy Lee combine to project an entertaining session long on talent. Miss Lee's colorful delivery is made even brighter under the orchestrated brush-strokes of Nelson Riddle. . . . "What A Little Moonlight Can Do", "Jump For Joy" and "When My Sugar Walks Down The Street" are the best. • •

"She never forgives a man for rebuffing her," Morros summed up the situation.

The interrogators had not been able to catch him in any contradictions. Nor did his record in any way indicate disloyalty to the "motherland." As far as Martha's motives for turning him in went, his explanation made sense. In the secret police files she was described as "particularly useful" for being so aggressive in the battle of the sexes.

At last Boris' tormentors relented. Big shots came around, all smiles, slapped him on the back and invited him to a farewell blowout, their last chance to trap him. But after each man-shattering vodka, Morros downed a cup of soupy, Turkish-type coffee with a lemon peel in it. When spending a weekend as this writer's guest at a Long Island beach last fall, Morros insisted that this coffee had saved him.

For four more years after Morros' grim and grotesque escape, the Soble network continued its operations undisturbed—though everyone of their steps was watched by the FBI. For security reasons, details still can't be told. However, it can be said that the FBI strategy of waiting paid off nicely. Additional ramifications of the network kept coming into focus while, thanks to Morros, a stream of information kept the FBI in touch with some of the most closely guarded intelligence secrets in Moscow.

This happy state of things could have continued indefinitely but for the fact that the late Senator Joseph McCarthy had run out of people to investigate. One of his undercover men, rifling confidential government files, found out about that Red-minded couple, the Sterns. The Senator promptly announced he would give them the investigative works.

This threatened to destroy, with one stroke, the nets the FBI had carefully spread after many years of painstaking efforts. Not only might the Russian network fold to make room for a new one which would take years to uncover; but many of the big and small shots might scamper off in all directions or, like Soble, simply stay abroad, safe from prosecution.

The Sterns were among those who swiftly packed up and left. They permanently settled in Mexico City where they were enthusiastically welcomed by other American commies and expatriates, and a whole coterie of ex-Hollywood writers, fifth columnists and spies.

The Sterns blessed the Senator for the tip-off, but rightly or wrongly cursed Morros. Their suspicions were stronger than ever that Morros, their enemy from the days of the Music Company, was informing on them.

"I said it years ago, if we ever get into trouble it will be Boris' fault," Martha reminded Red friends over cocktails.

"But I'll get him. The old fogies in Moscow who trust and support him are being liquidated. I'll see to it that the new people pay closer attention to him."

But Martha's campaign still didn't get off the ground. After the McCarthy leak, Moscow expected other members of the spy web to be exposed or arrested. But nothing of the sort happened. Little by little, agents temporarily lying low were activated again just to see if the FBI would sweep them up. Finally even Soble made the trip from Paris to New York and back, without being molested. This was taken by Moscow as a definite sign that all was well. The proposed Senate investigation must have been based only on general suspicions regarding the Sterns.

Morros' position as a Soviet agent steadily increased in importance. His big day came when Soble's passport expired. After five years abroad Soble either had to return to the U.S. or risk loss of his precious American citizenship. Moscow ordered him back to New York and Morros took over as head of the network. Her old foe's promotion gave Martha an additional incentive to tell Moscow what a treacherous, double-crossing capitalist stooge he was, but still her cries, ascribed by Moscow to vindictiveness, went unanswered.

Martha bided her time. By the time 1957 rolled around, the entire top personnel of the secret police had changed. Hundreds of old-timers had been executed. The big chief, Lavrenti Beria, his six deputies, and everyone of the seventy-odd directors, including Morros' longtime superiors, Generals Petrov and Korotkov, all passed away with their boots on.

General Ivan Serov, the new head of the secret police and espionage apparatus, was a practiced super-purger and no-nonsense operator. In the course of a personnel check, Morros' case came to his attention. All the bits of unfavorable information which had accumulated in Morros' file over the years set Serov brooding. He dictated a memo. As a result a death trap was set for Morros in Vienna on January twentieth.

On January nineteenth, Morros woke up in a Munich hotel. That day he was to continue his trip to Vienna to keep an appointment with Soviet agents next afternoon. Just as he finished shaving, a bell boy came up with a telegram.

The message consisted of a single word: *Cinerama.*

Morros turned white. He dressed hurriedly, tossed his things pell-mell into a suitcase and checked out by a side door. Two hours later he was in the air, bound for New York. Cinerama was FBI code for: *Your life is in gravest danger. Return to the U.S. at once.*

How the FBI learned of the death plot against Morros is their secret. Having pulled out their "special-special" agent they had to follow up with quick arrests of the other members of the ring. It couldn't be helped that the timing was all wrong. Only Soble, his wife and his latest assistant Jacob Albam, were within reach. A couple of atom spies from New Mexico were in Vienna, and the Sterns in Mexico. Some Soviet agents attached to the Soviet embassy had blown the country, apparently as a result of the Serov order.

Of foreign countries involved, only Mexico was willing to discuss extradition. Stern knew it and wasted no time. Selling his properties and investments on this side of the Atlantic, he transferred the funds to a bank in Switzerland where his account is designated only by a number.

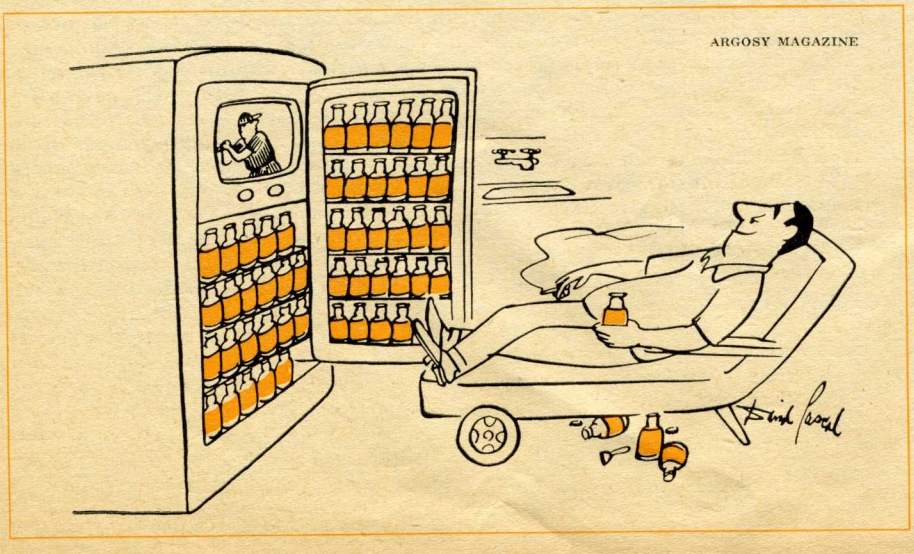
He had saved his money none too soon. A federal grand jury in New York subpoenaed both him and his wife. Surprisingly, the Sterns let it be known that they were willing to appear in New York and anxious to prove their full innocence. They accepted witness and travel fees in the amount of $976.34—a steal. The Sterns never went to New York and had probably never intended to. At the time, they were busily trying to solve the problem of how to beg, borrow or fake a passport.

Their need to leave Mexico became desperate when on July 1, 1957, a New York grand jury returned a three-count espionage indictment, charging the Sterns with transmitting secret defense data to the Soviets; collecting information for transmission to the Soviets; and failing to register as foreign agents. The first count carried a possible death penalty.

On July 20, the Sterns were suddenly missing from their Mexican haunts. Their trail showed up in Montreal, Amsterdam, and Prague. They had traveled on Dutch planes most of the way, exhibiting a Paraguayan passport in the name of Camilla.

Naturally enough, after leaving Prague the Camillas turned up in Moscow. Standing in the glare of Red limelights, Al let out a tired blast: the espionage charges were based on lies; the U.S. was in the grip of hysteria; and even though he was now a citizen of Paraguay, he felt sincerely sorry for the American people.

Good riddance, Señor. And as long as your heart bleeds for us, there's one last thing you could do, being a well-fixed Communist: cough up the $976.34 grand jury fee you pirated. The money, don't forget, belongs to the American taxpayer. •



bers are not enrolled, but a group of not less than eight men may affiliate with the association. First the group must apply to the association commander for permission to participate in a National Skirmish as a probationary organization. A photograph of the group and a photograph or accurate description of the uniform the group intends to use must accompany the application. The probationary group must then take part in a Skirmish and make evident that it has complied with all the rules of the organization.

Requirements are few. The individual must be male, aged fifteen or over, a United States citizen, he must not have been convicted of a felony, and must not be a member of any organization or group having as its purpose or one of its purposes the overthrow by force or violence of the government of the United States or any of its political subdivisions.

Each member organization may set its own standards of membership, bylaws, and outside activities, provided all requirements of the North-South Skirmish Association's constitution and bylaws are fulfilled.

A member organization may adopt a name or regimental designation that conforms with the theme of the Civil War. The uniform must be of regulation style worn or used either by the United States or the Confederate States during the Civil War—Regulars, State Troops, or Militia.

Last year at the 15th Semi-Annual Skirmish, in Fort Dix, New Jersey, during Armed Forces weekend, over 300 men took part in a display of the use and capabilities of Civil War firearms. And an estimated 1500 spectators enjoyed the noisy, smoky, and colorful spectacle.

In line with the dominant idea of the organization, team and company shooting matches are emphasized and are the important events of a Skirmish. A National Skirmish usually consists of two days of competition. During the first day of firing, individual matches are held. They are considered by many of the contestants as merely a warm-up for the team matches held on the second day.

Guns used by the Skirmishers are diversified, and type and use of them is governed by Skirmish rules.

During the American Civil War, from 1861 to 1865, practically every kind of small arm found in the country was put to use by one side or the other. In some instances flintlocks that had been in storage for a quarter of a century or more were dug out for service, and a great many were modernized by conversion to cap lock.

Inventors really burned the midnight oil. In a very short time more entirely new models of military arms were developed and promoted than had been put into production during the entire existence of our country up to that time. The majority of the new models were revolving types of repeating handgun and single-shot breech loading carbines. But thousands and thousands of standard infantry arms such as single-shot muzzle-loading rifles and rifle muskets were manufactured—all following a general pattern. Records indicate that more than 643,000 Springfield type rifle muskets of .58-caliber were produced by outside contractors between 1861 and 1865.

This adds up to the fact that the North-South Skirmishers employ quite a variety of guns in their fun shooting. Rules of the organization group small arms of the Civil War period into seven divisions.

The *MUSKET* is any muzzle-loading shoulder arm issued as a musket and having a smooth bore barrel exceeding 36 inches in length.

The *MUSKETOON* is any muzzle-loading shoulder arm issued as a musketoon, and having a smooth bore barrel of approximately twenty-five inches in length.

SNAKE In the Grass

YOU may not be a snake-lover, and it's a pretty remote possibility that you'll ever claim one as a pet. Yet, if you should find yourself face to face with one some day, this information may be helpful. Besides, snake facts make interesting reading. For instance, how many of the following can you answer?

1. Why is the cobra more dangerous than the rattlesnake?

2. In equal amounts, which venom is more deadly, the rattlesnake's or the cobra's?

3. At what part of the body does the African spitting cobra seem to aim its venom?

4. Before a snake strikes, is it essential that his body be coiled?

5. Is it fact that the total number of rattles on a rattlesnake indicate its age?

6. Do mother snakes swallow their young?

7. Do snakes hatch eggs, or are their offspring live-born?

8. Do snakes hibernate?

Answers on page 90

The *RIFLE* is any breech- or muzzle-loading shoulder arm issued as a rifle having a rifled bore and a barrel length of approximately 33 inches. The specified 33 inch barrel eliminates such breech-loading self-contained cartridge arms as the Henry and the Spencer. The Henry is the forerunner of the famous Winchester lever action rifles and carbines.

The *RIFLE-MUSKET* is any muzzle-loading shoulder arm issued as a rifle-musket having a rifled bore and a barrel length of approximately 40 inches.

The *CARBINE* is any muzzle-loading shoulder arm issued as a carbine having a smooth or rifled bore and a barrel length of approximately 25 inches. Carbine ammunition must be externally-primed. This eliminates the Henry and Spencer from this classification; they take self-contained cartridges.

The *FREE MILITARY* classification includes any military shoulder arm (remember, of the period) using any ignition system, loading method, or ammunition.

The *REVOLVER* is any percussion revolver issued to military forces or of similar pattern, and they must be fired as issued without modification of sights or other changes.

These classes of arms are permitted in matches and are grouped and described to avoid any misunderstanding as to what guns may be used in a specific event.

Small arms firing in the company events is all done with rifles or rifle muskets (sometimes called rifled muskets). The Model 1861, which was the principal infantry arm of the Civil War, and the Model 1863 —a similar weapon with but minor changes —are the most often used. Fifty years ago these long guns were a drug on the market at about $2.50 each. By 1930 the going price was up to from $7.50 to $10. Now a shooter is lucky if he can get a really good one for $50.00. Collectors and shooters have just about depleted the supply of Civil War guns.

According to Civil War regulations the powder charge for the Models 1855, 1861, and 1963 rifle muskets is 60 grains of FFg black powder behind the famous Minie ball—a .58-caliber, 500-grain conical bullet with hollow base. The bullet is of such size that it can easily be seated in the barrel from the muzzle. When the gun is fired, gas pressure expands the hollow base to fit the rifling and spin the bullet for accuracy in flight. Today charges for these arms vary among North-South Skirmishers. Some of the fellows load as much as 85 grains and others as low as 50 grains for the purpose of fitting trajectory to the sights or in an effort to have a comfortable reduced load to lessen the effect of recoil from 60 to 80 rounds fired during the three-hour company matches.

These guns, in fact all small arms made up until about 1890, were designed for use with black powder, and naturally that is the only kind of powder that safely may be used in antique arms. Black powder requires more careful handling than smokeless powder. It ignites readily and burns rapidly when unconfined. So, as a safety measure, shooters in company matches are required to charge their arms by use of prepared cartridges, usually consisting of nothing more than a bullet and powder

charge in a plastic or cardboard container. When at the firing line, the competitor opens the cartridge, pours the powder charge into the barrel muzzle and firmly seats the bullet on top of it by use of the ramrod. Then with the hammer raised at half cock, a musket cap is placed on the nipple of the piece and the arm is loaded ready for firing.

The team contests of a North-South Skirmish are equally exciting for the shooters and the spectators. A typical program consists of half a dozen events.

In the Clay Pigeon Match each team is assigned a large fiberboard with 16 clay targets, such as those used in skeet shooting, mounted on it in rows of four and spaced no closer than one pigeon diameter. Firing is from a distance of fifty yards. The winning team is the one that first breaks all of its targets.

The Silhouette Match consists of volley firing on half size silhouette targets at 100 yards range. Hits on the targets are counted and the team with the highest score wins.

Each team in the Stake Cutting Event fires at a horizontal mark on the broad side of a two-inch by six-inch pine plank at 50 yards. The stakes are six feet long and an end of each is buried in the ground as a means of support. At the command to fire, each team blazes away at the mark on its stake and fires until the stake of one team is cut in half by the bullets.

Of course, there were no beer cans in the days of the Civil War, but the Beer Can Event takes some real sharpshooting, especially if the wind is perking up a bit. The range is 50 yards and each team shoots on a target consisting of ten water-filled beer cans suspended by string from a two-by-four crosspiece. Contestants load and fire until all ten beer cans of one team's target have been hit. When one of the big slugs smacks into a can, the string breaks, water explodes in all directions and the mangled can falls to the ground.

One of the most nerve-racking events, especially for the black powder shooters, is called the M1 Match. Two Army riflemen, armed with M1 rifles, shoot against a team of eight Northern riflemen, and two Army riflemen against a team of eight Southern riflemen. The targets are exactly the same as those used in the Clay Pigeon Match. The idea is to show the firepower of weapons that were developed a century apart. Actually, this match is fairly even. The muzzle-loading riflemen fire at the rate of about three shots each per minute, while a marksman firing the M1 rifle can get off about twelve shots per minute.

The most spectacular event of a North-South Skirmish is the Artillery Match. As in the other events, authenticity in handling the guns is of paramount importance. The weapons must be actual or reasonable scale reproductions of Civil War artillery pieces. In firing, one quarter of a regular black-powder charge is used behind a homemade projectile. Of all things, the projectile is a beer can filled with cement.

As I said before, the individual matches are considered to be preliminary to the spectacular team events. Shooters are not required to be in uniform and the series of matches are managed on a less formal basis. Here, the percussion revolver enthusiasts, and the carbine fans have a chance to display their skill in keen competition. Incidentally, this is the only national shooting competition where Civil War carbines are fired. And there are quite a number of different models that may be used.

During the Civil War favorite outside-primed carbines were the Sharps, Burnside, Smith, and Starr. Now the Burnside is practically eliminated as a shooting gun because it used a peculiarly formed brass cartridge exploded through a perforation in its base by an outside percussion cap on a cone in the breech block. The other carbines are loaded easily with homemade paper, linen, or cellophane cartridges.

Rifle and rifle musket events are probably the most popular among the individual matches because they are used in the team events.

The North-South Skirmish is a great show—and it may be said that the South has risen again, this time strictly for fun shooting! • • •

The Man From Tarshish

Continued from page 23

short one's mouth to see her teeth and she tried to bite me. Abner was looking them over speculatively. "You thinking what I'm thinking?" I asked.

He grinned. At last we had something to sell when we got to Marseilles.

"Take it off," I said, pointing at the tall girl's dress. She ignored me.

I tried again in trading pidgin. Still she ignored me. I reached out with the tip of my sword to raise the dress.

"My father is rich," she said suddenly. "He will pay if you return us unharmed."

I let the skirt drop and looked at her. "What do you mean, unharmed?"

"My sister and I are virgins."

"What's that word?"

She explained.

I scratched my head. Some of these foreign customs are too much for me. I wondered how I'd ever been conned into this screwy expedition. But, of course, I had my uncle to thank for that. It all started back in his office.

Uncle Hiram was a small man with a beard like a date cluster, and dark even for a Phoenician. "Whatever got into you to pay a price like that?" he'd screeched, pounding on the desk until a tablet cracked in half.

"Look uncle," I said. "I'm all for keeping the natives unspoiled, but when sacred ancestors started trading they picked it up anywhere. Now they have to dig halfway to Sheol."

"All right! But how do I make bronze without tin?" Then suddenly he relaxed. "I'm sorry, Hanno. It's just that lately everything's gone wrong. The Board of Trade's meeting tonight at the palace."

I raised my eyebrows. "Top level?"

"Who wants to be king of a ghost town?"

"Well"—I got up to leave—"you tell me tomorrow what went on at the meeting."

"You're going, too."

"Oh, no, I'm not! It's been two years since I've seen white bread or a fresh grape, two years since I've laid eyes on a woman whose skin wasn't whiter than a halibut's belly. Tonight I'm going out to remind myself that I'm a member of a civilized race."

"Like Sheol you are!" Uncle Hiram screamed. "You're going to that meeting!"

The palace was the biggest building in Tarshish and dated from Cretan times when even civilized people still worked flint. The inward-leaning walls were single rock slabs that stretched a full twenty cubits to the roof. Stone lintels spanned the thirty forearms from wall to wall without a single supporting column. The raincloths were pulled back and summer stars looked down with a brilliance seen only in Southern Spain. Torches flickered along the sloping walls.

The king walked in, flanked by his scribe and a half-dozen hatchet men. He fussed impatiently with his bronze dagger while we bowed and scraped through the oath of allegiance, then began without preamble:

"Gentlemen, it's not a question of prestige or honor. We're fighting for survival. Hiram the Tyrian advises me that his nephew has just returned from the tin islands and reports seeing it in two new places. Hanno, would you care to make your report now?"

I cleared my throat and glanced at the audience. They seemed as surprised as I was. "The voyage was moderately profitable," I began. "Hot along the south coast. I had to buy twelve head of oarsmen before we crossed the Bay of Biscay."

"How much?" the king asked.

"Two crocks of beer, sir." I thought Uncle Hiram's eyes would fall out and roll across the flagstones, but he closed his mouth without saying anything. "Prices are up," I added. "We had to kill two or three wild men on the French coast before the women could come down to trade. Got eight talents of amber, all told. Then we crossed the channel and started buying tin. It's not too plentiful and the price is high. I finished out the cargo with wool and barley."

The king looked at me closely. "You were careful, I presume."

"Sir," I said stiffly, "I wouldn't give out classified information."

The king stopped trimming his fingernails with the dagger and smiled. "No, Hanno, I'm sure you wouldn't, but things have gone very lax lately. Why, one trader ran off a batch without invoking the gods!"

A bit of a scare shot through me. "Did the natives get wind of it?" I asked.

My Uncle Hiram had worked his way up to the daïs. "We did our best to hush it up," he said, "but the gods know what might happen if the natives ever learn you can have the visions and go through the happiness without a priest."

"Can you, just by drinking the stuff?"

The king looked at me strangely. "You'd better talk it over with a priest," he said.

"Well, no gook's ever going to learn how to malt barley from me," I said stoutly. "As far as I'm concerned, beer's the gift of

the gods, and the gods are our property."

"Spoken like a true Phoenician," the king said wanly. "But I'm afraid it'll take more than the beer gods to keep Tarshish from going under."

I looked at him.

"Yes," he said. "And now you've found it in two new places. What did you do when the natives refused to trade?"

"Why, I gave them the standard sales talk, sir, the one that goes, 'Look, this new metal rots when water touches it. Bronze doesn't.' Then I took an axe and chopped one of theirs in two with it."

Then why don't they buy?" Uncle Hiram wailed.

"Price," I sighed. "Iron is too soft to hold an edge, but it's ten times cheaper than we'll ever be able to sell bronze. I sold a crock of beer at the mouth of the next river but I think they've found another way to the gods, too. They kept talking about vine or wine."

"Where's all this iron coming from?" a captain shouted.

"These gooks got it from the Greeks."

"Greeks!" the king interrupted. "What're those hayseeds doing in the Atlantic? Why, the last I heard, one got lost in the Aegean and it took him ten years to find his way back to Ithaca."

"They've started a colony on the north shore of the inland sea," I said.

"Then how are they getting up in the English Channel and clear up into the Baltic?"

"Overland, I guess. Rafting down the Garonne, maybe even the Rhine."

"I see," the king said. "You know a lot about Greeks, don't you, Hanno?"

I began to get a little suspicious. "Well, my father bought me a couple when I was a kid."

"And he speaks the language perfectly," Uncle Hiram volunteered.

And then I saw the trap. "I won't," I said.

"Won't what?" the king asked innocently.

"Whatever crooked deal my Uncle Hiram's cooked up. I haven't even spent one night ashore yet, and already you want to send me out spying on the ironmongers—"

"You're a trader, aren't you?" the king asked gently.

"Yes, sir," I agreed wearily. "I'm a trader."

"Then go trade."

"But with what? What've we got that they haven't?"

"Well," Uncle Hiram said pensively, "they're a new people. For sheer energy, I suppose they've got us beat forty ways from Sabbath. But there's one thing an old civilization can give a new one."

I waited.

"Luxury goods," my uncle said. "Ever see a woman that didn't want a mirror? Or a nice bronze hairpin? Ever see one of these savage big wheels that wouldn't give his eyeteeth for a jewelled dagger?"

"Uh-huh. How soon can you get me a load together?"

"How soon can you have your bottom tallowed?"

"I'll have to get my crew together."

"Did you turn them all loose?"

"Sure."

"How about those new oarsmen that you bought up north from the islands?"

I laughed. "You couldn't drive them away."

Uncle Hiram raised his eyebrows.

"The gook priests were all set for a barbecue when I came along."

Uncle Hiram clucked sadly. "To think that such things go on in our day and age. Our beer gods may not be as efficient, but at least they don't have a taste for human flesh."

By morning I'd rounded up seventy-two rowers. My oarmaster had lost one eye. Some of the others were a bit worse for wear. It was a week before we had the rigging in shape and the oar frames repaired. Eight more men came back. I'd've had to buy more, only a couple of hungry-looking freedmen came along and gave themselves to me.

The *Ishtar* was almost ten years old, but she still made a fine picture as we slipped down the Guadalquivir on the morning tide, her oars flashing in the sun and sixty men putting their backs into it. Her long, low bowsprit trembled and thrummed as the lashings from the extending keel swished down the muddy old river. Abner, my oarmaster, had a brand-new patch over his left eye and looked even meaner than usual. We passed by the still smoking beacon and, as a clumsy old trireme with a load of copper from Cyprus labored upriver, Abner raised the beat to twelve. Oarsmen cursed and broke wind, then the bow broke clear of the water and the thrumming stopped.

The wind was dead ahead. Abner slowed the beat until I was working harder than the men amidships just to keep the *Ishtar's* heading. Just as I was about to shoot a landing the wind dropped. Abner sprang atop his sounding board and held his hand palm down, with the fingers spread.

The linen bellied and its faded purple phoenix's wings flapped realistically for a moment, then the breeze settled down. "Ship oars," I yelled and there was a sigh of relief. Leaning on my steering oar, I tried to outguess the gods. The *Ishtar's* narrow bow was digging in and the thrumming of keel lashings grew louder. "All hands shift cargo sternwards!" There was another sigh.

With cargo shifted, the *Ishtar* hissed along at full speed all afternoon. It felt so good to have wind and no lee shore that I began thinking dangerous thoughts. When the moon came up bright and clear I decided. "We're going to sail all night!"

Abner looked to see if I was kidding, then gulped and asked, "What about the underwater people?"

I started wishing I hadn't shot off my mouth but it was too late to back down. "Ever see one?" I asked.

"Gods forbid!" Abner muttered.

The oarsmen stared but said nothing.

"Maybe they don't live in this part of the ocean," I said hopefully. "Keep your axes handy, and if any hands come reaching over that gunwale lop 'em off!"

The *Ishtar* practically sailed herself for the first six hours. The crew dozed, never taking their eyes from the gunwales. Then, as the moon sank abaft the starboard beam, I suddenly realized the predicament I'd gotten myself into. There'd be at least three hours of total darkness before dawn!

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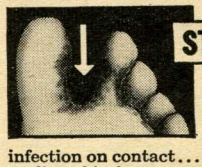

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The underwater people might attack and then I'd be another little entry on Uncle Hiram's tablets, just like my father. I gritted my teeth and tried to find a comfortable way of leaning on the steering oar. Draped over it, I tried to keep a sharp lookout for the underwater people.

I woke struggling with a pair of knotty black-haired hands. An evil, cyclopean face came into focus.

The face split into a grin and Abner said, "Daylight, skipper. Want to get under way?"

Oarsmen yawned and stretched like a mass of worms. The *Ishtar* rocked gently in the trough of an old sea and the gray, false dawn showed no land.

"Any underwater people show up?" I asked.

The crew grinned sheepishly and rubbed bleary eyes. Abner broke out stores and we had breakfast.

As the sun came up, I tossed bread into the sea, poured beer over the stern, and said the prayers. We unshipped oars and Abner swung his mallets at a steady eight while I steered into the sun and wondered where I'd make landfall.

Then suddenly the mist burned off and we found ourselves in the midst of a bright blue sea with no land in sight. Abner stared in disbelief and looked around the landless horizon again. Oarsmen shot awe-striken glances at me and suddenly I realized what that funny current pushing at the steering oar had been.

"Gods of Shinar!" Abner roared. "You hit the straits right on the nose. Man, we must be a hundred miles into the Mediterranean!"

I smiled and tried to look as if I'd known where we were all the time. "Wear ship," I yelled, easing the bow to port.

With the yard braced in I steered as far north as the wind would permit while the crew shifted cargo and themselves to port, struggling to keep the *Ishtar's* lee rail above water.

In an hour we raised land, but the wind had shifted until we could barely parallel the curving coast. When the mistral continued steady, I turned the oar over to Abner. After a day and night of ship's biscuit the men were complaining. I broke out a bale of figs and soon our complaints washed over the lee rail. Just as I was beginning to wonder if the mistral would carry us clear around Spain, it stopped.

We unshipped oars and landed on a sandy beach. I sent out parties for wood and water. The baker found some mud and started building an oven while Abner and I checked stores and cargo. When the foraging parties came back with little sticks of wood, twisted into agonized shapes, I started cooking barley for a batch of beer.

"No gooks?" I asked.

Abner scratched his head and smashed a flea with a loud, popping noise. "They're afraid of us."

"Afraid of Tarshish traders?"

"We didn't get close enough to tell them who we were."

We greased the *Ishtar's* bottom and kept her ready to launch. The bread was rebaked before it got too mouldy, and the beer worked off. I decided to get under way as early as possible the next morning. Then it happened.

A mob appeared at the end of the beach and moved toward us, driving a dozen gaunt sheep.

"The gooks've finally come to trade," Abner muttered.

There were about sixty, and as they came nearer I noticed there were no women or children. The men wore ankle-length skin cloaks which draped about them like ill-fitting tents. "Get out the trade goods," I ordered in a low voice.

"Fat lot, aren't they?" Abner said.

I wondered what they had underneath those voluminous cloaks. They drew nearer and I saw the blue paint on their faces.

"We bring sheep," the leader said in pidgin. He was a good head taller than I and without that blond hair and long upper lip the gooks always have. His hair was brown and wavy but not kinked like a Phoenician's. They all wore leather sandals and that convinced me we weren't dealing with gooks. Abner shot me a little glance.

My men took their trade goods and began mingling. The strangers kept their hands beneath their cloaks. We waltzed about in a strange, deadly dance, silently jockeying for position, showing the little bronze knives and smiling fixed businessmen's smiles. The strangers kept maneuvering, too. Then one yelled and flung his cloak aside to reveal sword, shield and full armor.

My oarsmen went into their well-trained bit, each man ignoring the enemy in front of him and spinning to drive the little trade knife deep into neck or kidney of the man behind. The knives are handy for getting through the seams of armor—especially that lousy Greek armor. Half the opposing party fell before they could throw aside their cloaks. My oarsmen caught up their swords and went to work on the others. We saved three.

"Bit off a little more than you could chew, didn't you, Herakles?" I asked the youngest.

"How did you know we were Greeks?" he asked sullenly.

I grinned. "Which way is your ship?"

He spat at me.

"They came from that way," Abner said.

"Since he's a Greek, let's look that way," I said, pointing in the opposite direction. "Anybody else want to talk?"

They glared at me.

"We lost twelve men," Abner said suggestively.

"We have a few openings," I said, looking at the Greeks. "Long-term contract, board and room guaranteed. How'd you like to pull an oar?" They glared at me and finally the youngest spat again. I sighed and looked at Abner. "I'm afraid they wouldn't be happy with us," I said. "What do you think?"

"Guess not." Abner shrugged. He cut their throats and we set off down the beach. I guessed they'd seen our campfire last night and landed just out of earshot.

There were about thirty men and five women in the Greek camp, cooking, grinding flour and polishing weapons. They paid no attention when we came marching back in Greek armor. When we were practically on top of them one old man looked closely and turned as white as a gook. Abner took half the crew and ran around to the opposite side.

"This is a recruiting party," I yelled. "Anybody want to join the Tarshish merchant marine?"

The dozen who bore arms rushed at us, swearing and screaming like savages.

"These Greeks will never make philosophers," I said sadly as I cleaned my sword.

Abner grinned. "They are kind of rambunctious, aren't they?"

We started inventorying the women and those men who'd merely sat and watched the slaughter.

"How about you?" I asked.

The tallest man shrugged. "I'd as soon pull your oar as a Greek one. In fact, I'd rather. Phoenicians feed better."

"Where you from?" I asked.

"We're Germans. Used to row for Hezekiah aboard the *Tyrian Moloch* until these pirates took us."

I'd always wondered what happened to Hez. Everybody thought the underwater people got him.

"Who're the women?" I asked.

"Search me," the German said in his broken Phoenician. "We've stolen so many I can't keep track."

And that was how I came by the pair of straight-legged blondes who called themselves virgins. And they must have been all of fifteen, too!

"Is it a Greek custom?" I asked the tall one.

She shook her head. "We're not Greek. They took us about a month ago."

"And you're still, uh—what was that word?"

"We bring more money that way on the Greek market," she explained.

I looked at Abner but he shrugged and spread his hands.

"Were they going to sell you in Massalia?"

She nodded.

I gave a sigh of relief. If this ship hadn't made port yet, we might sell them without any embarrassing questions.

"There was a storm just after they took us," she continued. "We were blown a great distance westward."

Abner was looking from one to the other of us, trying to follow the conversation.

"Tell the men to keep away from these two," I said. "They'll bring a better price."

We turned to inventory the stores.

The tall girl followed. "Will you take us home?" she insisted.

"Where?"

"East of here."

"An island?"

She shook her head.

"If you're not from Corsica or Sardinia, it must be clear over in Italy."

"That's right."

"Sorry. Too far out of my way. Besides, you'll bring a good price from the Greeks."

Abner came back. "Iron trade goods." He spat. "Of course, the armor's worth something."

"We'll come out on the deal," I mused. "Want to pack or row?"

Abner balanced the effort of packing a mile across the sand against launching the pirate's ship. "Miserable-looking cheesebox." He pointed at the high-bowed monstrosity. "Let's launch it."

Two hours later the Greek ship blazed merrily a hundred cubits from the *Ishtar*. "Who ever heard of putting a ship together with nails?" Abner marveled.

"Greeks'll try anthing." I shrugged. "No

wonder their ships break up when they hit the Atlantic."

I patted the old *Ishtar* affectionately. She was ten years old and still leaked not a drop through the cowhair gaskets which sealed her lapstrake planking. The thongs that held her together were still tight, yet gave so that she worked and twisted through the choppy Atlantic with the sinuous grace of an eel. The underwater people might take her, but the *Ishtar* would never break up.

We launched at dawn. The northwest mistral sprang up a little before noon but it was too far abeam, so we kept rowing. The two young women moped, disconsolate, in the bows. Finally the tallest made her way down the catwalk, edged carefully past Abner's swinging mallets to where I leaned on the steering oar.

"The wind is blowing straight toward home," she said wistfully. "My father is a rich man."

"What's your name?"

"Lavinia."

"And your sister's?"

"Virginia."

"Do your names all end in '-inia'?"

She said a few words I couldn't understand. "My father would pay well," she said again, switching back to Greek.

"I'm sure he would," I said sourly. "A gook owns two pigs, he's a prince. Three sheep and he's a king."

Her shoulders sagged and she went back toward the bow.

"And don't try any hunger strike," I yelled. "The Greeks like 'em fat."

The northwest mistral blew all the way up the Spanish coast and always just forward of the beam. After two weeks of rowing I wondered mightily if there wasn't some way to make a ship sail into the wind, but, of course, it was just a foolish notion.

Lavinia and Virginia kept to themselves in the bow. The other women gave themselves freely to such of my oarsmen as wanted them.

Then one day we came upon some gooks fishing in their little skin-covered boats. They paddled for dear life, but we caught one and he told us Massalia was a day's journey ahead. He was an undernourished specimen and would probably have eaten his own weight before he'd be worth a short beer on an oar. I turned him loose.

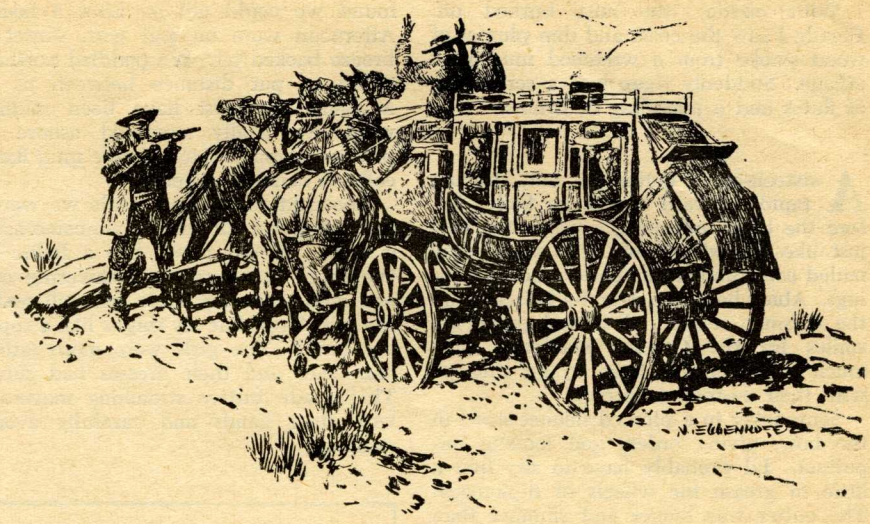
We camped on a low, marshy shore at the mouth of the Rhone and I sent the women to clean up in fresh water. My men weren't too happy at the prospect of entering a Greek port.

"Greeks out pirating are one thing," I told them. "Let's hope they're more hospitable on their home ground."

Abner hawked and spat a huge oyster into the fire. "I'd sooner trust a woman than a Greek," he growled.

Next morning we followed the coast through a light haze and dead calm. The Rhone was a large river and before we were across its mouth the *Ishtar* was ten miles off course. We were heavily laden, and it was a slow job clawing our way back up toward Marseilles.

After five hours I judged we must be close. "Run up the sail," I told Abner. "When the Greeks see that purple phoenix they'll know who we are."



The Famous Concord Stagecoach

In response to the many inquiries we have received from readers who would like to know how the Concord Stagecoach pictured on our January cover was built, we asked modeler Nick Eggenhofer to give us a rundown on the construction of this, the pride of his fleet of prairie wagons.

—The Editors

The first step in making any model is to obtain plans of the prototype. Since none were available of the Concord coach, I had to make my own from visits to the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D. C., where an early coach is on display. Without these drawings, it would have been impossible to get all the parts to fit together perfectly.

Once the plans were drawn up, I started right in on the coach's chassis. The undercarriage was fashioned from wood, cut to the proper dimensions on a bench saw. I found either a hack saw or a jig saw could be used for the cutouts. The three beams running lengthwise were mortised into the crosspieces at both ends and the axles were then fitted over them.

Copper hardware was used extensively because it is so easy to work with. For pliability, you need only to heat the copper and it can be shaped as necessary. Perches, brackets, braces and thoroughbraces (the "leather" straps on which the coach body rests) were all fashioned from copper. For an iron effect, I blackened the metal by brushing on a water solution of liver of sulphur.

The wheel hubs were turned on a lathe and simulated iron bands (again copper) were fitted at both ends. I cut the spokes to size and tapered and shaped them to fit into grooves in the hubs. The felloes, or rims, were made from a fourth inch plywood and the tires from an eighth and a fourth inch copper. To complete the wheels, I lapped and riveted the tires and coated them with solder. The effect was startling; it looked as though they had already spun off many miles across sage country.

A single block of wood served as each side of the coach body. Cutting the wood to shape on a jig saw was tricky because the sides curve out and under. The doors and windows were cut out, carved with a wood chisel and sanded. Both ends of the body and the floor are a eighth inch mahogany with the grain running crosswise to follow the contour of the body. The doors are 1/16 inch plywood with a piece of cellophane fitted in to form the windows. The window, incidentally, is workable and can be lowered inside the door. The door itself may be opened and closed on hinges and is complete with a locking latch.

Inside the coach, red-leather upholstered benches add realism. The center seat is removable for the convenience of passengers. The floor is carpeted and the ceiling is covered by a piece of red tapestry. I assembled the roof last to allow for work on the interior.

All parts of the hound assembly and tongue are workable and so constructed as to allow a free turning of the wheels. Both the tongue and hound assembly are removable, with a king bolt securing the whole works to the front bolster.

The brake rod was shaped from heavy copper wire, hammered and bent to receive the brake rod lugs which were welded on. The brake is released by a metal spring.

The iron railings and other details were also fashioned from copper wire, soldered together and blackened. In finishing the model, I used body vermillion on top of several coats of flat paint. The bottom panel is embellished with an intricate gold scroll design and the lettering, wheels and undercarriage are all painted in a dull yellow. • • •

With midday the mist burned off. Finally I saw the coast and dim plumes of wood smoke from a wretched mud-brick village. Suddenly there was a screeching of flutes and a pounding of drums.

A sixteen-oared cutter put out, stroking rapidly toward us. Water boiled before the bow, indicating a projecting keel just like the *Ishtar,* only with their crazy nailed construction, the cutter had no lashings. Abner beat "shave-and-a-haircut" and the oarsmen relaxed. I started practicing smiles for the Greeks, wondering how much red tape I'd have to go through with their customs inspectors.

Some joker in a plumed helmet stood in the bow, giving orders and looking important. I'd probably have to slip him a little to grease the wheels of diplomacy. The cutter was longer and slimmer than most of the Greek cheeseboxes and the single manned oars were flashing at a good sixteen. She headed straight for the *Ishtar's* port side and I figured plume helmet was going to back oars on one side and pull some hayseed seamanship to impress us Phoenicians.

The cutter came within two lengths of the *Ishtar's* beam before it dawned on me what the savage was up to. Talk about rules of civilized warfare! Abner looked at me and I suddenly remembered what he'd said: "I'd sooner trust a woman than a Greek."

There was a scramble as we fought to unship oars, but it was too late. The cutter's keel had an iron point which tore the lashings loose and stove in two planks on the *Ishtar's* port bilge. The cutter backed oars smartly and circled to ram us again from the opposite side.

With her ballast of metal trade goods, the *Ishtar* went down swiftly. My men couldn't swim a stroke farther than I—which was zero. Their oars were lashed to the frames and went down with the ship. I hung onto the steering oar and delivered a lengthy prayer, asking why my Uncle Hiram and the king couldn't be with me to share in the profits of the Greek trade.

Bobbing black heads disappeared one by one. Then I saw Abner's sounding board floating, and his evil one-eyed face chinned onto it. "This is business?" he growled.

I paddled with one hand and got my oar closer. He whipped off his water-soaked turban and we lashed board and oar together.

"Anybody else make it?"

Abner pointed behind me. A hundred cubits away Lavinia and Virginia floated face upward with the calm unconcern of a pair of jellyfish, and I remembered how some of these gooks could swim.

"Still think we'll bring a good price?" Lavinia asked.

They came toward us with a slow, eel-like motion. "Welcome aboard," I growled as they threw their arms over the oar.

We draped over the oar most of the afternoon without drifting more than three or four miles offshore. Abner was beginning to worry.

"Start paddling now," I growled, "and we'll end up rowing for the Greeks."

"What unmitigated bastards!" Abner said unbelievingly. "No loot, no prisoners—they weren't even *trying* for a profit!"

Virginia's Greek was worse than her sister's. Abner tried trading pidgin and found we could get on after a fashion. Afternoon wore on and with sunset the breeze backed off. We paddled northeast, trying to put distance between us and Massalia. It must have been midnight when we finally stumbled ashore and plodded through interminable mud flats to collapse beneath a cypress.

The cold wasn't bad while we were in the water, but the instant we came ashore it settled in our bones like a Baltic fog. We spent the night in a shivering coma and with dawn my tunic was still soaked. My kilt slapped at my thighs like a sopped bar towel. The girls were more tattered than ever and their dresses had shrunk. They made furtive stretching movements with their hands and carefully avoided stooping.

ANSWERS . . .

to quiz on page 85

1. Because cobras are more aggressive; rattlesnakes usually are provoked before striking.

2. Cobras, although the rattler usually ejects more venom per bite.

3. The eye, causing much pain and sometimes blindness.

4. No.

5. No, because some rattlers shed their skins more often than others and, also, rattles sometimes break off.

6. This is pretty generally conceded to be fallacy, although they *do* eat the brood of other snakes.

7. Both, depending on species.

8. Yes, those in temperate climates wouldn't live long if they didn't.

The authority for this quiz was: "Animal Facts & Fallacies" (1948) by Osmond P. Breland.

"What's so funny?" Lavinia flared when she saw me laughing.

"Women in my country have two breasts," I said. "Darker and better-shaped, perhaps, but they don't hide them. If you'd jerk that rug off your shoulders you'd have a skirt and not have to make those funny motions." I pointed to where she unconsciously crossed her hands in front of her. Both girls looked at me as if I were crazy, so I shrugged.

"Not a dry stick of wood in miles," Abner growled, looking at the swamp that surrounded us.

"Couldn't build a fire anyhow," I grumbled. "We're still too close to those ironmongering anomalies."

"Well, where do we go from here?" Abner asked.

"My father is rich," Lavinia began.

"Oh, shut up and go rustle some breakfast."

They wandered off toward the beach while Abner and I took stock of the situation. It was a long walk back to Tarshish, I thought glumly. The gooks would barbecue us if the Greeks didn't get us first.

"What we need is a boat."

"And a crew," Abner added.

"How's the armory?"

Abner spread his hands.

"My knife's on the bottom, too," I sighed.

"How far do you think you are from home?" I asked the girls after breakfast.

Lavinia thought a moment. "The pirates were twelve days out when they caught us," she said slowly. "Does that mean anything?"

"It means a damn long walk," Abner growled.

"Look!" Virginia whispered suddenly.

I rolled into the hollow between the giant cypress roots and peeked where she pointed. Two men carrying javelins, in armor from the waist down, walked toward us.

"Did they see us?" I asked.

"I don't think so," Virginia said.

We worked our way behind the massive cypress roots and I wondered at the shin-and-thigh guards, then realized the men were hunting boar. I ripped my turban in two, giving one strip to Abner. "Take off your dress," I told Lavinia.

She looked at me.

"Turn your back, if it worries you. But take it off or I'll wring your neck!"

She turned and silently slipped the tattered wool over her shoulders.

"Now stand up."

"They'll see me," she hissed.

"I said I'd get a good price for you. Now pose!"

She looked incredulously at me until I cocked a fist, then scrambled up. It was almost comical to watch the mighty hunters freeze and swing their heads in a point.

"Wave," I whispered.

She waved timidly. The hunters broke into a trot.

"Now back off a little," I whispered.

I was afraid they'd smell a rat, but the Greeks were hot on the scent. They burst into the tangle of cypress roots, dropping spears in their haste to catch the fair Lavinia. I sprang and whipped my twisted turban cloth, pulling it hard against my knee, while Abner went to work on the other.

Lavinia watched open-mouthed. In a moment I tossed her forgotten dress toward her. "I told you the Greeks would pay," I said.

Abner inspected a pouch one hunter had carried. "Bread and raisins," he said. "Now we'll have a real breakfast."

There were two javelins, two swords and half suits of armor which might be useful hunting boar but wouldn't help if we had a brush with the gooks.

"How much will your father pay?" I asked Lavinia.

If her home was where I thought, the mistral could have any scow there in less than a week. Abner turned a speculative eye across the marshes toward Massalia.

It would be risky to steal a boat from the Greek stronghold. Then I thought of something else. "Say, Abner, do you think even a Greek would go slogging ten miles through that mud?"

My oarmaster wrinkled his brow, then split his evil face into an even wider grin.

"You kids stay here," I said.

Abner and I put on the armor and

started backtracking. Less than a mile across the swamp we found it beside a little brackish creek.

Abner kicked the double ender speculatively. "Small," he said.

"Not half as small as your gut will be, pulling a Greek oar."

He shrugged and we waved. The girls jumped up and ran toward us, shortcutting the half circle we'd made. They were within twenty cubits when Virginia screamed and sprang straight up. There was a furious rustling in the grass beneath her and then I knew what was happening. Pointing my javelin straight ahead, I ran and Abner followed me. On his second charge the boar ran straight into our points and I felt mine grate along bone. His little eyes opened in astonishment and he gave one feeble grunt before calling it a lifetime. Abner sprang to cut his throat and made a few well-chosen remarks when the iron knife bent.

Virginia pulled her dress from around her neck and tried to look dignified. I couldn't help laughing at the way she kept pushing downward, stretching at the shrunken skirt.

"Any water?" I asked.

Abner hefted a skin and nodded. "This thing nailed together?" he asked curiously.

"I think it's hollowed out of one log."

We slung the pig aboard. I made Virginia lie flat in the bow and Lavinia likewise in the stern. Abner and I climbed in amidships and wished there were time to part our hair in the middle. The mistral had sprung up again and was blowing gently offshore. The dugout ploughed into the first swell and nearly swamped. We paddled frantically.

"Next stop Corsica," I yelled. "I wish we had a sail."

"I wish we had a little less weight," Abner growled, eyeing the pig. I paddled while he whetted the knife on the anchor stone.

Swine have never been noted for the ease with which they surrender their skins. Even with a hammered-bronze knife, Abner would have had a rough time without rocking that boat. Three hours later he had blasphemed the entire Greek pantheon and called on every legitimate god from the Tigris to Tarshish. But we had a sail.

We lashed the paddles together for a mast and made a yard from spliced boar ribs. I steered by dragging a hand. The girls kept their positions while Abner cursed the dull knife. As each bone went overboard the dugout rose a scant thousandth of a cubit. When he finished, Abner jettisoned the anchor stone with a final malediction against the ironmongering anomalies who'd been so inconsiderate as to bring such a small boat.

The next morning came and we almost missed the headland which lay off the starboard bow. I trimmed the sail, now stiff as a board, and dragged a hand and foot to turn as sharply as I could. We were within a mile before the mistral swept us past. Abner lowered the sail and we paddled in calm water to lee of the point.

"Any natives here?" I asked as we beached the dugout.

"I've never been here," Lavinia said.

"Just how did the Greeks get you?" I wondered.

"There was a"—she used a word I didn't understand—"across our river. It was pulled by ropes."

"A ferry, I suppose."

She looked blank. "It was early spring when the snows melt and it had just rained. The ropes broke."

"And you were washed to sea?"

"Fifteen miles," she said simply.

"And what was your rich father doing all this time?"

"People ran along the shore and threw ropes, but the current was swift."

"And then the Greeks came along?"

"After two days."

"You're lucky the underwater people didn't get you first."

While the girls helped Abner hunt wood I took the empty wine skin and looked for water. When I came back the meat was drying over a wet wood smudge.

"Any gooks?" Abner asked.

"That'll bring them if anything will," I said, pointing at the smudge. He nodded grimly and we loaded everything back into the dugout but the meat and made ready for an instant getaway.

Late that afternoon, I plowed through dense oak forest to a hilltop and climbed a lightning-scarred giant. Any gooks or pirates must have been on the other end of the island. Coming back down, I overheard Abner and Virginia.

"Are the underwater people very active around here?" I asked.

"I don't know," Lavinia said. "Our river *numen* is allied with my father's people. I suppose he could control them for a certain distance."

I didn't say anything, but if her river spirit was on such good terms with the family, I wondered why he let her be washed to sea.

"We had fair warning," Lavinia said, divining my doubts. "Birds flew strangely for several days. We knew something was going to happen but the oracle didn't say to whom."

I looked at the bright blue sea ahead of us. "I don't suppose your *numen* would have much influence this far away, would he?"

She shook her head and I gave silent thanks that my gods weren't tied down to one locality. Of course, they probably couldn't concentrate as much power in one spot as the gook gods.

"You warring with any of your neighbors?" I asked.

She shook her head again.

"Then, providing we don't run into any Greeks, there'll be no trouble along the coast?"

"There was peace when I left. Of course, that was two months ago."

I wandered back to where Abner sat finishing the last of the meat Virginia had thrown at him. "Underwater people aren't too active and we've got a spook on our side. Want to chance another night run?"

He shugged and held his palms upward. "How far?" he asked, peering at a haze which just might be land.

"A hundred-fifty miles," I guessed. "If the mistral holds we'd make landfall in daylight."

"Not much good for sleeping," Abner said, pointing at the dugout, "but then, neither is this sand."

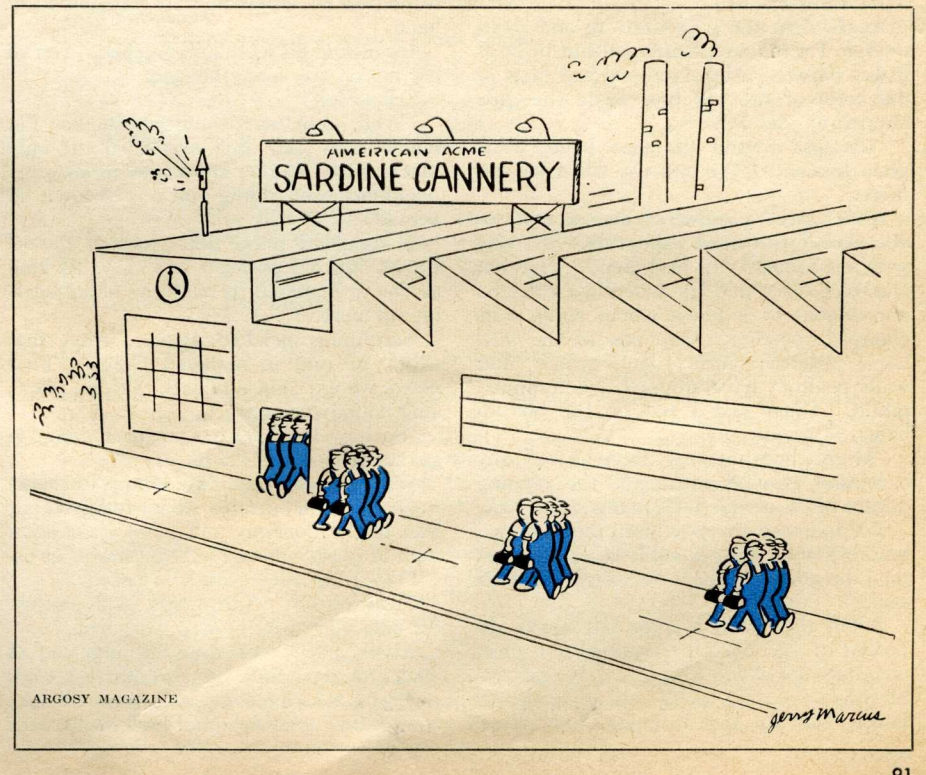
We loaded the girls and the rest of the meat and shoved off. Only this time I'd cut a mast and yard from scrub oak and had the paddles available for steering. Afternoon sunlight and the first puffs of the mistral came together as we came from under the lee of the hogback ridge. I settled down for a cramped and miserable run to Italy. The mistral blew so gently all night, though, that I began to feel a grudging respect for Lavinia's river *numen*. By noon we were five miles off the coast.

"Recognize anything?"

The girls shook their heads.

If we turned left it was bound to be right.

"Might as well use the wind," Abner



grunted, so we headed south, skirting the coast.

I asked Lavinia the name of her river and she said something which sounded like Triprix and meant nothing to me. Abner, who was older than I and had made several voyages through the northern Mediterranean, shook his head.

"If they're from inland," he said, "all rivers'll look alike from the sea. If the first one isn't it, we'll try the next."

I sighed and guessed he was right.

When we did come on it late that afternoon the river was unimpressive, but the current was swift enough to make sailing or paddling a hopeless proposition. Virginia thought maybe it was and Lavinia was sure it wasn't. We camped on a sand bar and spent the night choking in a green-willow smudge and slapping at mosquitoes the like of which I hadn't seen since leaving the tin islands.

We were a sour lot as we tackled the Tivriz, or whatever she'd called it, next morning. After paddling an hour without making more than a half mile we gave up.

"Leave the boat here. We can walk the rest of the way," Lavinia said.

"Sure this is the right river?" I asked sourly. "I don't feel like walking back."

The girls remained silent while Abner and I lashed a paddle to the bow and paid out the anchor rope. With rope paid out, the paddle held the dugout from the bank while the four of us plodded along like a gang of Egyptians at the Red Sea Canal.

Late that afternoon, the girls became excited. "This is it," Lavinia said. "Can't we leave the boat and hurry?"

I took a deep breath. "You're a woman and a gook, so I don't expect you to understand but, small as it is, this is my ship."

She looked at me the way she had when I'd asked why she hid her breasts.

We camped again that night along the riverbank and chewed strips of dried boar. The water was muddy and I had a premonition that I was going to regret drinking it, but I hadn't tasted beer since the *Ishtar* went down and had neither the barley nor a pot to brew it in.

At daylight the girls were up and shaking us. I scrounged driftwood but most of it was too wet. Abner scraped and blew at the coals of the old fire, while the girls hopped up and down.

"It's just around the next bend," Virginia insisted. "We can eat when we get there."

Abner gave a growl of disgust and we abandoned the dead ashes. But the city was not around the next bend. The sun was well past midday when we dragged our dugout to a place where seven hills clumped together. Atop one of the hills lay a miserable little village whose mud walls couldn't have stopped a determined rabbit. Abner and I put on the bottom halves of armor.

"Might help against those curs," my oarmaster groused, kicking at the yapping dogs who were our welcoming committee.

We followed the girls until they stopped before a mud hut, possibly a cubit larger than the others. "This is our home," Lavinia said.

A tall man with a short red beard appeared in the doorway, wrapped in a sheet of gray wool which draped in uncomfortable folds and had to be held on with one hand. Lavinia and Virginia flung themselves on him, laughing and blubbering, while he stood in self-conscious dignity.

I turned to see what was causing all the racket in a hut across the street. Smoke and sparks issued from a hole in the roof, while from inside came a ringing noise. Then a tall, kinky-bearded man burst from the low doorway, gripping a glowing piece of metal in tongs. He took a look at the armor we wore and stopped in his tracks.

"Greeks!" he shouted joyfully.

"May thy paternity be disputed!" Abner roared, and the Greek took a second look.

"*Tartessoi!*" he yelled, throwing the cooling sliver of iron at us.

A second Greek burst from the shop, wearing a leather apron and still swinging a heavy hammer. They were on us before we could draw the clumsy Greek swords. As I struggled with the small one, who outweighed me by a half talent, I fervently wished for one of my little trade knives.

There was a crunch like the bursting of a rotten melon as Abner brought the mallet down on the writhing giant's head. After a moment's consideration, he balanced the mallet again and tenderized the Greek who had a stranglehold on me.

Then the girls started talking in their dialect, pointing at us and the dead Greeks. Their father scratched his short beard thoughtfully.

"Tarquinius is the name," he said in heavily accented Greek. "Right proud to hear you saved my girls."

"All in the day's work," I said modestly. "But if you don't mind, all this killing on an empty stomach disagrees with me."

"Of course," he said. "Come in."

We passed through a doorway so low even Abner and I had to duck, and I saw the house was larger than appeared from outside. Rooms, or rather, alcoves were curtained off with heavy cloth. In the central patio a boy revolved a joint of beef over the coals.

Girls brought meat and loaves of wheat bread. We collapsed on benches around the low table, imitating Tarquinius as he leaned on his elbow and ate with his right hand.

He picked his teeth and belched. "You've got me on the spot," he said.

"How so?"

"Well, you saved my girls, so I'm bounden to you. But you killed the only blacksmiths. I don't know how to keep my neighbors from riding you out of town on a rail."

"I wouldn't mind riding out of town," I said, "but I'd prefer it in a ship. As long as you're bounden to me, how about scaring up a crew?"

Tarquinius belched again. "Ain't that easy," he said in mangled Greek. "First place, we ain't got no boats. Second place, ain't nobody can row."

"So how in Sheol are we ever going to get home?" Abner asked.

While I was wondering, sounds of shouting came from outside. Abner followed our host to the doorway and faced a shouting mob of gooks who waved iron knives at us.

"What do they want?" I asked.

"Your hides," Tarquinius said simply. "If only you knew how to work iron."

Abner and I looked at the mob and at each other. "We're blacksmiths," I said.

Two weeks later we really were, thanks to the boy who became ours along with the shop. He was a halfbreed Greek with a native mother and needed no more than a hint of unpleasantness to assure his full co-operation.

"When will the next sponge be in?" I asked, and Philo explained that a donkey train of the impure iron came down from hillside smelters every couple of months.

By trial and error, we learned to work the sponge, heating and beating, reheating and beating, until the slaggy mass burned clean and became soft, workable iron. I wondered what Uncle Hiram and the king would say if they could have seen me now.

Then, about the time we'd settled down, a new trouble came.

"We have waited almost a month," Tarquinius said as he appeared in the doorway of the shop one morning.

"For what?" I asked.

"The girls have spun and woven constantly since you brought them home."

I wondered what he was getting at.

"Shall I announce the wedding for day after tomorrow?"

By this time Abner knew enough gook to follow the conversation. "We're going home as soon as we can build a ship," he protested.

I ripped off my apron and tore into the house across the street.

"Hello, stranger," Lavinia said.

"What's all this about a wedding?" I demanded.

"You're going to marry us day after tomorrow," she said with a little smile.

"Me marry a gook? You're too white!"

"You'll get used to it. Besides, you have to."

"But I don't want to get married. Besides, what good is a virgin wife?"

"After we marry, it's different."

"I see," I said untruthfully. These gooks have the craziest customs. "But why do we have to marry you?"

"We're virgins," Virginia said with that same maddening little smile. "We spent a lot of time alone with you."

"But you're still virgins."

"Tell our father that," Lavinia said.

"But we made a deal. We got you home. When do we get paid?"

"This is it," Virginia said.

"You're getting us," Lavinia explained.

Abner came in and caught the last of it. "You'd sooner trust a woman than a Greek?" I reminded him.

"Maybe we should have sold them to the underwater people," Abner said, but there was a strange glint in his one eye.

"Marry me and I'll beat you every night," I promised.

"Yes, master," Lavinia said. And when I looked at Abner's evil face he was grinning at me, too.

So Lavinia's furnished me with a crew of coffee-colored little oarsmen in the fifteen years we've been up this river, and I must say, we've done rather well since the day I made a mistake and got the iron so hot it melted down through the charcoal and I had to throw water on it. It doesn't always work, but we often get a tool that holds an edge even better than bronze.

I often wonder how Tarshish is making out with those ironmongering Greeks. Thank the gods, these gooks will never be a real threat. They call this mud-walled village Rome. It'll never amount to anything. • • •

Old for the Star

Continued from page 47

over this way, the territory was so quiet that there were times when the sheriff began to feel like something of a relic.

Even the guns were going, he thought. That was an ultimate sign. You could walk through the town some days and not see a single man with a revolver at his thigh.

Yet it did not displease the sheriff. Passing, he waved to a group of workmen unloading lumber from a wagon at the site of the new schoolhouse.

"Howdy, Bucky," the nearest called.

The schoolhouse made three new buildings going up at once. There was change, all right, but it was all for the better.

Except for one thing, he thought remotely. John Bratton. It struck the sheriff that it was somehow not right for one man to have gained control of so many of the town's enterprises. Yet if men who had once fought and sweated for this land were willing to let an outsider buy into everything with nothing but money, the sheriff supposed it was their own business.

For himself, he had no personal feelings about Bratton one way or the other. A shoulderless, balding little man, with his Eastern clothes and his obvious ambition, Bratton would probably soon be running for mayor. And the sheriff imagined he would probably win, too, what with so many men already obligated or in debt to him. He wondered how the likes of John Bratton would have fared back in those days when everything out here was bought with a gun—when Geronimo did most of the bargaining from behind the sights of a stolen U. S. Army Winchester.

The sheriff was on the main street now, and he swung off it at Peabody's smithy, leaving his roan with the apprentice. He went through the back way toward his office, behind the buildings which fronted on the street, whistling as he went.

He was washing at the outside pump when he became conscious of Arlie Wright behind him, near the side door of the office. "Step in and grab yourself a chair, Arlie." He grinned at the storekeeper over his towel. "You been waiting? I'll be right there."

Arlie was a tall, slack-jawed man whose face usually bore no more expression than that of a weary mule, but something in his eyes now made the sheriff curious. Their glances met briefly, but the storekeeper said nothing, turning inside. The sheriff gazed after him a moment, then shrugged, adjusting his neckerchief as he followed.

Arlie was standing at the front window. "You look like all your best yard goods turned color over the week end," the sheriff said, moving behind his desk. "Belle tending the store?"

"Bucky, I—" The lanky storekeeper was fidgeting with his signet ring. Finally he turned to face the sheriff. "Bucky, we've been friends since longer than I can remember. I didn't want to be the first to tell you this, but—well, I reckon I owe you that much, at least."

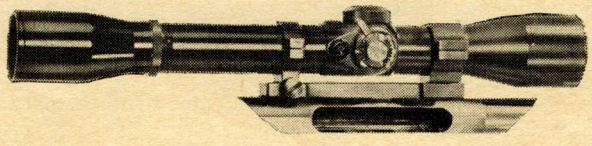
The sheriff studied him speculatively. Arlie had stepped toward the desk. He lifted a pencil, his eyes down, then let it fall back into the sheriff's tray. "We had a town council meeting last night," he said. "I reckon you know that—first Sunday of every month."

GUN TIPS

by JEB COLE

DAVE BUSHNELL has come up with a development in telescope rifle-sight reticles that has been needed since the first scope was mounted on a rifle for the purpose of aiding the eye in seeing and aiming at game. I doubt if there is a hunter of any great experience who at one time or another would not have given an eye tooth for a scope with one of these reticles in it. Called the Command Scope, it offers the hunter a choice of crosshairs or post—both in one reticle—and the change from one to the other can be made very quickly.

The majority of hunters prefer the crosshair reticle for most all shooting, and for good reasons. On small game or varmints it can be placed more accurately on a vital spot for a quick kill because the intersection of the crosshairs does not cover a large area. On extremely long shots, where holdover is necessary, the target is not blotted out as with a post, and the holdover may be judged accurately. With lighting conditions from poor to excellent, it is hard to beat the crosshair reticle. And what are the advantages of this quick-change reticle? Say you begin a day's hunt in fairly open country on a clear but not brilliant morning, using the conventional crosshair in your scope. After quite some hunting you follow sign into some heavy brush or timber. Suddenly, you are conscious of slight movement in the shadows. Brother, it's dark in that cave-like cover. You bring the rifle to shoulder. Looking into the scope you can just make out the trophy game animal. It's a dandy, so you start to aim. Where are the crosshairs? They, with your aiming point, have faded away!

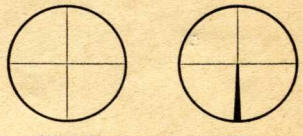


Now what? Quickly you unscrew the protecting cap of the windage dial and flip the little activating lever. This can be done in three seconds. The Command Post pops into position with its flat top at the intersection of the permanent crosshairs. Now you have a good sharp post of a size that does not fade. You pick your aiming point, aim and squeeze off the shot—that's it! When you get back out into decent light, you flip the lever again and the Command Post disappears from view, leaving the crosshairs unobstructed.

The tapered post also is of great help for the shooter in lousy light, early or late in the day, or during murky weather, and it is particularly usable on running game at close range.

It seems incredible that anything as sensitive as the tiny, jewel-like mechanism required to operate the command post reticle could stand the incessant jar of heavy recoil and abusive knocks a scope sight is bound to get in the field. So, I tried the new scope on several rifles in the bucking bronco class, such as the .30-06, .300 Weatherby Magnum, and .375 Magnum. Nothing moved or gave away in the scope, and the tapered post stayed put. Except for self-satisfaction and the fun of shooting, I found that I had wasted my time. Dave Bushnell told me that factory test examples of the new scope were fired an equivalent of 114 years of field use, and were still zeroed in!

The Command Post is available in all Bushnell 1958 Scope Chief models—2½x to 10x—priced at $10. above the standard prices of $39.50 to $69.50. For complete information about these extraordinary scopes, write to D. P. Bushnell & Co., Inc., 420A Bushnell Building, Pasadena, California.



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COLLECTOR'S CORNER. The rare and valuable "DWM (Deutsch Waffen und Munitionsfabriken) Catalog of 1904" has been handsomely reproduced in exact facsimile (except for inserted translations) for the collector and those interested in the lore and history of ammunition. With the printing limited to 1000 copies, this big 9" x 12" book is sure to become a collector's item. For your copy send $7.50 to The Gun Digest Company, 925 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 7, Illinois. "American Antique Rifles and Their Current Prices," by Martin Rywell, 1958-59 Edition, is available from the Pioneer Press, Harriman, Tennessee. Price $2.

BLUEBOOK OF GUN DEALING, Second Edition ($2.00), has just been published by the Williams Gunsight Company of Davison, Michigan.

Material contained in this 64-page book, which is fifty per cent bigger than the first edition, was assembled primarily for the firearms dealer. However, it will interest practically every gun buff. It lists and gives the retail prices and trade-in prices (according to condition) of practically every American and foreign gun currently being made—over 500. It also lists rifle scopes, and their trade-in value. There are numerous articles, covering such subjects as: Military Rifle Appraisals, Making a Gun Saleable, Guns Not To Buy, How Much Choke, Selecting Scope and Reticle, Ballistics Charts, Ammo and Component Price Lists, etc. • • •

The sheriff smiled, reaching for his tobacco. "What did the town's outstanding businessman bring up this time? I hear tell he'd like the main street named Bratton Street."

Arlie failed to smile back. "I'm afraid it's not that simple," he said. "Oh, hang it all! I told them, no town in the territory's ever had a better man for the job. Why, I remember when things were so bad around here that if it hadn't been for you we'd never have—"

The sheriff had been rolling a cigarette. He stopped. Arlie's eyes met his.

"Bucky, I feel like two cents. If anybody ever told me I'd pull something like this on a friend, I'd have laughed in his face. But there's Belle and the kids and—well, I had to go along with Bratton. There isn't any other freight line except his, and if he ever decided to stop hauling in my merchandise—not that he's ever suggested it outright, but you know how those things are—he could put me out of business in a week. I—" The storekeeper was biting his lip.

The sheriff finished the cigarette. He struck a match deliberately. "You want to get to the point, Arlie?"

"It's Bratton's son, Billy. It appears the boy's turned twenty-one and Bratton thinks—he likes the idea of the kid becoming sheriff."

The sheriff was still holding the burning match. "And—" he said quietly.

Arlie shrugged guiltily. "Luke Fischer can't get on without the water rights he leases from Bratton," he said. "And Harvey Bullis is in so deep on loans from Bratton's bank that . . . Bucky, I reckon we voted to ask you to resign."

The sheriff had discarded the match without using it. He was standing.

"You don't have to do it, of course," Arlie was going on. "But you know Bratton when he sets his mind to something. One way or another, he—"

"So he waits until I'm out of town and then he gets the rest of you to—" The sheriff realized that his voice had caught. What Arlie had said was so unexpected that he could not quite cope with it. "You and Luke and Harvey," he said quietly.

Arlie was not meeting his gaze. "You might as well say it, Buck," he mumbled. "I reckon we deserve it."

The sheriff was still more incredulous than anything else. Just this morning, he thought, not a half hour before, he had told himself that Bratton's dealings were no concern of his. That he had this job instead of a store or a ranch or a farm, and so the man's ambitions did not affect him. He was staring at his unlighted cigarette. It was coming apart in his hands.

"I'll be damned if I'll quit," the sheriff said. There was no anger in his tone, merely determination.

"I told him that," Arlie said. "But he's got that figured out, too, I'm afraid. All he's got to do is introduce an ordinance with a limit on what age a sheriff can be. He'd cut you out by a few years, assuming that the rest of us would vote it through—which I reckon we would, just like everything else."

"Age limit!" the sheriff snapped. "Of all the—"

"It's rotten, Bucky, I know it's rotten," Arlie said. "But why not look at it this way: After all, you *are* fifty-four; that's getting up there some, for all the chasing around a sheriff has to do. Hang, you've saved enough money, so why press yourself? Like right now, just suppose those four Dingman brothers decided to try their luck over this way? Four hot-headed kids like that, they'd just as soon shoot a man as look at him. And they ran that Coleville posse into the dust last month, too, so I hear. Now I don't especially claim Billy Bratton's the one for the job, but maybe it's right, a younger man—"

"A younger man!" The sheriff did become angry then. "Listen, Arlie, I said I can understand how you have to go along with Bratton. Maybe you can't help that. I reckon I even appreciate that you came over and told me how things are. But don't try to justify yourself now. You know better than that."

Arlie reddened. "I didn't reckon I was trying to justify anything, Bucky," he said defensively. "I know the principle of it's wrong—the way we did it—but facts are facts, too. Hang, none of us are the men we used to be. You don't really think you can still handle a horse or a gun the way you could back when—"

Arlie, get out of here," the sheriff said. "Get out of here before I really *do* get sore."

"Bucky, all I said was—"

"All you said was I'm getting old. Well, I'm so danged old that it took me all of three hours to get over here from Rimrock this morning. The day young Billy Bratton can make it from Rimrock in three hours, you can—"

"I remember when you could make it in closer to two-and-a-half," Arlie said quietly from the door.

"I mean it," the sheriff said. "Get out of here."

"I'm sorry, Bucky. Believe me, do you think I like being . . ."

The sheriff turned away from him. After a long moment he heard the door ease shut. He flung his crushed cigarette into the ash box beneath the stove.

"Age limit," he snorted then. "Why, I'm a better man at fifty-four than young Billy Bratton will ever be. And I can still . . ."

The sheriff dropped himself into a chair. That was it, he thought. All he had to do was start talking to himself. Just the way an old man was supposed to.

He rolled a fresh cigarette. The devil! he insisted to himself. It was Arlie Wright who had gotten old, not lifting a hand in fifteen years except to piece out calico to the womenfolk. And Luke, running his spread from that big desk in his parlor now, instead of in the saddle. And Harvey, too, the only one in the territory who'd ever come close to being as good with a horse as he himself, so heavy around the middle these days that he could hardly mount. All of them, gone soft and lazy and imagining that the same thing had to have happened to him. The devil!

The sheriff had lighted the new cigarette without quite being aware of it. He watched the smoke drifting into the shaft of sunlight which broke through the window, realizing, *yes, that is what it had been. My life. Ever since Louise died there has been nothing else for me but this job and doing it well. This badge and what it means . . .*

And now he was supposed to pass it along to young Billy Bratton, a boy who hadn't known one end of a Colt from the other when the Brattons had come out here five years before. He himself had taught the boy to shoot, and to ride, as well. He had believed Billy different from his father, the kind who would understand the difference between honest achievement and the simple abuse of money and power. But apparently he had been wrong.

The sheriff walked to the window. A wagon rolled past, creaking under the weight of another load of lumber for the school. The school. It was up there, where the old jailhouse had been, that he had

ARGOSY MAGAZINE

"Congratulations! You have just helped put the first American baseball into orbit."

defended the Jenkins boy against that lynch mob. He had been alone against forty or more and he had managed to hold them off, to talk away their anger. The boy had assaulted and murdered a young girl and eventually he was hanged for the crime, but, as sheriff, he had seen to it that it was done legally, when the judge came and held court. But, Lord, it came to him suddenly now, that had been all of twenty-five years ago.

Twenty-five. And the time Lee Blackwell himself had come into town, a man with fourteen known killings to his credit, matter-of-factly boasting that the local peace officer would become the fifteenth. It was right here on this street. He'd called Blackwell's name from thirty yards away, walking slowly toward the Gold Rail.

"I'm the sheriff here, Blackwell," he'd said. "Put up that gun or make your play."

The sheriff could still remember the silence that had fallen over the street, the path that had cleared for him as if by command—the way his heart had stopped when Blackwell had turned and snickered, gauging him. Blackwell had taken one step forward before his hand had flashed to his gun, and the man's weapon had exploded even as it cleared leather. It had taken the sheriff what had seemed an eternity to draw his own revolver, although actually each of them had fired only once, almost simultaneously. And that too—seventeen, eighteen years ago.

The sheriff had never stopped to consider it before, but since he had walked out to meet Lee Blackwell, he had not once had to depend upon the quickness of his draw. When that Mexican had gone berserk a few years back, the man had already barricaded himself in Peabody's stable before the sheriff had arrived on the scene. And that Texan he'd chased into Geronimo's hills three years ago—that, too, had been a matter of simple alertness.

Well, things were different now. Even if he hadn't had to meet a man face-on in all these years, it didn't mean he wasn't still able.

Or was he? Was he really the man he had been? The sheriff thought he was. He had stepped away from the window. It was remarkably quiet in the office. Slowly, not quite conscious of what he was doing, he lifted his right hand away from his body. His arm was bent slightly at the elbow, again at the wrist. His fingers were spread, tense. For a long moment he stared at the blackened chimney funnel where it rose up above the stove. His mind drifted back.

In spite of what Arlie Wright had suggested, he felt he had gotten everything possible out of the roan this morning. And last month, when he'd investigated those shots out on the mesa and found the little Fulks youngster practicing with his father's gun, he'd put four of six bullets through the boy's swinging target.

Four of six. It would have been all six once—he knew that. But even if he *had* let himself get a little rusty, it was something a man never really lost, he could still . . .

"All right, Blackwell," he said quietly, across thirty imagined yards and all the years, "I'm the sheriff you're looking for."

Blackwell turned toward him from the steps of the Gold Rail. He snickered, moving forward, a single, measured step. His hand flashed to his thigh. The sheriff's heart stopped as his own hand leaped toward his gun. He . . .

The sheriff's revolver, spinning from his hand, clattered to the floor of the office.

The sheriff backed himself against the wall in horror. He had drawn, but his thumb had made contact with the hammer and pulled back before his palm had fully enfolded the grip. *And he had dropped it.*

With the stovepipe for a target. Like the little Fulks boy on the mesa. Making-believe. Like a little boy.

And he had dropped the gun!

God in heaven!" the sheriff said aloud. He was sweating. He pressed his hand against his temple, almost slumped against the wall now. *Like a boy who'd never done it before. No—worse. Like an old man who'd forgotten how.*

For the first time in his life since the death of his wife, the sheriff sobbed. The sound cut into him like a knife. He straightened himself up, then bent to retrieve the revolver. It felt heavy, alien in his hand, and he jammed it into its holster without looking at it. "All right," he said, the voice not his own. "All right, Bratton."

He saw them from the doorway, Bratton and young Billy talking on the boardwalk diagonally across the street from his office. He was already unpinning the star from his blouse as he strode toward them.

"Bucky—hello," Bratton began immediately. "I was just going to drop in. I wanted to chat with you about last night's meeting, I didn't want you to think there was anything personal in—"

"Nothing personal," the sheriff said expressionlessly. "I'm too old for the job." He was holding the badge toward Bratton. Young Billy was standing awkwardly and the sheriff ignored him. Bratton coughed his light, businessman's cough.

"Well, take it," the sheriff said. "Or here, give it to the boy. You'll make it official soon enough."

"Bucky," the boy started, "look, honest, I didn't know anything about last night. I was all set to ask you for a deputy's job on my own. I just told my father now when I found out, it isn't right for—"

The sheriff met his eyes briefly, believing him. "Take it anyhow, son," he said evenly. "You'll wear it well enough." He dropped the star into the boy's uncertain hand, turning back to Bratton. "I reckon you might as well have this, too," he said. He unbuckled his gun belt. "It's town property, the same as the other."

"Oh, now that isn't necessary. Bucky," Bratton began. "You can see, Billy here wears his own gun. You don't have to—"

"Take the damned thing!" the sheriff said. He had jammed the sheathed revolver and its cartridge belt against Bratton's chest, turning away from the man's insincere face before he could protest further. He walked away from them rapidly.

But he was not walking as quickly when he turned behind the buildings of the street. It was as if he had only then realized what he had done. *My God,* he said to himself. *It's true now. I've admitted it, made it official. I'm an old man.*

Too old. The words choked him.

And it had all been so abrupt, so sudden. The sheriff reached the rear of Peabody's and stopped, alone in the alley. His

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hand went to his blouse where he had removed the badge. He felt hollow inside himself, cold.

The sound of his gun clattering to the floor of the office haunted him. He reached for his tobacco. It was then that he heard the shout.

An instant later the shots came—two of them, .44's, closely spaced. Instinctively, the sheriff had spun about. He was racing through the alley toward its mouth.

A man plunged into the alley out of the sunlight of the street, running toward him blindly. It was John Bratton. The sheriff grabbed him by the shoulders as they almost collided.

"The Dingman brothers!" Bratton gasped. "The Dingmans! They're robbing my bank. They—"

A picture of two horsemen he had seen a few moments before flashed into the sheriff's mind. He did not wait to hear the rest of it. He lunged to the front of the alley, pressing himself against the wall.

The two men were there, mounted, their horses head-to-tail against each other in front of the bank. They were circling slowly, covering the street in all directions with their revolvers. Each of them held the bridle of a riderless horse.

It meant that there were two others in the bank. From the other end, the sheriff thought. Two had been coming in from the other end of town and he had never even looked.

"Billy," Bratton moaned from well behind him, "they shot—"

But the sheriff had already seen. Near the opposite boardwalk, writhing in pain, lay Billy Bratton. His yellow shirt was stained with blood at the shoulder. His revolver lay near where he had fallen, and he was too badly wounded to move for it.

The sheriff's hand had been clutching at his naked thigh. Twenty yards away from him, in the middle of the open street, his still holstered revolver lay in its belt where John Bratton had discarded it as he fled.

There was a cry from within the bank, another shot. One of the Dingmans raced out, saddlebags clasped in one hand and a revolver in the other. He heaved the bags over the back of one of the waiting horses, springing up after them.

A wild, impotent rage possessed the sheriff. The boldness of it was incredible. It would take them only seconds more. Before any of the townsmen who might have raced off for guns would have retrieved them, the Dingmans would be riding out, would be getting clear.

The sheriff stopped thinking then. A furious instinct drove him. He had to get to his revolver. . . .

He had taken only two running strides toward the gun when a bullet screamed past his face. He threw himself outward into the dirt, rolling as he hit, so that the weapon was in his hand and firing even before he came to his knees. He bucked off four rounds at the mounted outlaws—certain that at least two of them had gone true—and then a staggering pain tore through his right arm. The impact sent him sprawling. He emptied the remaining chambers of the gun at the fourth Dingman in the doorway of the bank as the hard earth came up to meet him.

He heard a Winchester crack from nearby—from Arlie Wright's storefront. He was lifting himself. One of the outlaws, fleeing, thundered past, almost riding him down. The rifle cracked again and sent the man toppling from his mount twenty yards away.

The mare raced on, riderless.

The sheriff forced himself to his feet. His arm burned terribly.

Two of the gunmen at whom he had squeezed off his first shots lay beneath their terrified horses, both badly wounded. From where he stood he could see that the one whose bullet had caught him from the bank doorway was dead, his neck twisted grotesquely against the railing where the sheriff's two final shots had sent the gunman crashing back. The rider whom Arlie had dropped from the mare was dead too.

The sheriff was unsteady on his feet. People were swarming into the street now, and Arlie was shouting in front of him. "My Lord, Bucky, that was magnificent! I never in my life saw anything like the way you dived for that revolver. Even the time you took on Lee Blackwell himself. Before I could even get a shell jacked into my chamber you . . . But what the devil were you doing without a gun in the first place? I—"

Their eyes met. Arlie's jaw dropped. "Oh, Lord," he said. He glanced at the sheriff's empty shirtfront. "Lord forgive me," he said. "What you just did, and to think that I . . . Where's John Bratton! I swear I'll—"

Old Doc Bridges, the town physician, had pushed his way to them through the crowd. "The Bratton boy will be all right," he was saying. "Better let me see that arm of yours now, Bucky."

"I reckon it's not much," the sheriff said. He knew he should get the street cleared. But a throbbing pain jolted through the arm as Doc ripped at his sleeve. The sheriff winced. A simple flesh wound, and he was becoming weak from it. Hang, fifteen years ago he would not even have noticed.

Somewhere Arlie had gotten the star and was holding it out to him. "I reckon you better pin this back on, Bucky, if any of us are going to be able to face ourselves," the storekeeper said sincerely. "And as for the town council, if there's any more proposals like last night—"

"There'll be no more such," John Bratton put in quickly. The sheriff glanced at him. "I understand now," Bratton said, embarrassed. "It's a job for a man, not a boy. Sometimes a man can let his own personal ambitions get in the way of plain common sense. I'd like to apologize, Bucky, if you'll accept."

For a moment the sheriff said nothing. He had closed his eyes against the pain as Doc wrenched a tourniquet around his arm, and was squeezing his other hand tightly.

He became aware of something. He was still clutching the empty revolver; evidently he had been clinging to it all the while. The sheriff had to smile to himself. He reckoned he damned well hadn't dropped it *this* time. • • •

Shoot For the Moon

Continued from page 21

rockets and satellite launchers, the Army rocket is "ready to go." Its thousands of parts have been studied, inspected, checked out, and prepared for firing—a dozen times over. It is not a graceful machine; its five stages are a rocket engineer's "junkpile of parts." But its efficiency in performance compensates. It is the end of a long road for men who have dreamed and worked for this moment. It is "ready to go." It *may* be the first to reach another world.

The Army provides only a part of the American team that is about to "shoot the moon." For long months a group of Air Force engineers has worked side-by-side with engineers of the Douglas Aircraft Company's missile division in California, where the giant Thor IRBM is produced. For these seven months the military and industrial engineers have pooled their talents. First they designed their moon rocket on paper. Then they removed the warhead from the SM-75 Thor, redesigned the ballistic missile to take the second stage from the Navy's Vanguard rocket. Atop the Vanguard second-stage they placed a third rocket, using a solid-propellant motor. It is a graceful creature, highly sophisticated. Like the Army vehicle, it is well proven as to reliability. A later design, it is more powerful. A shrieking monster, generating 160,000 pounds thrust at takeoff, will soon lift the vehicle from its launching platform.

That's the United States team. Two Army Jupiter-C five-stage rockets. Three Air Force Thor IRBM's, modified into a three-stage rocket.

Both teams, Army and Air Force, will try for the moon under the direct supervision of ARPA—the new Advanced Research Projects Agency created after the stunning shock of Sputniks I and II.

The Soviet effort to reach the moon enjoys a tremendous advantage. They have the giant boosters and ballistic missiles which launched their enormous satellites. They have worked on the project to launch a rocket to the moon over a longer period than have our own engineers. Russian scientists, under the direction of Professor G.A. Chebotarev of the Leningrad Institute of Theoretical Astronomy, have been preparing with meticulous care to launch a giant rocket into space. The final stage, carrying upward of 220 pounds of calculating instruments and other equipment, is to be placed in an elliptical orbit about the moon.

For more than eighteen months Russian scientists and technicians have been making direct references to their lunar probe plan, Project Boomerang. Other official sources leave no doubt that a new Russian satellite program is under way as well. The instrument compartment of the seven-ton Sputnik II weighed 1,120 pounds. Russia's new satellite program calls for the launching into orbit, at 18,000 mph, of another satellite: its instrument container will weigh more than five tons! A total of more than ten thousand pounds into orbit!

Rockets capable of launching such fantastic weights into orbit can send heavy instrument payloads around the moon. This is the Russian goal then—the Project Boomerang. The launching, both of the

giant satellite and the first of several Soviet lunar probes, is *imminent.* Within sixty days of the time you read these pages, rockets will hurtle from earth at a speed of more than seven miles a second.

Think of it. Nearly 26,000 *miles per hour*! At least several of these rockets may have even higher speeds. The rockets now being assembled—or already on the launching platforms—are capable of speeds greater than 30,000 mph. The countdown for the moon firing is about to take place.

We do not know the exact Russian timetable in their venture to assert a technological superiority in the accelerating struggle to control the moon. But we can recognize certain alarming facts. For more than nine months the Russians have had giant rockets capable of launching large instrument containers to the moon. Because of this unalterable and grim fact, because the Soviets have demonstrated the existence of the launching sites and a vast and intricate ballistic program, even our own scientists have glumly accepted the position that we may play a poor second-best to the Russians in the struggle to reach the moon.

To launch their first two satellites, the Russians adapted their giant ICBM for space operations. A first-stage booster from the M-104 ICBM, using two tremendous rocket motors each of 228,000 pounds thrust, lifted the massive rocket out of the atmosphere. With its fuel exhausted, the second stage, adapted from the M-101, blasted the third stage with the satellite into orbiting position. High above the earth, a single motor of undetermined thrust hurled a satellite of 1,120 pounds into orbit at 18,000 mph. Ever since that moment the Russian launching complex at Kapustin Yar, near Stalingrad, has been an accelerating center of activity.

No greater proof of the enormous flexibility of the Soviet rockets can be found than in our own short-range Redstone missile. Designed to fire over a range of 175-200 miles, the Redstone was modified into the Jupiter-C satellite which sent a thirty-one-pound fourth-stage, plus eleven pounds of instruments, into orbit at 18,000 mph. Even more revealing of how a basic booster system may be graduated into a space vehicle, the Redstone Army's Lunar Probe is now a short-range rocket with four added stages of solid-propellant rockets enabling it to reach speeds greater than 25,000 mph. Burning Hydyne fuel the lowly Redstone is transformed from a 175-mile range missile of 75,000 pounds thrust into a rocket capable of reaching the moon.

Compare, then, the Redstone with the massive boost system of the Russian space rocket, developed from a 5,000-mile range missile. The Soviet giant will leave the earth under the fantastic energy of 456,000 pounds thrust in its first booster, and a second-stage booster either of 77,000 pounds thrust, or even 128,000 pounds thrust! Where the Jupiter-C will hurl an extremely low payload of five to ten pounds of instruments to the moon, the Russian scientist Chebotarev talks with absolute confidence of 220 pounds payload. His associates can't hide Russian intentions to send a payload of a ton to the moon.

The first two Russian satellites are only the beginning of the Russian assault to become the masters of space, and, through this conquest on the scientific frontier, the controllers of this planet. The Russians have remained ominously silent on the military implications of space flight, but, we have little need to search their technical reports for an insight into their motives.

"Whoever has the capability to control the air is in a position to exert control over the land and seas beneath," states General Thomas D. White. ". . . I want to stress that there is no division, per se, between air and space. Air and space are an indivisible field of operations. Ninety-nine percent of the earth's atmosphere lies within 20 miles of the surface of the earth. It is quite obvious that we cannot control the air up to twenty miles of the earth's surface and relinquish control of the space above that altitude—and still survive."

The axiom is as true for the Soviet Union as it is for the United States.

No one appreciates more than do the Soviets the psychological harvest reaped by the first two Russian satellites. In their brief moments of flight the flaming rocket boosters raised Soviet prestige to an unprecedented level and challenged, for the first time, the technological leadership of the United States. The time has come for us to reclaim our place as technical leader of the world.

For more than eight months this country has had the technical capability, the know-how, and the rockets already assigned, to place instrument payloads in orbit about the moon or directly on the surface of the moon!

Within the Air Force a hard core of visionary officers and engineers has struggled in an uphill battle to regain the lead in the race for space supremacy. Late in 1957, alarmed by the power of the Russian rockets that launched the Sputniks (and shocked by the world reaction to Soviet satellites) this group moved into high gear. Every possible step was taken to obtain approval for the Lunar Probes. Twenty missile experts from the Ballistic Missile Division of ARDC moved into the Douglas Thor factory to study the adaptability of the giant IRBM to a moon shot, and to other space projects. Six months ago the decision was made to use the Thor for satellite and moon probe projects. USAF planners made their move to divert eighteen of the powerful rockets from the weapons program for their space drive. To set aside eighteen of the IRBM's meant the Air Force had to phase out of a major part of the nuclear tests being held this summer in the Pacific (which will be well along when you read this). With the Thors committed to a space program, the Atomic Energy Commission is expected to fire most of its nuclear warheads at 250,000 feet and above in Redstone rockets.

The leaders of the missiles and astronautics programs—Martin, Convair, Douglas, North American—headed the storm of space proposals submitted to the Air Force. H.W. Merrill, general manager of Martin-Denver where the giant Titan ICBM is built, warned that "tomorrow, the nation that controls the Moon will control the Earth." His company's proposals—submitted *prior* to the launching of Sputnik I—would clearly have assured the United States of a commanding position in space. It can still put American manned rockets on the moon before Russian technology is capable of the feat (the Russian timetable

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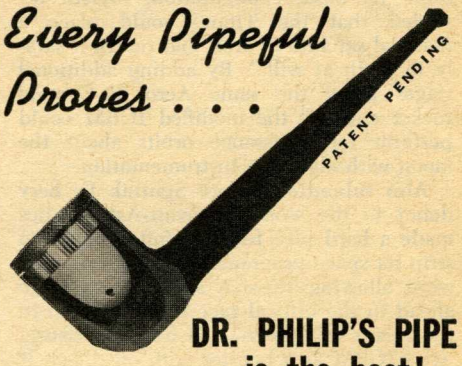

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is eight years), by simply modifying the basic Titan design. Just look at some of these highlights!

Without any basic change in design, the Titan would hurl into orbit a military reconnaissance satellite of 2,000 pounds. Still using its basic configuration, Merrill revealed that the Titan "could place a manned satellite in orbit and return it safely to earth at will." By adding additional stages using the same Aero jet-General rocket engines, the modified ICBM could perform reconnaissance orbits about the moon with elaborate instrumentation.

Also submitted before Sputnik I's fiery debut to the world, Convair-Astronautics made a hard plea for the United States to strip its space programs of indecisions that were allowing Russian scientists to forge ahead in the critical race into orbit and to the moon. Employing its already-existing Atlas ICBM as a booster with off-the-shelf hardware, Convair-Astronautics stated it could put a wide variety of satellites, of heavy weight and extensive instrumentation, into orbit. Indeed, the Atlas as a first-stage booster, carrying a second-stage solid-propellant rocket, will hurl the highly-advanced Weapon System WS-117-L Pied Piper reconnaissance satellite into orbit. WS-117-L, until the recent announcement by ARPA of the Lunar Probes, was with the X-15 manned aircraft the only space program in this country to extend beyond the limited firings of the Jupiter-C and Vanguard scientific satellites.

Perhaps the most startling revelation of the Convair-Astronautics proposals was that the Atlas, plus boosters of proven hardware, could place payloads well in excess of a half-ton in orbit around the Moon, and the planets Venus and Mars! Proponents of the maximum-effort Air Force space program noted that this same system could land a complex and invaluable instrument payload (such as is described in the opening of this article, and in the accompanying illustrations) safely on the surface of the moon.

These were projects slated for beyond the immediate future. Space projects to be placed into operation at once, General Schriever testified, could begin "without dilution or diversion" of the critical missile development program. General Schriever's testimony, given in the first weeks of the year, revealed that the "present Thor missile with existing second-stage hardware can place a satellite in orbit with respectable payloads." Here the General was referring to the recoverable reconnaissance satellite which would, in a launching this year, precede the giant Pied Piper to be launched in 1959 by the Atlas. Schriever went on to state of the Thor that by "adding existing third-stage hardware, this vehicle can perform unmanned reconnaissance of the moon at a relatively early date."

Finally the Lunar Probes were announced. Roy W. Johnson, head of the Advanced Research Projects Agency, received permission from the White House and the Department of Defense to authorize the initial firing of rockets to the moon. The President ordered ARPA to coordinate its space projects with the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, the National Academy of Sciences, and the National Science Foundation, telling evidence that the Moon rocket probes were truly a national effort, rather than the result of any single service.

With a "damn the schedules" order that would place in a secondary position the value of scientific readings of lunar phenomenon, the United States could place a rocket directly on the moon, or into an orbit about the moon, within thirty days of this writing. The Army has been ordered to fire at least one and possibly two of its proven Jupiter-C rockets to the moon. Army engineers need only modify one of their existing, in-the-shop rockets and "shoot the moon." The Air Force lunar probe is more sophisticated in the form of the three-stage Thor, but without the need for instrumentation, this timetable could also be speeded up. In its announcement to the nation, ARPA gave no timetable for its Lunar Probes, stating only that our goal is to "determine our capability of exploring space in the vicinity of the moon, to obtain useful data concerning the moon and provide a close look at the moon."

FIFTY YEARS OF ADVENTURE!

WHEN anyone thinks of the word adventurer, the first name which automatically comes to his lips is that of Lowell Thomas. In the next issue of ARGOSY, Mr. Thomas will tell of the most exciting moments of his life.

AUGUST ARGOSY

ON SALE JULY 17

What is, exactly, the "vicinity of the moon"? Spokesmen for the Defense Department would not specify (perhaps it's classified!) but admitted that worthwhile data could be obtained from a distance of 10,000 miles above the lunar surface.

Despite beliefs to the contrary, firing a rocket to the moon is a task far more simple than, for example, launching a satellite into a precision, near-circular orbit. The movement of the moon around the earth at its mean distance of 238,857 miles (it approaches to 216,240 miles and strays as far as 252,710 miles) is known with the most exacting mathematical accuracy. The computations to fire across space to the moon have been worked out many years ago. The desired accuracy in the shoot demands far less from the engineers than placing an ICBM warhead on target over a range of 5,500 miles. The moon is no small target. It moves in its orbit at 2,200 miles per hour, and makes a nice bullseye with its diameter of 2,163 miles (to say nothing of its gravitational attraction to help "drag in" the rocket).

The launching of the Air Force Lunar Probe will be a truly fantastic sight. At the moment of firing a cataract of searing flame tears out from the rocket chamber. It thunders back with lightning, alive with shock waves, and smashes against thick, curving steel walls which deflect the shrieking flame. With tremendous force, thousands of gallons of water per minute plunge against the white-hot steel to prevent the flame's transforming it to bubbling metal.

The rocket lifts in a deliberate, majestic ascent, balancing on its lashing tail of fire. Faster and faster it bursts away from the earth. High over the planet the flame blossoms out, a golden fireball to observers on the earth. At 100,000 feet, in what is virtually a vacuum, two giant fans of flame billow out behind the Thor.

It tilts away from its vertical climb, leaning back to the horizon, racing upward now at many thousands of miles per hour. Then the Thor tanks are empty. An automatic timing device sets off a small group of explosive charges. The exhausted Thor booster is jettisoned, and instantly the motor in Stage Two—the Vanguard second stage—crashes into life. Unseen now to the naked eye on the ground it races deeper into space, accelerating constantly. The last fuel streams from the blazing motor chamber. Silence. Tilted nearly seventy-five degrees away from the vertical, the rocket coasts upward on sheer momentum, soaring in a great, curving arc.

These last few seconds of firing are the most critical of the entire powered flight. Before the final booster fires, it must be spinning rapidly. This is called spin-stabilization; it allows the solid-propellant rocket, even if suffering uneven burning, to accelerate along the desired course. Then the vehicle must be in its exact alignment above the earth, and it must be moving precisely in the direction which will enable it to intersect the moon in its orbit. (Aiming a rocket at the moon follows the principle of "leading" in hunting. The rocket is not aimed directly at its target, but toward that area the moon will occupy, say, three days after launching. It's the same as the hunter who aims ahead of a duck in flight, so that his shotgun charge will meet the duck.)

Think of a marksman sighting a rifle on a target. If the barrel of the gun (the rocket above the earth's surface) is at the same level above the floor as the target, and is pointed directly at the target's center when the trigger is squeezed, the marksman will score a direct hit. If the barrel is only slightly off level, however, the marksman will still hit the target, although not in dead-center. The bullet moves within the invisible cone during its flight from the rifle muzzle to the target—the width of the cone as the bullet ends its flight is exactly the width of the target.

One final act must be performed. Since there is no air at 200 miles, the rocket must be spun rapidly to gain flight stability. At the last moment before firing Stage Three, a group of small rockets around the rocket body leap into fire. At 200 rpm the rocket achieves its "rifle stability."

A brilliant streamer of flame explodes from the third stage, then stabs the darkness of space above the earth. For long seconds the flame hurls the third stage forward. The acceleration is incredible; when the flame vanishes the rocket is on its way to the moon. Its final speed is equally incredible—between 26,000 and 30,000 miles per hour. The rocket is now inert metal; only its instruments are alive. It moves as irresistibly as a meteor.

Will we be first? Or, as before, will we place a poor second? Only time—and the Russians—can provide the answer.

The mission of the Lunar Probe is committed once its flame has died. The final stage, with its instruments, may be fired so as to be "captured" by the moon's gravity and pulled into an orbit—the circumlunar shoot. One of these Probes is planned to be fired directly at the moon so as to impact, at nearly 10,000 miles per hour, directly into the lunar surface. At the moment of impact a magnesium flare will explode with searing brilliance, and will be photographed from the earth. That should be quite a picture!

All this, of course, leads us to the inevitable question. Why bother going to the moon in the first place?

The reasons are many. For some aspects of scientific research, a lunar shoot will provide accurate measurements of how gravity affects a body in space between the moon and the earth. Photographs of the reverse side of the moon, the part that can't be seen from the Earth, may reveal spectacular features of our satellite. Of vital interest to almost all fields of science is the question of whether or not the moon has a magnetic field. No scientist has ever explained why the Earth has such a field; the absence or the presence of a similar magnetic field about the moon would do much to shed light on several mysteries confronting us about our own world.

There is another aspect: "Scientific research . . . has never been amenable to rigorous cost accounting in advance. Nor, for that matter, has exploration of any sort. But if we have learned one lesson, it is that research and exploration have a remarkable way of paying off . . . ."

Yet it is not the scientific reward to be gained that compels us so urgently to reach the moon, first with the Lunar Probes, next with the instrumented rockets to descend to the moon's surface, and finally in spaceships carrying Man himself to this small and pitted world in space. The key man in the Air Force's astronautics programs is Brigadier General Homer A. Boushey of the Air Research and Development Command. The General stresses that, while opinion within the military organization is split as to the value of the Moon as a vital military installation, he personally believes (and is supported by an overwhelming majority of military and industrial research) that eventual control of this planet lies in the hands of that nation controlling the moon. We could have a rocket on the moon by 1963.

The military advantages of a lunar base may well provide a key to Earth domination. This the Russians believe, and so do many of our top military strategists. They stress that the low surface gravity of the moon, only one-sixth that of this planet (the moon has an escape velocity at the surface of 5,600 mph compared to nearly 26,000 mph from Earth), means that hydrogen bomb warheads could be kept in readiness in shafts sunk deply into the lunar surface. A catapult system, without the need of rockets, could hurl these warheads into space at better than 6,000 mph —launching them toward terrestrial targets, with final guidance provided by lunar stations or earth-circling satellites. From the moment of launching the missiles could be observed and guided to their objectives. The key to this system is that one side of the moon always faces the Earth, while the earth's rotation requires multiple tracking and control stations, always at the mercy of the weather.

It would be exceedingly difficult to destroy installations on the moon with rockets launched from the Earth. At least twenty-four to forty-eight hours would be available for counteraction to be taken. Even the most powerful thermonuclear bombs lose much of their effectiveness on the moon. There will be no blast effects, because the moon has no atmosphere to carry an airborne shock wave.

General Boushey and his associates see the moon as a retaliation site of unparalleled advantage, and a tremendous deterrent (assuming the lunar base is American) toward any Soviet attempt to start a war. With an existing missile-launching complex on the moon, the Russians must either launch an overwhelming attack against the moon some two days prior to attacking United States targets. "Or," states the General, "Russia could attack the continental United States first, only and inevitably to receive, from the Moon some forty-eight hours later, sure destruction."

These, then, are some of the far-reaching military implications of Round Two in the war for the moon. We are a long way from realizing lunar installations of the complexity described by General Boushey. But to achieve success in that future which we can already timetable, we must win the technological battles of today.

So far, we are losing.

One day, soon, men will set foot on the surface of the Moon. They will face a dishearteningly lifeless world of utter darkness and blinding light, and sometimes a world of garish green-tinted light reflecting from the brilliant and distant Earth.

They must learn to survive in vacuum, in a world dead through all its existence. Temperatures will soar in blistering solar radiance to as high as 214 degrees, and plummet in the night of fourteen earth days to 243 degrees below zero. Because there can be no refraction and distortion of light waves on such an airless globe, there will always be visible on darkside, the magnificent panorama of space with uncounted stars gleaming in a jet-black sky. When visible over the horizon during the lunar "day" of two weeks, the sun will appear as a savage, flaming star, hurling forth great streamers of fire for tens of thousands of miles from its surface.

There is reward on the Moon other than military bases. The Moon is incredibly rich in untapped power. Naked and unfiltered solar radiation can be trapped to supply enormous power for permanent installations, for the breakdown of indigenous materials to be transformed into useful products. As a fueling base, the Moon's light gravity may transform the barren satellite into the gateway to the planets. It is the perfect site for a vast astronomical laboratory to plumb the depths of space.

But we must never forget that over the lunar horizon, when it is visible as the "full Earth," our own world will appear as a brilliant, swollen ball in the skies. Today the Moon is a target for scientific research. Ten or twenty years from now, if we lose the war for space to which we are irrevocably committed, it is that swollen ball that may be the target—for Russian missiles. • • •

it's news to men

QUICK AS A FLASH! The Futuramatic Strobonar, a new 35-ounce electronic lifetime flash unit, is gaining popularity with photographers all over the country. It eliminates the separate power pack and incorporates in its lamphead and handle all components necessary for operation. Models retail at $49.95 and $59.95 at photography shops, or from the Heiland Division of Minneapolis-Honeywell, Denver, Colo.

GREEN DYE FOR BROWN GRASS: Soon it will be possible to revive your withered lawn with a new type of dye which will give browning plots a fresh, green appearance.

MULTI-PURPOSE TOOL: Shure-Set, by Ramset of Cleveland, is designed for hammer-in fastening work as well as drilling into face brick or tile. When drill is removed the same tool can be used for driving fasteners into concrete, cinder block, mortar or thin steel. Designed as Model R-360, it sells for $12.95. (Ramset is part of Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp.)

TRAVEL NOTE: In Mexico City you can ride for more than twelve miles in a "pesero" (share-a-cab Mexican style) for a peso (eight cents in U. S. money).

CAR BUYER'S GUIDE: A fund of information for the buyer of a new or used car is packed into "Auto Secrets," a handbook that takes the guessing out of buying. It includes finance and payment charts, specifications, best buys of the year, as well as trade secrets for buying wisely. Send two dollars to D. William, Dept. A-41, Box 331, Berkeley, Calif.

PORTABLE AUTO COOLER: You can drive refreshed and arrive refreshed with a compact evaporative air cooler which plugs into your cigarette lighter. Whether you are moving or parked it operates with whisper-quiet efficiency. Moderately priced ($54.95), the unit can be removed at journey's end, in a matter of minutes, for spot cooling in home or motel. For further information and color illustrations, drop a card to Wright Manufacturing Co., Phoenix, Ariz.

MISCELLANY: Chewing gum, invented by Thomas Adams, a New York glass merchant in 1869, rang up sales of $271 million last year. . . . A reasonable estimate of the area of inland waters in the United States is 48,000,000 acres. . . . Last year the pencil industry produced 1,450,000,000 pencils, amounting to 8-plus per person in the U.S.A. . . . The world's most powerful transformer is capable of supplying enough electric power to handle the needs of a city of about 650,000 persons.

M. GRAVES

When inquiring about a product, be sure to mention that you saw it in ARGOSY.

ashen-faced, he looked down at the dark hole, then at the crowd. "I don't think I can do it."

A police surgeon studied his watch, then turned to the newsmen. "The man's been under water five minutes." He paused, shrugged. "He's dead," he said positively.

The reporters rushed for phones, and shortly, extras appeared on the streets with headlines in 78-point type:

HOUDINI DROWNS IN RIVER!

In her hotel room, Beatrice Houdini heard the newsboys' cries. Usually she accompanied her husband to the scene when he made his underwater escapes, but today she'd had to remain behind because of a severe cold. She ran out for a paper.

When she returned, Harry Houdini was there, running water in the bathtub. He was blue with exposure, exhausted, but unharmed. After a hot bath he was fit as ever, and chuckling over the headlines.

He'd quickly freed himself from the handcuffs, he explained to Beatrice, but the current, stronger than he'd anticipated, had carried him away from the hole, and when he swam up he encountered only solid ice, too thick to break.

Suddenly he remembered that there should be a little air space between the water and the bottom of the ice. Fighting off panic, his lungs laboring, he swam up, rolled over on his back and pressed his nose against the ice. There was just enough room—a bare half-inch—to take in air. He breathed gently so as not to inhale any water.

With his lungs filled again, he began cruising around searching for the hole. He couldn't find it. "The confounded hole had vanished as if it had frozen over." He filled his lungs again, but he knew his time was running out. He was icy-cold.

Suddenly, he saw the rope dangling in the water. Summoning his remaining strength, he swam over and grabbed for it and pulled himself up through the hole and onto the ice, just as the tardy swimmer was starting to climb down. Houdini had been under water for eight minutes.

His escapes from such nerve-shattering confinement were called "tricks," but they were vastly more dangerous and difficult than audiences suspected. A few of his imitators, lacking his incredible physical and mental abilities, died attempting to duplicate his feats. Houdini stayed alive because he knew his job.

Many of his spectacular escapes depended on a trick of some kind, but only in part. His famous Milk Can stunt, for instance, was exceedingly dangerous. On the stage, Houdini would display a slightly oversize milk can, filled to the brim with water. Members of the audience inspected the bolts and padlocks that clamped the top shut.

Houdini, after being stripped and searched, would step into the can and submerge. The top would be banged shut and the locks secured. A screen would be placed around the can. A little appropriate music from the orchestra—and presto! Houdini would emerge from behind the screen, dripping and triumphant. The locks would prove to be intact.

The trick was that the can had a cleverly concealed hinge, permitting the top to swing back at a point below the padlocks. But Houdini's problems weren't simple. He had to secrete a thin steel rod on his person and then, locked in the milk can, hold his breath while he felt around with the rod until he located the hidden spring. One performer drowned in attempting the trick. And Houdini himself almost died when, in Germany, he consented to have the can filled with beer. A strict teetotaler, he was overcome by the fumes. He managed to throw open the top, but was slipping back into the beer, unconscious, when an assistant heard the splash and hauled him out.

My chief task is to conquer fear," he once wrote. "When I am stripped, manacled, nailed securely within a weighted packing case and thrown into the sea, or buried alive, it is necessary to preserve great serenity of spirit. I have to work with great delicacy and lightning speed. If I grow panicky, I am lost. If something goes wrong, some little accident or mishap, I'm lost unless all my faculties are working on high, free from tension and strain. The public sees only the thrill of the accomplished trick; it has no conception of the torturous preliminary training necessary to conquer fear."

The only time Houdini ever lost his head was when he was buried alive in California. As the workmen shoveled the sand in on top of the grave, Houdini folded his arms in front of his face to keep the sand out of his eyes and give him the little air he needed. He'd been buried alive before, but this time, for some reason, "the dark silence gave me the first thrill of horror I've ever experienced, the knowledge that I was six feet under—the legal requirement for a corpse."

The sand was heavy and a little wet as he tried to claw his way to the surface. "The last remnants of my self-possession left me." He panicked, and yelled—or tried to. "Then, due to my long training, instinct took over. With my last reserve strength I fought through to the surface, more sand than air entering my nostrils."

Few men have been as dedicated to their are as Houdini. A powerhouse of energy, he never slept more than five hours a night, and often became so interested in developing a new trick that he forgot to go to bed at all. "That extra three hours a day," he once remarked to a friend, "gives me almost eleven hundred hours a year that other people don't have. I can do a lot in that extra time."

Determined to become the greatest master of escape in the world, Houdini devoted every waking hour to physical training and mental conditioning, and to devising new tricks. Although he had little formal education, he studied physics and chemistry in order to know more about locks and safes than anyone else. Vain, somewhat humorless, he was indifferent to money, appearance, social graces. All his life, he was obsessed with escaping from confinement—which should interest students of Freud. Nothing else mattered.

"One of my secrets," Houdini wrote, "has been my vigorous physical training, enabling me to do remarkable things with my body, to make, not one muscle or a group of muscles, but *every* muscle a responsible worker, quick and sure for its part; to make my fingers super-fingers in dexterity and to train my toes to do the work of fingers."

He trained as athletes should—but seldom do. Water was his drink. He never touched coffee, tea or alcohol. His performances on stage lasted as long as two-and-a-half hours and left him exhausted, particularly his escapes from straight jackets and from bindings of wet sheets and bandages. There were no gimmicks involved in these escapes, simply a phenomenal muscle control that enabled him to wriggle from his bonds, a fraction of an inch at a time, his muscles rippling like snakes, untying knots with his teeth and toes, until he was free.

Between engagements he worked out in the gym in his house on West 113th Street in New York City, and at the age of fifty he could swim two miles without tiring. Preparing for his underwater handcuff escapes, he took cold baths at home.

He practiced holding his breath until he could remain under water for four minutes without undue discomfort. His public record was four minutes, sixteen seconds. An Indian magician, Rahmen Bey, put himself into a supposed trance in a New York theater and was nailed in an airtight coffin. He stayed ten minutes, ascribing his amazing feat to magic, and challenged Houdini to duplicate the stunt.

The old master, no man to tolerate competition, hooted at the magic explanation and immediately began practicing slow breathing. He learned to breathe so slowly and shallowly that he could exist on scarcely enough air to sustain a mouse. In a few weeks he was ready to meet the fakir's challenge. Sealed in a metal coffin, he was

dumped into the swimming pool of the Sheraton Hotel. Doctors in attendance estimated that the coffin, a standard size, contained no more than a fifteen-minute supply of air. The slow-breathing Houdini remained submerged for one hour and thirteen minutes.

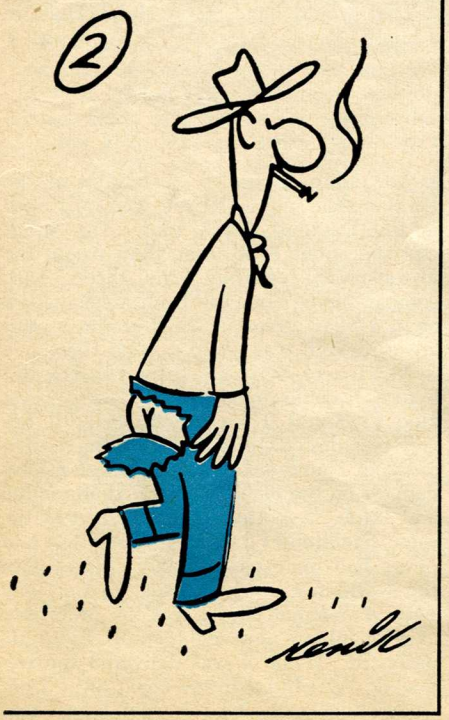
Houdini was one of that rare breed who, because of a combination of natural talent, opportunity, and an obsession to excel in a particular field, seem destined almost from birth for success. Born Erich Weiss in Appleton, Wisconsin, in 1874, he was the son of a professor who had fled Hungary—so the romantic legend went—because he'd killed a nobleman in a duel. Erich seemed like a normal child, although his parents worried because he never slept much. From the time he could walk and talk the boy was mad about magic and escapes. A strong, wiry lad, he let his playmates bind him with ropes so he could wriggle free in a matter of minutes. He could pick every lock in the house with a hairpin.

When Erich was nine, Jack Hueffler's Five-Cent Circus hit town for a two-week stand, and the boy applied for a job as a performer. Asked what he could do, Erich demonstrated by picking up needles with his eyelids while hanging upside down, and created a minor scandal by slipping out of handcuffs provided by the local sheriff. For good measure, he exhibited considerable talent as a tumbler.

Erich was hired on the spot, and offered a permanent job at the end of the run, but his parents decided he was too young to go on the road. The boy was heartbroken.

School was a bore to Erich. At the tender age of twelve he ran away from home. After wandering around the country for a time he joined a small circus as Erich the Great, Acrobat and Handcuff King. Already he was reading everything he could lay hands on about locks, safes and magic.

ARGOSY MAGAZINE



The Weiss family moved to New York, and four years later Erich came home, somewhat disillusioned about the fame and fortune that had eluded him. He went to work as a tie-cutter in the garment district. Always interested in body-building, he joined the YMCA as a long-distance runner, and usually managed to get in a daily ten-mile workout. Now sixteen, he was a gangly youth, good-looking in the then fashionable collar-ad style, with dark, intense eyes and a body like flexible steel.

The turning point in Erich's life was the day he chanced on a book by Jean Robert Houdin, the great French conjuror. He was fascinated with the Frenchman's accounts of magic tricks and escapes, and vowed that he'd become a master magician. Wasting no time, he changed his name to Houdini—the Harry was added for alliteration—and teamed up with a friend in a magic act. The Houdini Brothers toured the country, but they broke no attendance records.

In 1893, at nineteen, Houdini put aside his box of tricks long enough to marry Beatrice Rahner, a pretty, dark-haired girl he'd met at Coney Island. Beatrice looked grand in tights, and became his partner in the act.

The young couple had a tough time. They played beer halls, dime museums, small carnivals and back-street night clubs.

There were a dozen well-known magicians in America at the time, but no really first-rate escape artists, so Harry decided to concentrate on building a repertoire of escape acts—his real love. Further, he determined to make his reputation in Europe, where audiences were supposed to be more receptive to his type of performance, and then return to America as a full-fledged attraction.

Harry invaded England in the spring of 1900 and speedily found that London theater managers were enormously indifferent to his act. Handcuff kings, he was told, were a shilling a dozen, and usually frauds, working with their own specially-made handcuffs that any child could get out of.

Houdini was about to head for home when his agent managed to set up an audience with Superintendent Melville of Scotland Yard, whose boast was that no human could wriggle out of the handcuffs *he* used. The agent thoughtfully arranged to have several reporters and photographers present.

Superintendent Melville wasted no time. He circled Houdini's arms around an iron pillar in his office, snapped on the cuffs and remarked genially, "Here's how we fasten Yankee criminals when they come over here and get in trouble. I'm leaving now. I'll come back for you in a couple of hours." He turned to leave the room.

"Wait!" cried Houdini. "I'll go with you!"—and stepped back from the pillar as the handcuffs clattered to the floor. He'd opened the cuffs merely by striking them together in a certain way.

London had a good laugh at Melville's expense, and Houdini was booked into the Music Hall. He was immediately challenged by the London *Daily Mirror,* which defied him to get out of a pair of supercuffs that a locksmith had spent four years in perfecting. It took Houdini a little longer this time—thirty seconds.

Houdini nailed down his reputation in London with his terrifying "safe escape." A huge safe was wheeled onstage, and Houdini, after being thoroughly searched, stepped inside. The massive door was locked and a screen placed around the safe.

The audience waited. After a half-hour, some spectators fainted; others hurried out of the theater, unable to bear the thought of Houdini dying of suffocation. After forty-five minutes the manager could stand the suspense no longer and pushed back the screen. Houdini was sitting in a chair, calmly reading a newspaper, and the safe was still locked. The audience gave him a standing ten-minute ovation.

Actually, Houdini had been inside the safe less than five minutes. Hidden on his body was a small screwdriver. Once inside the safe, he unscrewed the cover of the locking apparatus and manipulated the tumblers until they fell clear, allowing the door to open. He stepped out, replaced the cover and closed the door. Simple—but had any little thing gone wrong, he would have suffocated in agony.

England went wild about Harry. In Leicester he walked out of a jail that had been built by Oliver Cromwell to hold political prisoners. He escaped from a murderer's cell in Sheffield. In Blackburn, he let himself be chained to a cannon with a fuse that was timed to explode in fifteen minutes. Houdini was free in six.

He toured the Continent in triumph, breaking records everywhere he went. Only once, in Scotland, did he almost fail. He was put naked in a cell, shackled hand and foot. It was the work of a moment to get free of the manacles and then, shivering in the chill air, he went to work on the cell door with the picklock. The door refused to open, although Houdini was familiar with that particular type of lock. He worked an hour, freezing, the picklock repeatedly falling from his numbed fingers. Finally, almost exhausted, he leaned against the iron bars—and the door swung open. A sly jailer had almost deceived the master deceiver by deliberately leaving the door unlocked.

When, in 1903, Houdini arrived with much fanfare in Moscow, the Russian police were ready to challenge the American. They showed him a van used to transport political prisoners. It was a box about eight feet square, mounted on a truck, made of heavy hardwood and lined with sheets of metal. Once inside, with the door closed, a prisoner had absolutely nothing to get his hands on—no window, hinges, holes or projections of any kind. The metal sheets were fitted together so accurately that not even a knife blade could be inserted between them.

The police asked him if he dared to try an escape from such a formidable prison.

"It might take a little longer than usual," Houdini said airily, "but I'll do it."

On the day of the test Houdini arrived at the prison to find two doctors waiting. After the police had stripped him naked, he was stretched on a table and the doctors went to work. They probed every square inch of his skin, inspected between his toes; they ran a magnet through his hair and checked his teeth. Finally, they got out instruments and inspected every orifice on his body. Satisfied that he carried not so much as a common pin, they led him across the prison yard to the van. He stepped inside, saw the door slammed

shut, heard the bolts slide into their grooves. Promising to return and let him out in six hours, the police went back to the office.

Three hours later Harry Houdini, shivering in his nakedness and close to exhaustion, walked into the office.

The flabbergasted Russians ran out to the van. A hole about eighteen inches square had been cut through one side—through the metal, then through the wood. Somewhere on his body, somehow, the amazing Houdini had hidden a saw.

What was Harry Houdini's secret of concealment? There seems only one possible, logical answer. Years later Francis Sill Wickware, writing in "Variety," mentioned that Houdini's phenomenal muscle control, including control of his throat and stomach muscles, enabled him to swallow the picklock or small metal tools and regurgitate them at will!

In 1905 Houdini began his conquest of America. Aware of the innate skepticism of New York newspapermen, he dreamed up a stunt that he hoped would insure him some solid publicity.

On a raw March morning, Houdini, a couple of police officials and a dozen reporters and cameramen headed down the Hudson River in a tugboat. On the deck stood a large wooden packing box. Everybody, including the tugboat crew, inspected it carefully.

When the tug reached the Upper Bay, Houdini was searched, draped in seventy-five pounds of iron—handcuffs, leg irons and assorted chains and padlocks—and lifted into the box.

Four men lifted the box and dumped it overboard. It floated just awash, rolling sluggishly in the mild chop and secured to the tug by a 100-foot line.

Fifty-seven seconds later Houdini climbed over the side of the tug; he was on the deck, dripping and jubilant, before the reporters noticed him. When the box was hauled aboard it was intact, just as it was when thrown overboard, except for a few quarts of water in the bottom. The incredible feat hit every paper in town and Houdini's fame was assured.

The box was, of course, Houdini's own invention. Like the Milk Can, it contained a cunningly concealed hinged door that opened inward. Once inside the box, Houdini shucked off the manacles, then used a thin steel blade to pry open the hinged door. He simply squeezed through the opening, let the door shut behind him without disturbing the ropes, and swam underwater to the tug.

Not an especially difficult maneuver—for anybody willing to bet his life he could keep calm while he got out of the chains and probed in darkness for the concealed hinge, and that the water wouldn't swell the wood and make it stick.

For the next twenty-one years Harry Houdini was America's Number One theater attraction. On tour, he publicized his appearances by escaping from half the jails in the country, by wriggling out of strait jackets while suspended by his heels from high buildings. Locksmiths knocked themselves out designing manacles that he couldn't open. They always failed.

A sportsman, J. S. Foy, Jr., bet Houdini $6,000 that he could tie him up so he'd stay tied. Houdini accepted. Foy began by tying Houdini's hands behind his back, and then went on to wrap him from throat to ankles in several hundred feet of silk fishline, pulling the line so tight that it bulged the flesh. For good measure, he used a needle and a marlinspike to knot and mesh the cords. It took Foy forty-five minutes to complete the job, and it was impossible to imagine Houdini or anyone else ever getting out of the fishline cocoon.

It took Houdini one hour and thirteen minutes to work free. The fishline cut his flesh cruelly as he rolled and twisted his muscles, a fraction of an inch at a time, and when he finally threw off the last of it, his body was a mass of welts and cuts, and he was so exhausted he couldn't stand up.

Many people sincerely believed that Houdini had supernatural powers. He constantly denied receiving spiritual help, but the legend persisted. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle refused to accept the performer's explanation of training and muscle control. "Houdini is a great medium," Sir Arthur wrote. "He dematerializes himself out of safes." And actress Sarah Bernhardt, who had had a leg amputated, pleaded with Houdini to restore it.

Houdini was, in fact, a sworn enemy of all supernatural nonsense, and crusaded for years against mediums and spiritualists. In his stage appearances he delighted in exposing the mediums' standard bag of tricks, table-tapping, bell-ringing, apparitions and all the rest of the fakery.

By the 1920s, Harry Houdini was more than just a performer; he was the unquestioned authority in his field. As the man who knew more about locks and safes than anyone in the world, he spent much of his time lecturing to police academies and law-enforcement agencies. And his years of intensive study and research paid off with an invention that was awesome in its implications—a simple device that could unscramble the combination of any safe.

By the time he was forty-five, his body was badly beat up—ruptured blood vessels, dislocations, strains, torn ligaments. Doctors, while admitting that he was an amazing physical specimen, kept warning him to go easy.

"If you continue," a doctor told him in 1921, "you're committing certain suicide. You won't last a year."

Houdini's answer to that was to finish his engagement, take a three-day rest, and get back to work.

In October, 1926, while performing at a Detroit theater, Houdini was warned that he needed to have his appendix removed, and at once. "Later," he replied, "when I finish my engagement."

A few days later, in the middle of his act, he doubled up in pain. He managed to stagger through the rest of the performance, then collapsed in the wings. Rushed to a hospital, he was found to have a gangrenous appendix with advanced peritonitis. The doctors in attendance were agreed that he wouldn't last twenty-four hours. Houdini, true to form, paid no attention. He hung on for over a week.

It was ironical that, after Houdini's death, no one could find the combination of his personal safe, even a retired safecracker, who worked at it all day. He finally had to blow the safe apart.

That would have given Harry Houdini a laugh. • • •

Stationwagon Camping

Continued from page 59

for dinner, "How much does it weigh?" I did manage a number of solo week-end trips to nearby hills, but my feeling of guilt each time outweighed the catch.

My salvation began last summer at a Maine ocean resort. When the children were in bed for the night, we spent an evening with a fascinating elderly couple named Jenkens, from Texas, who were touring the country. At "sack time" (a substitute expression for "bedtime" which my family has recently acquired for reasons which shall be forthcoming), the Jenkens prepared to leave.

"Far to go?" I asked, meaning which floor of the hotel did they live on.

"Don't know yet. Haven't decided," Mr. J. replied cryptically.

"There may be an open motel on the main road," my wife said.

"Oh, we'll stop just outside of town," Mrs. J. answered. "We like to sleep in the woods!"

Somewhere inside me a big bass leapt for a butterfly and never came down.

"Tent?" I asked feebly.

"Wagon!" they said in unison.

At three a.m. we finally said good-night.

Why hadn't I thought of a stationwagon? Of course, I'd read the ads touting it as a perfect carry-all for sportsmen which could even be slept in "if desired." But my meager activity afield never seemed to qualify me for one. I suddenly realized I'd been looking at it wrong end to. This wagon supplements the outfit of an angler who can go fishing whenever he wishes. But in my case, a wagon might itself make my fishing possible!

I sold my wife on the stationwagon, cagily omitting to mention my fishing plans. We decided on a Pontiac Star-Chief Safari, a 285-hp. four-door job providing almost eight feet of sleeping room with the rear seat folded. At the same time it was light enough to give me good lugging power for pulling a trailer. A feature of the Pontiac that impressed me was its record in the Daytona Beach runs. The Safari cost me about $150 more than would the lowest-priced of the "little three" with comparable equipment. I put my signature on a GMAC time-payment contract, and my campaign was off to a good start.

Next I secretly shopped for a trailer, but before I could make up my mind what kind I wanted, I was sidetracked. It began one day while I was thrilling vicariously to counters full of the latest fishing gadgets on the eighth floor of Abercrombie and Fitch. I spotted at the far end of the room something I'd always wanted but had never had an excuse to buy. Now, with the world my newly-shucked oyster, why not? A moment later I was the proprietor of a spanking new eighteen-hp Evinrude outboard. When it was delivered the following day I hid it in the cellar away from questioning eyes. Then a week later I was

informed by a brutally frank office acquaintance that I'd goofed, that almost nowhere would I be able to hire a boat large enough to take an eighteen-hp motor. His manner was so annoying I refused to exchange the Evinrude for a smaller size. Instead I bought a boat to fit it—a sixteen-foot Lone Star with a wide transom. Then, to consolidate my two initial investments I made a third—a Tee Nee boat trailer complete with cover and taillights.

While the deed was being done, I had somehow forgotten about sleeping the youngsters. Now I realized I'd bought myself into a hole. The car couldn't pull two trailers. And I didn't think I could persuade the kids to sleep in the boat, even if my wife were to raise no objections. I found my answer in a sporting-goods catalogue—a car-top sleeper. After studying a number of makes, I chose the Tour-A-Tent made by the Pop-Tent Corporation. In the brochure that came with it I saw two other items I knew I'd need—window screens for the car to keep out insects and provide ventilation at night, and a double-size air mattress for my wife and me to sleep on in the wagon. I supplemented these with our Coleman products: a two-burner camp stove, a gas lantern, ice refrigerator, and folding camp-table with chairs. Now I was ready for V (vacation) day.

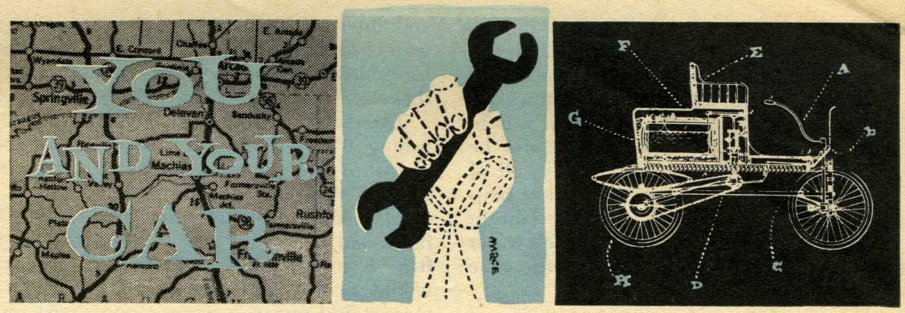
"Where'll we go this year, dear?" my angel harped at me on V-day-minus-thirty.

"How about South Carolina? I'll find a spot. I'll make it a surprise."

On V-day-minus-twenty-nine she smiled, asking me what clothes to bring. I told her the usual and smiled back. My first crisis had passed. On V-day-minus-two I put a simple bumper-hitch on the wagon and hooked up the boat and trailer, fastening the motor to the center seat where it would ride safely, and placing the gas tank and my fishing tackle on the floor alongside it, also extra pillows, sheets and blankets I'd filched from the house. Then I installed the boat cover to hide the loot. On V-day-minus-one I installed the Tour-A-Tent and started to pack the wagon. When my wife gestured to the trailer and wanted to know what it was and I answered "boat," any comment she might have made was lost in the gleeful shouts of the kids. She eyed the gadget on the roof suspiciously but didn't refer to it. On the dawn of V day the five of us headed south, leaving behind us the city of steel-sheeted anthills and carbon-monoxide.

We spent that night in a motel outside of Emporia, Virginia, and the next afternoon we turned east from Sumter, South Carolina, toward Lakes Marion and Moultrie in the Santee-Cooper river-basin. The children were asleep and there was no comment from my wife as I pulled the Safari into a dirt road leading to Lake Marion and into a woodland world of sublime peace and quietness. I braked the wagon and sucked in some ozone, and got to work.

It took me five minutes to set up the Tour-A-Tent. It was about four-by-six feet, complete with an innerspring mattress, netting windows, a screen door to keep its contents intact and a ladder to reach it. I threw in two small pillows, sheets, and a blanket and the girls' nest was ready for occupancy. The tent's awning I decided to forget until the following



Cross-Country Driving Is Different

She ain't what she used to be, this cross country driving. Much denser traffic on the two-lane roads, new dangers and practices on the three-lane and some real new factors on the thruways, expressways, turnpikes and limited-access highways require up-to-date driving methods.

Today passenger-car drivers must act like truck operators. These men often pile up records of a million miles or more, without a major and sometimes not even a minor mishap. These phenomenal records do not come by happenstance. They result from training and experience. It will pay to take a large sheaf of leaves from the book of the truck driver and here are a few of the things that he does.

Driving the two-lane highway calls for particular care. Rule One, never pass if there is the slightest chance that an on-coming car can catch you before you get safely by. If a truck or trailer is ahead of you, be particularly careful. You will have to turn out slightly to see beyond the vehicle down the road. When the road ahead is clear, sound your horn, so that the car or truck ahead will not swing left at the same time you do. Truck drivers have a nice way of sticking out their arm and waving you on when the coast is clear.

At night a generally accepted signal to "Come on and pass, it's okay," may be given by blinking the row of ICC lights across the top of the truck trailer. Conversely he warns you not to pass by touching his brake pedal lightly a few times. This flashes the bright red stop lights at the bottom of the body and you'd better heed the warning. When you pass him, two short toots on your horn will say, "Thank you."

Three-lane roads have their own special brand of hazards. Those signs KEEP RIGHT EXCEPT WHEN PASSING, tell the story. Passing on a highway of this kind can be even more hazardous than on a two-lane, because if two cars are in the passing lane at the same time in opposite directions, that worst of all accidents, head-on collision can happen in a flash.

Two cars running in opposite directions, each at 60 mph approach each other at the rate of 176 feet per second. If they are one-quarter mile apart they would collide in 7½ seconds! Think of that and play it safe. Many states seek to protect you from head-on collisions by the system of solid lines for no passing and broken line for passing. Don't trust the other fellow in this situation. A truck driver with a safety record doesn't.

The multi-lane roads which include four and six or more lanes, and the other modern roads, are by far the safest. When the Pennsylvania Turnpike was first opened speeds were uncontrolled. Experience soon proved that this was unwise. Today 55, 60 and 65 mph for passenger cars and lesser speeds for trucks are actually enforced on all the turnpikes and expressways. Some limited-access roads have a lower maximum. Not only do they have speed limits but they have very effective means, including radar, of enforcing them.

Mountain driving is easy for those who do it often. It can be terrifying to those who have no experience with this driving. The down hill part of it offers the greater hazards to the inexperienced because in taking sharp curves it is easy to skid because of misjudged speed. On some of the mountain roads, whether in the Sierras of California or the Blue Ridge in Virginia, the curves are sharp and the grades are steep. In such going, avoid the temptation to always take the inside of the turn. Keep to the right regardless of the drop-off. Experienced mountain drivers take the curves much faster and head-on collisions between these and the inexperienced and perhaps overly cautious drivers are frequent.

Try to drive the mountain roads in daylight. Watch out for snow and fog. It is better to hole up somewhere and wait until it's over. You might be stranded for days. This happened only this Spring on the highly traveled Pennsylvania Turnpike where hundreds were marooned on a good road with gentle slopes and easy curves. If you get trapped in fog or snow, try to get behind an experienced mountain driver, preferably a transport operator and trail him by a hundred yards or so.

Remember that authorities agree that outside of well-lit city streets, night driving is three times as hazardous as during the day. One of the major automobile manufacturers is spending millions to warn car owners of the requirements of night driving including the proper aiming and adjusting of headlamps. Badly adjusted headlamps imperil your car, as well as others, and yet a recent survey showed that more than half the cars examined had improperly aimed lights. It would pay you, and maybe surprise you, to have yours checked.

Nothing has been said here about having your own car in good condition. If this is important around your home it is a deadly serious matter when it comes to taking a long trip. Here you will have frequent use for the brakes. Be sure they are properly adjusted, well lined and have good drums. Check the wheel alignment and make sure tires are properly inflated with sound treads.

• by J. EDWARD SCHIPPER

day. Then I unloaded the wagon and inflated our mattress with a steel cylinder of compressed air. More pillows, sheets and blankets and our own bedchamber was in order. When Junior discovered he was to share it with us, he objected because he wanted to roost "upstairs." Finally, all of us compromised on a sort of rotating boudoir setup. Next, I gassed up the lantern and the stove, put on a pot of coffee (water from a thermos, not the lake, for the time being), and opened the table.

"Surprise!" I said to my severest critic, handing her a cup.

"Amazing!" she answered, slapping a mosquito, whereupon I passed her a pressure-can of Off, the final nemesis of all biting insects.

The next morning I served bacon and eggs, taken from the refrigerator I'd surreptitiously stocked the previous day. I was a model husband without peer. I hung the sheets and pillows to air, heated wash water, then more water and washed the dishes. When all was ship-shape, I backed the trailer into the lake, fastened the motor on the boat's transom and launched all-hands. There was no fishing that day. I didn't want to push my luck. Besides, I didn't yet have a license. So instead we did some exploring with everyone taking turns at playing captain, to a greater or lesser degree. On the following morning I drove into town and got a fishing license, then started pulling bass, bream, crappie and an occasional striper from the deep waters of Lake Marion. This was the goal for which I'd schemed so desperately. And they say deceit doesn't pay!

Thereafter anyone who wanted to go fishing was welcome aboard. On V-day-plus-three we got some neighbors, a couple with a six-year-old son, obviously backward people because they had an old-fashioned tent. But they did dispel any fear I might have had that monotony would rear its ugly head. I knew things were going my way when I overheard my wife explaining, in the first person, how our set-up worked. In appreciation I rigged up a shower for her by hanging from a tree branch a three-gallon can that could be filled with heated water and then tipped by means of a length of fishline. A cheap shower curtain purchased in nearby Summerton and suspended by more fishline made the operation private. This village, incidentally, is the one I visited periodically to replenish our larder and ice. That evening my wife took over the duties of chief cook and dishwasher. All this and fishing, too! To show my gratitude, I decided on one drastic compromise—I shaved. I used the electric shaver she'd given me for Christmas, one that plugs into the car's cigarette-lighter outlet.

The days passed too quickly. On V-day-plus-seven, which was Saturday, I asked her if she wanted to move to another lake for a change of scenery. She replied she liked it right where we were. To celebrate, I took her that night to see South Carolina's gayer side, leaving the rest of the family in the charge of our neighbors. The second week was as wonderful as the first. Other anglers said the fishing could have been better but it was good enough for me. I took sixteen good-size bass, the largest an ounce over five pounds. And the youngsters caught bream and crappie by the bushel. At night the car radio gave us music and news with our dinner. On several evenings we went into town to the movies. "Sack time" (this is when we learned the term) came early for all of us and we slept the sleep of the innocent. Any feelings of guilt I'd had, had long since disappeared, since all's well that ends well. And it was an inexpensive vacation. Except for the car, which we needed anyhow, all the equipment I'd bought hadn't cost as much as two two-week vacations for us at a summer resort, and we'd be able to use it for many years to come.

On our way back north I was silently making plans for a Montana trout trip next year, and was congratulating myself on how aptly I'd contrived this first station-wagon camping episode when my better half dropped a remark that flattened me like a deflated air mattress.

"I'd been wanting to make a trip like this ever since the Jenkens mentioned theirs last summer, but I didn't think you'd like the idea!"

You can't win—at least not one-hundred per cent. • • •

Fishing With Music *Continued from page 16*

"You know about some heroic deeds at sea during the war. I was on that old cargo ship that spread green paint over the ocean to catch submarines. The paint naturally covered the enemy's periscope and he kept rising. At 200-feet altitude we shot him down with anti-aircraft fire. You know that.

"Of course, this fine fisherman—a sterling fellow—used the idea to catch fish and divulged all in your most excellent department. I had thought the secret was all mine, but the truth will out—as somebody must surely have said.

"Now, I will tell how to catch tigers with no strain and absolutely no pain. Perhaps you have heard variations on this method, but let's give a chance to those legions of honest hunters, and others.

"I don't want the five bucks, you understand, but I would prize the Stuffed Bull's Head With the Winking Eye.

"Here's what you need: A chicken, a piece of string, a pair of tweezers, a match box, a fifth of whiskey and a book—for instance, 'How to be a Good Girlwatcher'.

"Then, wherever there are any loose tigers, go there. This seems necessary for any sort of success and is probably the hardest part of the deal.

"Once there, string out the chicken for bait, sit under a tree, or any place you choose, for that matter, and study the book carefully. Waiting, you see. There's no getting around it, you must wait for the game. It's in the rules and all books. Use your whiskey to fight boredom.

"The tiger arrives, closing in slowly, you see. And you immediately sight in with the telescope—using the wrong end. Adjust for distance and, when your tiger gets small enough, pick him up with the tweezers and put him in the matchbox. Simple?

"To profit on the trip, sell your animals to zoos and such places as may want such small tigers.

"For doubters—certainly not Honest Abe Club members—I have the proof for this story. The bottle, of course.

(*Signed*) DON FEWELL
(A past tiger-shooter and bull-catcher)"

You're a genius, Don. Kindly send us the bottle, but be sure it's full.

And, finally, here's William J. Hawkins, of St. Louis, Missouri, to tell us a mean trick:

"I would like to relate to the readers of the Honest Abe Club an experience which may save club members a great amount of unnecessary tree-climbing. This experience is, of course, 'gospel truth,' in keeping with the staunchest traditions of the Honest Abe Club.

"Recently, I have started doing all my hunting with a .22 pistol in order to give the game I hunt 'a sporting chance.'

"The other night, I took my light and my trusty pistol coon hunting. The night was pretty dark, and, when the dogs first took up the trail of brother coon, I was soon left far behind. As I caught up with the dogs, I saw that they had treed their quarry in a huge old sycamore.

"With the aid of my light, I finally located a pair of eyes in the very top of the tree, too high to tell exactly what the dogs had treed.

"Well, sir, I poured nine shots with my pistol right between those two glaring eyes, and they didn't budge or blink!

"I just had to find out what kind of animal could take nine shots between the eyes from my trusty 'no-misser' and not fall, so I started climbing.

"After several minutes of hard climbing, I reached a point where my light could effectively reach the top of the tree, and do you know what I found? . . . Two one-eyed coons sitting side by side!

(*Signed*) WILLIAM J. HAWKINS"

Thanks, Bill. I miss them in bright daylight when they're sitting broadside, too.

Well, fellow Scientists and Nature Lovers, here come the little men with the white coats again, so let's put away the needle and call it a day.

Keep sending me your unbounceable truthful experiences, care of the Honest Abe Club, and I'll keep sending you five unbounceable bucks for each one printed—and, what's much more important, our brand-new Stuffed Bull's Head With the Winking Eye trophy.

Before closing, I must tell you about the extra-special feature for next month. It will be a complete roundup of fifty years of adventuring with Lowell Thomas. And let me tell you, there's the man who's had the most complete and exciting adventures of anyone during your lifetime and mine. It's one of the greatest features we've ever been privileged to present. Also, there's an article on how the Russians can regulate our weather, if they wish, and a gripping mystery story by Ellery Queen.

See you then. • • •

The Log of the Ganga Ho

Continued from page 45

luxurious late rising, card playing, and afternoon napping.

One morning my jumping partner, Captain Frank White, and I sat on our bunks, clad in only our GI shorts, smoking and talking. "You know," Frank said, "I ran across some large-scale maps of this island yesterday that have given me a great idea for some entertainment for us."

If the idea has anything to do with slipping off to Trincomalee and setting up housekeeping with some dusky doll, forget it," I told him. "The old man has some great ideas for us himself, and they don't include combing the town for White and Chaney when the orders come for us to move out."

Frank gestured impatiently. "Hell, we aren't going to move out for weeks yet if what the G-2 boys tell me is correct. We'll have all the time we need. You know that big river we stumbled onto a couple weeks ago when we were making those night sorties into the jungle? Well, according to these maps, that river is called the Mahaweli Ganga and it runs into the Indian Ocean at Trincomalee Harbor."

I stared at him in some amazement. "Fine, so far, but what has this river and maps got to do with dames?"

It was Frank's turn to stare. "Dames?" he roared. "Hell, I don't give a damn about dames . . . at least, that wasn't part of my original idea," he amended hastily. "I figure we could talk the old man into letting us have one of those rubber assault boats, fill it with grub and supplies, haul it up to Kandy where the river begins, and float back down to Trincomalee."

"Assuming the old man is crazy enough to agree with you, why the hell should we go down this river? Bear in mind that we're paratroopers, not frog men."

Frank rumpled his sandy hair excitedly. "Look, Ken," he said intensely, "that river isn't even charted. From what I can tell, most of it runs through uninhabited jungle. We might be the first men to make the trip, for all I know. It would sure be a helluva story," Frank finished, his civilian occupation of newspaper correspondent momentarily breaking through his years of paratrooper experience.

"Yeah, if we ever live to tell it," I replied. "But if we do, think of the pictures we'd have to go with the story." I began to catch some of Frank's excitement.

Before the Army laid claim to my services, I was a free-lance photographer. My cameras and all the wartime pictures I had managed to accumulate so far had been lost in a plane crash in Europe. During a brief furlough in the States, I had, in spite of wartime shortages, acquired two precision cameras with accessories and a hundred dozen sheets of film.

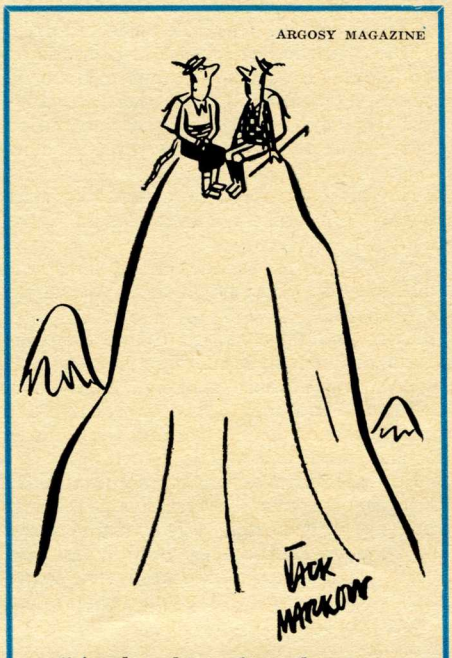
Now, here was a golden opportunity to replace the lost pictures with some equally good ones. Stirring beneath this thought, however, was a sense of relief at the idea of seeing some action, a different kind of action than that to which I had been exposed in Europe and Africa.

"What if the Old Man won't okay this?" I asked.

Frank grinned at my tacit agreement to make the trip. "I think he'll agree," he said. "You know what a beaver he is on keeping the troops trained? Well, I'm going to present this as a sort of a post-graduate course in training and equipment testing for our forthcoming mission.

Surprisingly, the CO not only approved the venture, but even commended us for "initiative and courage" in planning such supplies: two cases of K rations, rice, sugar, salt, and coffee, two jungle hammocks, waterproof matches, insect repellent, water-purifier tablets, and a first aid kit.

The CO wanted a daily position report and at his insistence we used our jungle hammocks to devise a waterproof packing for a radio transmitter and hand-power



"Another thing about the view from the Empire State building— you've got elevators!"

generator. This, with my camera equipment, completed the cargo.

The next morning we loaded our gear into a truck and after an all-day ride, found a suitable launching spot near Kandy. Inflating, launching and loading our boat, which we had christened the *Ganga Ho,* took only a few minutes and we were under way. The tough rubberized canvas craft had three compartments, two forward with tie-down straps for equipment stowage, and one in the rear with a canvas-webbed seat slung across it. Fully loaded, we drew less than six inches of water.

For nearly three days we bobbed leisurely downstream, paddling just enough to avoid drifting ashore or into obstructions. For lunch we ate cold K rations in the boat. At night we had more K rations, washed down with boiled coffee.

Our daily attempts at radio contact were howling failures. The signals of the island's more powerful commercial stations made reception on our end impossible. Hoping the base operator with his more elaborate equipment could copy us, we radioed blind our location.

Mid-afternoon of the third day the river forked, leaving us momentarily undecided as to which branch to take. A quick look at the map indicated that the main channel ran to the left, and not wanting to run out of current or navigable water, we turned into it. It was almost the last decision we ever had to make.

Until then the Mahaweli Ganga had been placid as a Calcutta buffalo wallow. Now we began encountering small shoals of rough, fast water which gradually developed into foaming rapids. The process occurred so smoothly that we had no premonition of danger. We had supreme confidence in the invulnerability of the *Ganga Ho* and shot through several rapids with a breezy "Look, ma, no hands," attitude.

At about three o'clock we plunged headlong into a stretch of tumbling white water that made all earlier rapids seem tame by comparison. Moving at breakneck speed, flailing the water with our paddles in a frantic effort to keep the craft pointed straight ahead and avoid most of the rocks, we began to feel the first twinges of fear. Ahead, the river again split into two channels and a few yards farther, the left channel dropped from sight. . . .

We catapulted down some twenty feet of nearly vertical waterfall, miraculously without overturning. For a fleeting instant I thought we might come through intact. Had we gone over the fall lengthways rather than sideways, we might have, but the bottom of the fall funneled between two huge boulders, too close together to pass the ten-foot length of our boat.

We hit, wedged tight for an instant, damming the flow of tons of rushing water, then flipped up on edge, throwing Frank out into the maelstrom. I grabbed his wrist as he went down but the current sucked him under the rock on which we were stuck and held him with the grip of a gigantic bear trap.

Coughing and half strangling, with about a thousand gallons of water a minute washing over me, I braced my feet against the rock and pulled until it seemed that his arm must surely be separated from its socket. For an eternity nothing happened, then due to some odd shift in the current, the suction loosened and I hauled him, groggy but still conscious, to the surface.

As I dragged the captain aboard, we sprang loose from the rocks and started downstream again. This time we were luckier. Before we really got up a full head of steam, we rammed another rock the size of a locomotive. I made a sprawling leap onto it and got a couple of turns around a little pinnacle with the bow rope. None too soon, either. A few yards downstream loomed another large waterfall.

And so we sat—marooned on an island of rock with sixty feet of rapids between us and either shore, one waterfall behind us and another almost at our feet.

Our one-act drama had attracted an audience of natives on shore. They acted friendly and seemed eager to help, but didn't know what to do.

On a hunch, I held up the loose end of the bow rope and made gestures toward it. One native evidently got the idea, nodded and waved, then trotted off.

Hoping that he'd understood our need for a stout rope, we busied ourselves get-

ting water out of the boat and inventorying our equipment. It was discouraging. Our paddles, most of our food, the maps and first aid kit were missing. My cameras and film, painfully obtained at nearly black-market prices in the States—gone. Our most useless item, the radio and generator, had been lashed to the sides along with our carbines and ammunition. All were intact. Fastened firmly to our canteen belts were our .45 pistols and the canvas pouches that held our insect repellent and water-purifier tablets. We had firepower, communication and drinking water. And, oddly enough, the plastic bag containing salt, coffee and waterproof matches had survived.

After we had bailed water with our hands for an hour, our shoreside friend returned with a rope. After half a dozen unsuccessful attempts to throw it to us, cowboy fashion, he tied the end to a coconut-sized rock. Taking a few windup whirls, he scored a bull's-eye on our island on the first try.

I made fast to our bowline, our rescuers on shore took up the slack and I cast loose. Immediately the boat swung in a great arc downstream to the very lip of the falls. Then followed the backbreaking pull sixty feet upstream to the only break in the sheer rock shoreline. Once, in a trying moment, it seemed doubtful that the manpower on shore was great enough. But at last we were dragged ashore. We shook hands all around with the smiling, panting Sinhalese, one of whom further immortalized himself by producing two dry cigarettes and a lightable match.

We sprawled on the bank, not moving or talking for several minutes. The Sinhalese heaved our boat up onto the rocky shore and turned it upside down.

Finally Frank mused, "Ought to do something for the boys for all the trouble they've taken. Darned if I know what, though."

"None of them look very rich. Maybe they wouldn't find money offensive," I said. "We have plenty of that, or did have before we got dunked, anyway."

Frank fished around under his soggy shirt. "Yeah, the finance department is still solvent." He rose to his feet, took off his money belt and generously distributed dripping-wet rupees. They were far from offended. They all grinned widely, shook our hands again, and insisted on gathering wood and building a fire.

We spent the remainder of the day drying equipment, cleaning guns, and discussing the possible future of the trip. There were two alternatives. The first, to abandon ship, hike out to the nearest point of civilization, and radio the base camp for rescue, was unthinkable. Drowning would have been preferable to the reverberating horse laughs of our friends who were skeptical of the expedition in the first place. The second, to continue without food, paddles, maps and first-aid kit, was foolhardy. We strung our hammocks and went to sleep discussing it.

About ten-thirty the next morning a little Sinhalese boy came trotting into camp with a note written in English. Reading it, we learned that we were on the estate of a rubber planter. The natives who'd helped us get out of the rapids were some of his hired men from whom he'd learned of our mishap. Furthermore, he'd be honored if we'd be his guests at lunch.

An hour's breathless climbing brought us to the plantation's headquarters where we were greeted by the owner, Mr. Hendrik Bleekman. He was a tall, graying, severe-looking Dutchman, who spoke nearly flawless English. Following the greeting formalities, Frank related the story of our encounter with the waterfall. Mr. Bleekman listened without comment.

In the silence that followed Frank's narration, Bleekman leisurely filled and lighted his pipe. Pulling contentedly on it, he said, "You know, you chaps aren't the first to try to go through those rapids." He paused. "But you're the first ones I've talked to who tried it."

"Why's that?" Frank asked.

"Others are all dead," he answered drily. "Either drowned or bashed their heads on the rocks. Last ones no more than six months ago. Three British soldiers in kayaks. My boys fished them out and buried them about half a mile downstream below the rapids."

He was interrupted by a houseboy who touched his forehead and spoke in Sinhalese.

"Ah, lunch is on the table," our host said cheerily. "The boy'll show you where to wash up."

After lunch we retired to the long veranda and as soon as the pipe was gurgling well, Mr. Bleekman spoke. "Well, what now? It's too late today to arrange for transport back to Kandy, but I can fix it for first thing tomorrow."

No one said anything for a full minute, then Frank spoke, "Before lunch I heard you say 'half a mile downstream below the rapids.' Half a mile from where?"

Bleekman looked at him strangely. "Why, half a mile from where you chaps came ashore. I say now . . . surely you're not planning . . . "

Frank interrupted, "If we could get our boat downstream below the rapids, what chance do you think we'd have of going the rest of the way?"

He snorted. "None, probably."

"Why? More rapids?"

"None that I know of," he replied wearily. "But there are man-killing crocodiles and a dozen kinds of deadly snakes. What are your weapons? Have you anything that'll stop a rogue bull elephant or a charging water buffalo? Then there's the possibility of taking a wrong turn and getting lost in a swamp. Shall I go on?"

"Please don't," Frank said. "Now, of course we've imposed on you too much already, but tomorrow morning if you'd lend us about six of your sturdiest boys . . ."

The argument lasted another half hour. In the end, suspecting we were totally mad, he reluctantly consented to help us. After putting two men to work carving out some paddles for us, he excused himself, mounted a horse and disappeared on plantation business.

The following morning Bleekman sold us a grudgingly small stock of staples from his pantry, and still muttering dubiously, he shook hands and sent us on our way. Accompanied by eight of his plantation boys, including our rescuers of the day before, we shouldered our homemade paddles and trudged down to the river. With the aid of the same rope used to pull us out of the rapids, we undertook the back-breaking job of moving the *Ganga Ho* overland.

For nearly four hours we alternately portaged, floated, slid and dragged the heavy craft downstream until we reached a point where the terrain leveled off and the river behaved normally. Frank passed the rupees around again and, accompanied by waves and shouts of what we interpreted as "Good luck," we paddled away.

The current was still brisk from the rapids and we bowled along at a good clip for the remainder of that day. The next morning the shoals and fast water gradually disappeared, to be replaced by sloping sandy banks and a tranquil current of barely one or two miles an hour.

When what we idly thought to be a dozen or more logs strewn about a sandbar suddenly came to life and waddled into the water it became evident that we had drifted into crocodile territory. From then on the incredibly ugly and vicious amphibians were our constant companions.

That evening brought our first brush with really big game. We eased around a bend in the river and found a magnificent bull elephant standing squarely in the middle of the channel. He was taking a leisurely evening shower and did not notice us.

Another half-mile of drifting and we ran squarely into a herd of thirty or forty water buffalo. They were less complacent about our intrusion than the elephant and quickly formed themselves into a tight group all facing in one direction—ours. Heads lowered and menacing, they snorted and pawed the water in a clear-cut gesture of menacing hostility. I suddenly remembered reading somewhere that Theodore Roosevelt, along with other experienced hunters, considered a wounded water buffalo "the jungle's most dangerous animal."

I mentioned this to Frank who replied with alacrity, "What was good enough for T.R. is good enough for us. By all means let's avoid wounding one in the first place." We paused close to a pair of climbing-sized trees on the shoreline, and fired a shot, aiming carefully over the animals' heads.

The beasts turned tail and churned the water to a muddy froth, getting the hell out of there. All bluff and no guts, we decided, little dreaming how soon one would forcibly change our minds.

We paddled until dark looking for a clearing in the solid green wall of tangled vines and bushes that lined the water's edge. The spot we finally chose was open only because it was the watering headquarters for all the elephants in the area. The beach sand was pocked with barrelhead sized tracks and farther back were the splintered stumps of eight- and ten-inch trees playfully broken off.

After building a fire, we drank coffee and gnawed on some warmed-up bully beef, then strung our hammocks and went to bed.

Next day we again encountered rapids. For several hours we charged helter-skelter through sizzling, rock-strewn water, but met no cataracts and remained right side up. Another herd of buffaloes slowed our progress that evening but we airily dispatched them with a shot fired over their heads. We were becoming overconfident.

The night was undisturbed by the jungle menagerie and we started at dawn. Drifting along close inshore, we approached a

small game watering place. Frank poked me in the ribs, whispering, "Sssh," and pointed at a small deer crossing the clearing with delicate mincing steps. Visions of broiled venison steak revolving in my head, I quietly picked up my rifle. The little animal stopped at the edge of the water, and lowered its head to drink.

I drew a bead just behind the left front shoulder and started a slow trigger squeeze. With the crack of my gun there was a swirling in the water, followed by a crunching snap! The last we saw of our steak was one wildly flailing leg as the big crocodile dragged it under. We both swore to ventilate the next croc careless enough to get within gun range.

We had little sleep that night. We camped in a clearing across the river from a small and extremely primitive village. Shortly after dark a large cat of some kind attacked the native cattle. We could plainly hear the animal's coughing, grunting snarls and the louder, terrified bellowing of its victims. This roused the villagers who then chanted, shrieked and whacked on tin pans for the rest of the night.

To save time, we had skipped the radio schedule for several mornings. We now decided it was time to let the base know that we were alive, and for the first time, established solid two-way contact. As we suspected, there was a case of jitters on the other end. The Old Man took a highly personal interest in his boys, having nursed most of us through North Africa, Sicily, and southern Europe. I could almost see him fidgeting at the operator's elbow.

After identification, I started to tap out a prepared message in code. The base operator broke in with a long series of dashes, then, "Skip the code. Where the hell are you?"

Frank was cranking furiously on the hand generator, trying to supply enough juice to keep the tubes lit. I turned to him, "What's the name of this picturesque hamlet?"

"Damnfino," he panted.

I tapped out, "Well, we're on a beach across a river from an unidentified village, population about fifty people and forty cows."

Again a series of dashes followed by the comment, "Never mind the village and cows. What are your map co-ordinates?"

"No co-ordinates."

"Why?"

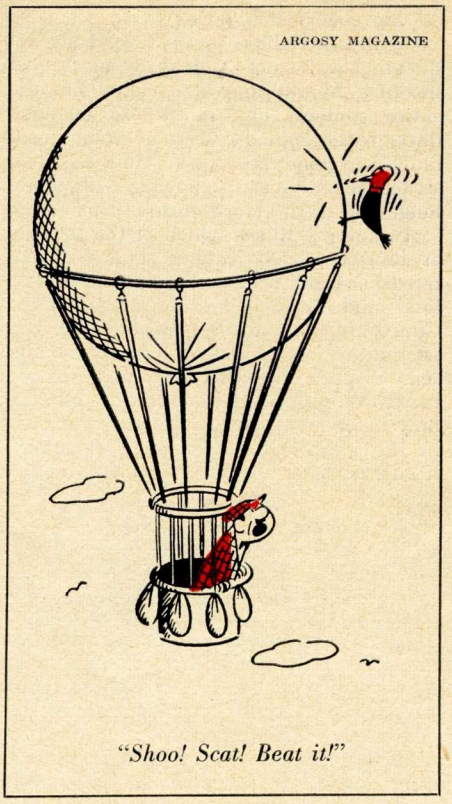
"No maps."

A short pause, then, "Are you both okay? Shall we pick you up?"

I chuckled at their generous offer. There wasn't a helicopter in the whole southeast Asia Command. I sent back, "Yes. No."

That morning the river again split. For no particular reason we chose the left channel. The density of the vines and undergrowth lessened and the jungle opened up into sunny glades and meadows, shaded by enormous spreading trees. Meantime, the channel narrowed and water speeded up until we were roaring along at eight or nine miles an hour.

Here the crocodiles had made sloping paths up on to the high banks, where they lay sunning themselves. At the sound of our approach they hurtled themselves into the water in all manner of clumsy but spectacular half gainers, swan dives, and belly flops. Much of this happened uncomfortably close to our boat. The obvious strategy was to steer as far away from the banks as possible but in many places the partial blockage of the narrow stream by fallen trees and brush made it necessary to scrape the bank to get through.



"Shoo! Scat! Beat it!"

At such times we were torn between the wisdom of a noisy approach, on the theory that the sleeping crocs would take alarm before we got close, or of a very quiet one, hoping they'd sleep until after we'd passed. They gave us several uneasy moments that day but at no time did a crocodile attack or purposely come near our boat. It was a much larger variety of game that gave us the fight of our lives.

So far we had been unmolested by insects, but that night while heating supper, we were annoyed by swarms of tiny black flies with sharp burning stings all out of proportion to their size. With darkness they ceased to bother us and we sat around the fire drinking coffee and smoking, supremely comfortable.

The fire died to a glow and we climbed into the hammocks. A few minutes later my hammock ropes broke and I hit the ground with a jarring thud. I debated trying to fix the slippery nylon ropes in the dark and finally decided to hell with it. I spread the hammock on the grass by the nearly dead fire and lay down on it. . . . Fairly comfortable . . . nearly asleep . . . thought I heard a dry, slithering rustle in the grass . . . probably my imagination. . . No, there it is again. Insects maybe, or wind stirring the leaves. . . . More sounds, like a heavy body being dragged over the ground with a rope. . . . The kind of sound a large snake would make crawling over dry grass. Sure, that's probably what it is . . . large snake. . . . *Large snake!* In a second I was fully awake, on my feet, with my .45 in one hand, scraping leaves and grass into the dying fire with the other. The resulting flareup illuminated the last ten feet of a python disappearing into the undergrowth. There was no opportunity to estimate his total size but the part I could see tapered up to the size of my leg. I repaired my hammock, slung it dangerously high and climbed into it.

With some regret we rejoined the main channel the next morning as with the widening of the river, the current again slowed down to one or two miles an hour. We'd been en route now for eleven days and were wondering if we'd ever reach Trincomalee Harbor. According to our original estimate, the river was one hundred and eighty-five miles long. It seemed as though we had travelled much farther than that. But the jungle, crocodiles, and other wild life continued unabated.

We were drifting along in the late afternoon, half asleep in the drowsy heat, when it happened. Frank was sprawled on his back amidships, lazily puffing a cigarette and watching the sky pass overhead. I was slouched in the stern section with a paddle across my lap, occasionally taking a half-hearted slosh at the water to keep from drifting against the bank. The river moped sluggishly over a shallow sandy bottom. Ahead, a small cape jutted into the stream, held together against the erosion of the water by the matted roots of a cluster of scrubby trees. The current swirled lazily around the end of it, leaving a pocket of dead scummy water and floating driftwood. I stroked hard on the right side and moved out toward midstream.

Suddenly a tiny buffalo calf stepped into the edge of the water forty or fifty yards ahead of the boat.

I tapped Frank on the shoulder with my toe and said, "Look up ahead. Be real quiet now." As he raised up to look there was a loud crashing in the underbrush accompanied by a blood-freezing sound somewhere between a bellow and a scream. The largest water buffalo I had ever seen burst out of the jungle into the water and bore down on us at a splashing gallop.

At this point I'd like to record that one of us calmly aimed a rifle and drilled the charging mammoth squarely between the eyes. However, nothing like that happened. We both piled over the side of the boat and made for the opposite shore.

Mrs. Buffalo, determined to protect her baby, paused for a vengeful pass at the *Ganga Ho*, giving us the margin we needed to scramble ashore and into the branches of two small trees. The tough rubber boat, relieved of our weight, merely bounced off the murderous horns and skidded across the top of the water unharmed. With a ponderous lunge, the buffalo leaped onto the bank where she stood for several moments, snorting shrilly and pawing grooves in the damp ground.

I was ready for a truce on almost any terms. Our perches represented safety of the most temporary and precarious nature. The tree I had hurriedly selected was only about four inches thick and ten feet tall.

We both had our GI .45's on our belts. When I'd recovered enough breath to talk, I said, "I'm going to give this horned monster about another minute to get the hell out of here, then I'm going to try denting that ugly hide with a couple slugs." I pulled my gun from its holster and made sure it had a full clip and a shell in the chamber. Frank did the same.

The great beast made it immediately

clear that we were not forgiven for approaching her. Moving slowly and deliberately now, she stalked over and thumped her three-foot curved horns against the puny trunk of my tree. I wasn't sure whether pistol bullets would hurt any more than ant bites, so I decided to shoot only as a last resort. The buffalo then tested Frank's tree, after which she moved off a few feet to stand making low rumbling sounds and glaring balefully at us. The peace pipe still glowed faintly.

The calf chose that moment to enter the drama.

Seeking its mother, the little animal started wading awkwardly across the river. At midstream it stumbled, its head went under water briefly, then came up with a plaintive, blubbering bleat. The great buffalo went insane! With a shrill bellow, almost like a human scream, she lowered her head and pawed frantically. Involuntarily I yelled, "Watch it, Frank!" At the sound of my voice, she charged my tree.

Taking a death clutch on the branches with both legs and one hand, I snapped off two quick shots, aiming for the center of the massive forehead. The first shot either missed or did no apparent damage, but with the second I saw the animal stagger slightly and a stream of blood spurted from its left eye. Then 2,500 pounds of dynamite exploded against the base of my spindly refuge.

I survived the first shock, but the snap back unhorsed me. Even as I flew through the air, the staccato roaring of Frank's .45 nearly split my eardrums. I hit the ground on my back, hard, lost my gun, then rolled over and scrambled for it. As the big cow, half blind now, whirled with an agility incredible for its size, I started shooting again, not aiming any more, just shooting, blindly and hopelessly. But the entire contents of Frank's .45 chewing through the animal's vitals at point blank range had done their work. With less than six feet separating us, she made a desperate lunge and died, almost on top of me.

An autopsy to see which of the thirteen or fourteen heavy caliber slugs that entered her head, neck and body, had proved fatal might have been interesting, but the *Ganga Ho* was out of sight and there was no time to lose. I stood up and gave myself a quick physical. Nothing seemed broken or dislocated from the tumble; the only consequence was a marked weakness in the knees. Frank gingerly descended from his haven and we set out on foot.

Since progress through the tangle of jungle creepers and vines was impossible, we took to the water. Crisscrossing the river to stay always in the shallows and keeping a wary eye out for crocodiles, we struggled along for an hour. The tree shadows began to reach across the stream and we found ourselves reluctantly considering the uncomfortable and probably fatal prospect of being marooned. We thought of constructing a raft but our only tools were pocket knives. We could continue on foot only so long as the river remained shallow. Any attempt to travel overland would have been madness. Exhausted, but desperate, we wallowed on.

The current, so slow when we were riding it, now seemed to race madly ahead of us. With tropic abruptness, the sun sank from sight and the first night birds began their strange cries. We were ready to abandon hope when salvation hove into view. One of the big jungle trees had fallen across the river, almost blocking it. We dredged up a new burst of energy and fairly ran over the water to it. There, bobbing gently about among the topmost branches, was the *Ganga Ho!*

The next morning's breeze brought an unmistakable tang of salt with it. Possibly the Indian Ocean was just around the next bend. It wasn't that close, but presently we began to encounter signs of civilization and in the early afternoon found Trincomalee Harbor spread out before us.

Beaching and deflating our boat took only a few minutes, but contacting our base by telephone took all the rest of the day. Shortly before dark a GI carry-all came chugging out onto the beach with one of our drivers at the wheel. He greeted us with such a look of startled surprise that we stood back and took a good look at each other for the first time. We had lost twenty pounds apiece. Our hair was several days uncombed and neither of us had shaved since the start of the expedition. Our skins, although well-tanned before, were now nearly black. Our noses peeled in a strawberry mottled effect and our lips were chapped and deeply cracked. While helping load our battered equipment in the back I asked conversationally:

"What's new? The war over yet?"

The driver looked at me strangely for a minute, then said, "I guess you think you're kiddin'. You probably ain't heard, but while you was gone they dropped some kind of super-bomb right in Japan's back yard. It's all over now but the surrender, chum. You guys missed all the excitement." • • •

The Court of Last Resort

Continued from page 13

The officials of American gave that assurance to the Court. And, although many times during the winter the weather was terrible and air travel often snarled, not once did American fail to get Schindler and Street on the scene in time to cover the latest developments in the case.

You have read in earlier ARGOSY articles on the Fewell affair about the strange coincidence of the dual confessions. Schindler and Street have already reported their experiences in tracing down and interviewing the many who had vital information, under circumstances that sometimes took them far afield. Alex Gregory has told you in the pages of ARGOSY about his lie-detector examination of young Fewell. You have read, too, of the wholehearted co-operation of newspaper people, public officials, prison authorities and in Birmingham.

But that is by no means all of it, and there is much more still to be reported—particularly now, since Fewell's petition has been turned down and he has returned to Kilby Prison with the stunning realization that his high hopes of a few weeks ago have received a devastating blow.

Park Street was on hand when the representations in Fewell's behalf were placed before the Board of Pardons and Paroles. He told the board members how the information had been gathered, analyzed and evaluated. To the board he said:

"The Court of Last Resort feels certain that Ellis Fewell is innocent. We have not found one fact to show that Ellis Fewell murdered little Phyllis Carver, his second cousin. We feel it is a grave injustice for that boy to stay in prison.

"We have tried to do everything we know how to maintain the investigation on the highest plane, in the best tradition of the Court of Last Resort and to the best possible interests of the people of Alabama and their officials. Human rights are seriously involved in the Fewell case. We believe this boy to be innocent. We ask that he be given his freedom at the earliest possible moment."

With that the Court of Last Resort stepped aside, and its representatives went home. One week later the board issued its denial, a few hours after the young convict had appeared before the board for an eight-minute interview.

It was the sad duty of Clancy Lake that day to inform Ellis of the rejection. Lake had likewise given the numbing news to Fewell's careworn mother a few minutes earlier, in a car in which she had been tensely waiting outside the office of the board. She fainted and was placed in the care of a physician. Although in frail health for many months she rallied quickly. When she learned that the Court of Last Resort had in no sense given up the fight she squared her slender shoulders and announced that she, too, was ready to plunge back into it.

Ellis received the word stoically. His features drained of color. His first words were, "How did Mom take it?"

Later, Mrs. Ozella Fewell visited her son at the prison, as she has without fail every second Sunday since he entered it. Each other Sunday she must remain at her job as a waitress in a Birmingham cafe. Mrs. Fewell came away from the visit greatly heartened by Ellis' reaction.

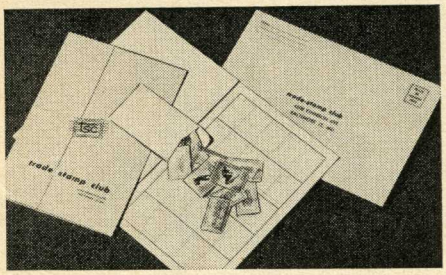
"I still have faith that I will be free some day," Ellis told his mother.

"I never knew until the last few months that so many people have faith in me that I have told the truth and that some day they will be able to show the people of Alabama the evidence that I did not do the terrible thing that sent me to prison. The one thing you can always have is hope. If you ever lose that, you're about through."

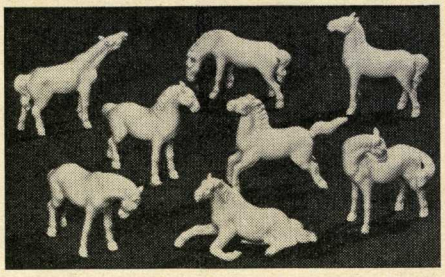
Fewell is back at his old job in the prison dye works. Strangely, prior to the rejection of his pardon application, prison authorities already had broken in another individual to take over the machine that Ellis has been operating. The "going-away suit" that had been readied was hung back on the rack.

There's still a long way to go before the case of Ellis Fewell can be put aside by your Court of Last Resort. The next move is already under way, although its nature and direction cannot be made public at this time. A full report will be forthcoming soon in the pages of ARGOSY. • • •

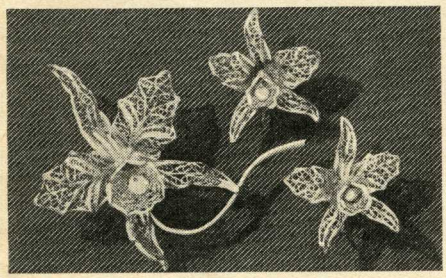
STOP TO SHOP



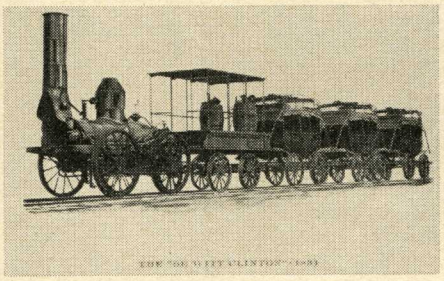
You'll give your stamp of approval to this new "Trade Stamp Club". Offers free membership, valuable collection of foreign stamps free. Trade book, bonus stamp packet, mailing envelope, and membership—all free. Send name, address, 25¢ (postage, handling) to: Trade Stamp Club, Dept. AR, 4208 Kennison Ave., Baltimore, Maryland.



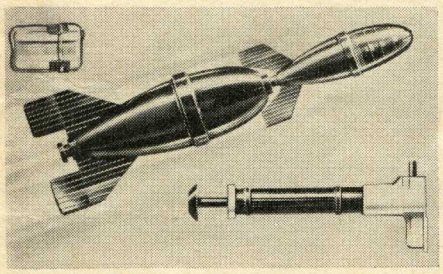
Imported from Hong Kong, these Ming Horses make an elegant appearance whether grouped together or individually. Made of fine porcelain, each horse stands about 2½" high. No two horses in set have the same pose. These appealing miniatures come in set of 8 for $2.95 ppd. Artisan Galleries, 2100 North Haskell, Dallas, Texas.



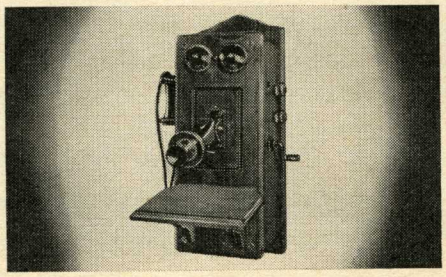
Beautiful golden filigree orchids are spun from sterling silver by the fine jewelry craftsmen of Venice, Italy. Plated with 24-kt. gold, and tinted with delicate pastels, they make a fine gift for any girl. iPn, $5.50; earrings, $5.50; set, $10.50 ppd. Add 25¢ for air mail. From Alpine Imports, Dept. AR, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York.



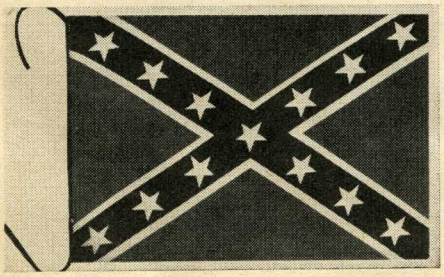
Pictured above is an early American Locomotive reproduction. You receive a series of 8 prints, such as The "De Witt Clinton", The "General", Mogul Tank Locomotive, among others. These pioneer locomotives date back from 1831 to 1885. Size: 5½" x 8". Set is $1 ppd. Order from Terry Elliott Co., Dept. L-4, 135 E. 44th, New York.



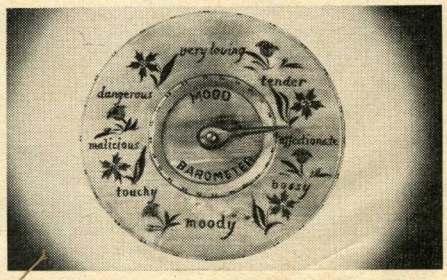
Three . . . two . . . one . . . zero! You, your rocket-minded kids will count off many launchings with this educational toy. Set has 1st, 2nd stage rockets, 2nd stage satellite, fuel tank, air pump. 1st stage rocket up to 200-300 ft., 2nd stage higher. Plastic. Simple, safe. Uses water, air as fuel. $2.98 ppd. Edmund Scientific, Barrington 110, N. J.



While they may not be using these old phones much any more, the cases are still in demand. And for good reason. Well made, they can be turned into radio cabinets, planters, spice cabinets etc. Complete (like above), as received from phone co., $11.95 (postage collect). Chabon Scientific, 60-A East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.



If there's chivalry in your bones, suh, you'll be moved that the Stars and Bars still flies—mostly from car aerials. No explaining it, but you see the Confederate flag more and more. Red, white & blue 12" x 18" cotton, $1. Authentic bunting cavalry battle flag, 32" x 32", $7.95 ppd. Banner Supply House, 49 East 41st, N. Y. 17.



If you're ever at a loss how the old lady is feeling, just hang one of these mood barometers in the kitchen. All she has to do is turn dial to moody, dangerous, tender, affectionate, etc., and you'll know where she stands. Works both ways. 6" cherry wood, handpainted. $1.00 ppd. From Lord George, 1270 Broadway, New York 1.

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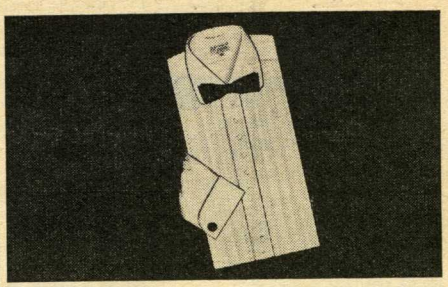
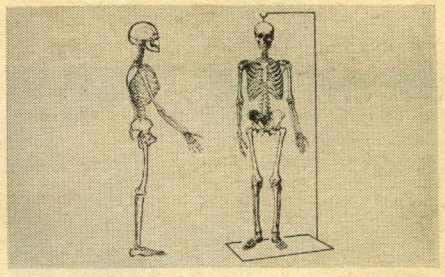
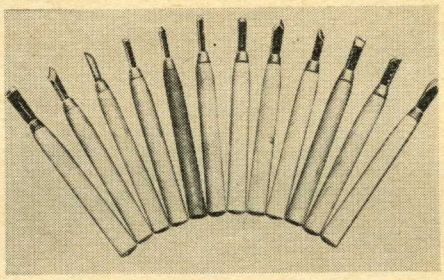


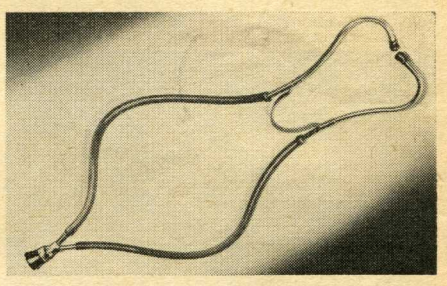
You style-conscious men will appreciate this truly magnificent lace pleat shirt. Ideal for formal or dress wear. It's made of fine white imported broadcloth. With French cuffs. Sizes: 14 to 19 neck, 29 to 37 sleeve. Comes for $14.95 ppd. Perfect for those special gift occasions. Lew Magram, Dept. LA7, 830 Seventh Ave., N. Y.



Precise 1-ft.-high working scale model of a human skeleton is perfectly articulated, anatomically accurate. Fine for doctors, students, etc.; fun for office, den, club; (And what a gag!—"ideal" business partner; car ornament). Parts interlock, snap together. With chart, wire stand, $3.95 ppd. Chabon Scientific, 411-B Lincoln Bldg., N. Y. 17.

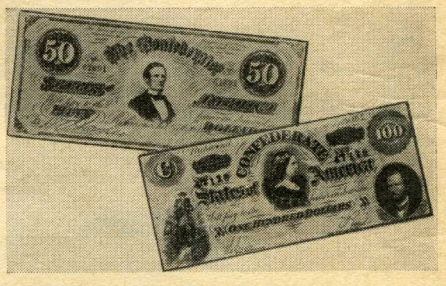


For woodcarving, sculpturing, linoleum block printing, silk screening, leather carving and etching hobbyists, these 12 Woodcarving Knives are just terrific. Each knife has 4½" handle; overall length is 5¾". Assorted blades, no two alike. Comes for $1.98 ppd. Greenland Studios, 5858 Forbes, Dept. AR, Pittsburgh, Pa.

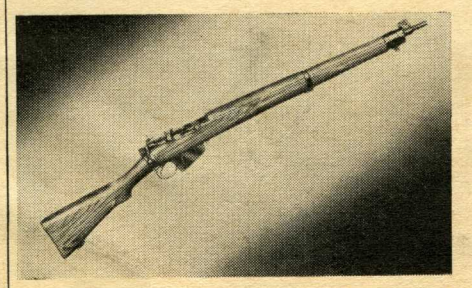


Ever try to buy one of these? Hard to find, and usually expensive, this is a U. S. Medical Corps stethoscope. *Brand new,* it's ideal for doctors, engineers and mechanics (to check trouble spots in motors, etc.), educational for kids and adults. Handy in the country. $2.95 ppd. (half-regular price). Banner Supply House, 49-B East 41st, N.Y.

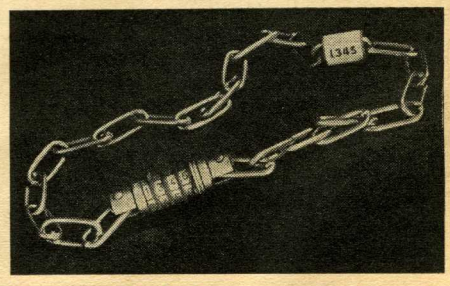
Check this "footnote". Here is the Frye "Jet" Wellington Boot—lightweight, flexible. 9" swagger height. Calf vamps, kid tops. Fully lined, leather soles, rubber heels. Comes in black or brown. Sizes: 6-12, ABCDE, $16.95 ppd. Other sizes: 5-16, AAA-EEEE, $2 more. From Todd's, Dept. 7AG, 209 S. State Street, Chicago 4, Ill.



You'll have lots of fun with these Authentic Reproductions of Confederate Money. You can do anything with these bills but spend them. A million (63 bills in all made up of 9 each of 10s, 20s, 50s, 100s, 1000s, 10,000s, 100,000s), $2.98 ppd; $4 million, $10 ppd. Send your order to Best Values, Dept. M-337, 403 Market, Newark, N. J.



This imposing beauty is the Lee Enfield, rugged model #4 Mk. I. Has simplified bolt release. Peep sight. Caliber .303 British. Barrel length 25½". 10-shot. 100 rds. target ammo., $7.50; 20 rds. hunting ammo, $2.95; bayonet and scabbard, $1.95. Rifle is $19.95 f.o.b. Golden State Arms, Dept. AR, 386 W. Green St., Pasadena, California.

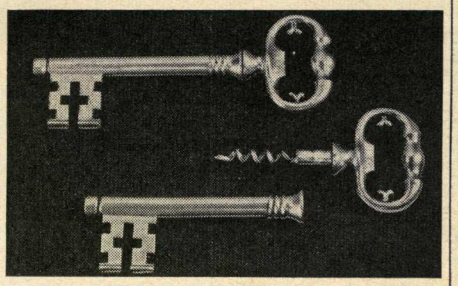


How can a "chain" of events sometimes be a safety factor? Well, one look at this Combination Lock and Chain will give you an idea. Ideal for luggage, bicycles, etc. You'll think of many uses for the lock and chain. Imported from West Germany. Sturdily constructed. $1.98 ppd. Order from Miller's, 60 W. 33rd St., New York.

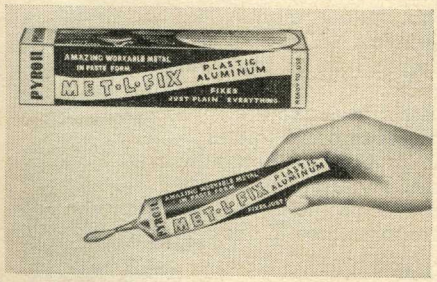
SHOP

The STOP TO SHOP section is not composed of paid advertising; it is an editorial feature

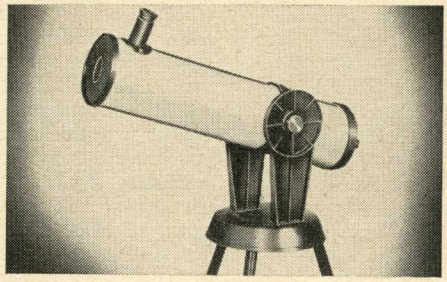
For the unusual in foot comfort, here's the Buff-Aloha, hand-made from imported Water Buffalo skins. Leather-covered wedges and platforms of lightweight cork are hand-shaped to fit the arch. Raised heel has foam rubber platform; sole is hard rubber. Buffalo tan color. Specify size. $10.50 ppd., Bloom's, 311-A, 6th Ave., N. Y. 14.



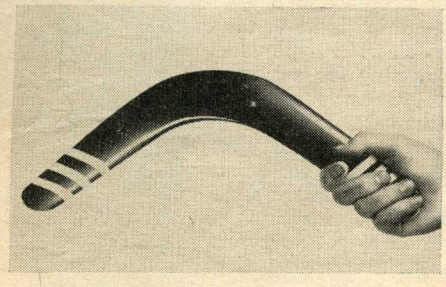
Here's the Key to successful entertaining. Copy of Medieval Church Key, can be used as bottle opener, pulls apart for corkscrew. Made of solid brass; measures 7¼" in length. Makes a wonderful paperweight, too. A real beauty and truly outstanding gift. Comes for $2.98 ppd. From The Pottery House, 490 Main St., New Rochelle, N. Y.



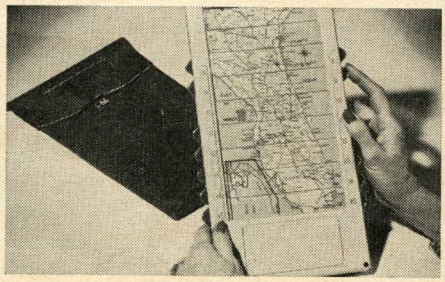
It's simple to solder, seal and repair articles of metal, wood, plastic, etc. with Met-L-Fix. This plastic aluminum dries into solid metal. Can be sanded, filed, drilled or threaded. Requires no heat or mixing. Repairs pots and pans, loose handles, plumbing leaks, jewelry, etc. 5 oz. tube, $1 ppd. Pyroil Company, La Crosse, Wis.



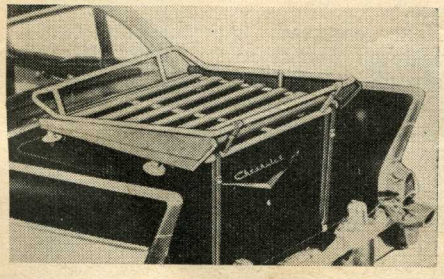
You may not be quite ready for that trip to the moon, but you surely can see it close up with the Spitz Moonscope (as well as other satellites, stars, etc.). 36" high on removable legs. Adjustable 3" mirror. Rotates. Instruction book included with this 32 power reflecting telescope. $14.95 ppd. Edmund Scientific, Barrington 110, N. J.



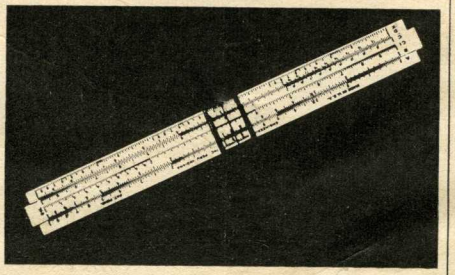
Get into the swing of things with this "Aussie" Boomerang. Fun—no special skill required. Hold like scythe with flat side down. Throw side arm and overhand. Airfoil design makes it return. Made of plastic. 15" across. You and the kids will go for this. 79¢ ppd. From the Wham-O Mfg. Co., Dept. DA, 835 E. El Monte, San Gabriel, Calif.



No more spreading out, folding or tearing your road maps with this new device called the Auto-Mapic. Fitted with latest road maps for either Eastern or Western U. S. (specify when ordering), it divides them into 15 easy-to-read sections reached by just a flick of the finger. $14.95 ppd. Gayle's, 440-C West 24th St., N. Y. 11, N. Y.



And away we go! This Poop Deck Luggage Carrier adjusts to fit any car. Raises with trunk lid, even when loaded. Polished alloy aluminum frame with chrome castings. Rustproof throughout. Carrier is 34"x32"x5". Natural white oak deck slats. $39.95 ppd. From House of Better Buys, Dept. A-12, 722 E. Silver Spring, Milwaukee 17, Wisconsin.



If you can use a pencil, you can use this slide rule which calculates instantly and accurately. Works efficiently with problems in multiplication, equations, division and roots, etc. High vision clear-view slide rule. 10" long. A, B, C, D, C1 and K scales. $1 ppd. from Larch, 118 E. 28th St., Dept. 58-PF, New York 16.

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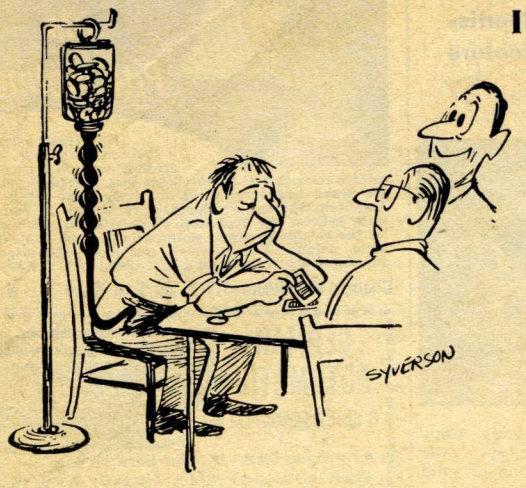
WALTER FIELD, Dept. 56, 6399 Wilshire, Los Angeles 48, Cal.



IT'S IN THE CARDS

STUD POKER AND THE FOURFLUSH

BY ALFRED SHEINWOLD

"It's no use," Cousin Henry groaned. "The boys are getting too tight. We'll have to give up playing poker."

"That sometimes happens," I agreed. "Just the same, let's not be hasty. There's nothing wrong with that game that can't be cured by new blood. Have you run out of fish?"

"There *are* no more fish," Henry complained. "Idiots like you hand out so much free advice that there are no more bad players. Everybody's an expert now. You can't pry 'em loose from a white chip!"

"Pooh," I poohed. "Do what the great chess players do when they're up against book players. Get the game away from the books. Change the game just a little—not enough to scare them, but enough to catch them with their trousers at halfmast!"

"Such as what?"

"What sort of game have you been playing?" I asked.

"Straight five-card stud with no gimmicks and nothing wild."

"It's your own fault," I told him. "Poker is a more lively game when you alternate draw with stud. Dealer's choice is even better."

"This gang won't go for fancy stuff," Henry asserted. "I tried to teach them baseball one night, and they almost threw me out of my own house!"

"Serves you right," I snorted. "Baseball's just about the craziest of all poker variations. You might just as well recommend hashish to a bunch of middle-aged school teachers."

"All right, genius. What would you suggest?"

"Try stud poker with the fourflush," I suggested. "Make up a house rule that a fourflush beats any pair, but loses to two pairs. It'll liven the game up like a set of monkey glands."

"What effect will it have, specifically?"

"Suppose you're dealt a queen of spades in the hole and a five of spades up. One player has a king up, another an ace up. What would you do as your game is now played?"

"I would fold," Cousin Henry declared. "But fast!"

"Quite right," I agreed. "It's a good rule to fold unless you can beat everything in sight. Or nearly everything. But with the new rule, you have a good start toward a fourflush. If you can get two more spades out of the next three cards, you can beat even a pair of aces. That's enough to win most hands of five-card stud."

"I see," Henry said. "You have more chances to win, so you stay on more types of hand. In short, you'd stay if you were dealt queen-five of the same suit."

"Many of the players in your game will do so," I said shiftily. "They'll tend to stay for one more card with any two cards of the same suit."

"Give me a straight answer to a straight question," Henry urged. "When should you stay for a third card if you're dealt two cards of the same suit?"

"With either a good hand or a borderline hand," I replied. "If you can beat anything you see, you stay with or without two cards of the same suit. If you have almost—but not quite—a good stay, you should be persuaded to stay because of the two cards of the same suit. If somebody has an ace or king showing, you might stay with something like queen-ten or perhaps queen-nine of the same suit. But if an ace and king are *both* showing, get out of the pot. Other pots will be easier to win. You can't win 'em all."

"How big a chance do you have to get two more cards of the same suit?" Henry asked.

"That depends on whether you have two good cards out of two, or two good cards out of three," I told him. "When your first two cards are in the same suit, the odds are eight to one against filling a fourflush. Those are bad odds. You seldom have more than three or four people in the pot, so you can't really stand odds of more than three to one against you."

"How's that again?"

"You have to win your fair share of the pots to break even," I explained. "If there's only one other man with you in a collection of two-handed pots, you have to win half to break even. If there are *two* others in the pot in a collection of *three-handed* pots, you must win one-third to break even."

"Yes, I see what you mean," Henry agreed. "And if the odds are eight to one against, you'll win only one pot out of each nine. And that's not enough unless there are nine people in all those pots—which is never the case."

"Go to the head of the class," I applauded. "But the odds are even worse when you stay for a third card and get a stranger. Now the next two cards *both* have to be right, and the odds are more than twenty to one against you. Get right out of the pot unless you can beat everything in sight without even considering the chance for a fourflush."

"What if the third card is still in the same suit?"

"Now you have a good stay," I assured him. "You have nearly one chance in three to get your fourflush. If there are three or more other players in the pot, you have a good bet. However, you still shouldn't stay against an open pair. You may run into two pairs or three of a kind."

"One more question," Henry urged. "Suppose you've stuck it out and that you have three cards of the same suit and one bad card. What's your chance to buy the fourflush?"

"On the average," I replied, "the odds are about four to one against you. It's a poor stay unless you have good chances to pair a high card."

"It seems to me," Henry observed, "that the odds are against filling a fourflush from almost any position."

"That's correct," I agreed. "The chance for a fourflush should influence you only in borderline situations. If you have a bad hand, disregard the fourflush and get out of the pot. Stay in only if you would be tempted to stay even without the chance for the fourflush."

"Then what is the good of the fourflush?"

"It loosens up the game," I pointed out. "Even the tightest player will have to play a few more hands. And this will produce more action all by itself. More important, however, is the fact that most of the players will become fish again until they discover that fourflushes don't grow on every tree."

"And by that time," Cousin Henry added cheerfully, "maybe I can persuade 'em to try baseball." • • •

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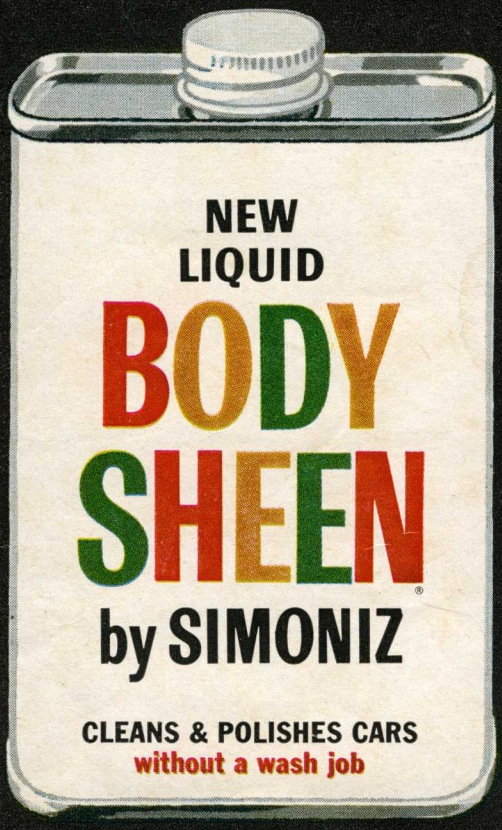

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